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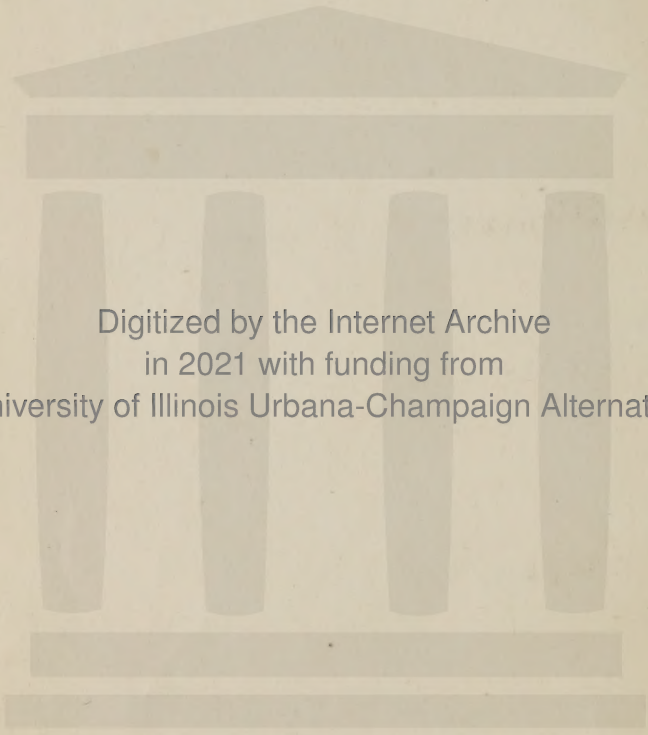

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THE

WORKS OF VIRGIL.

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Virgilius Maro, Publius

THE

WORKS OF VIRGIL:

TRANSLATED.

THE FIRST FOUR PASTORALS, THE GEORGICS, AND THE FIRST FOUR ÆNEIDS,

BY

THE REV. RANN KENNEDY.

THE LAST SIX PASTORALS, AND THE LAST EIGHT ÆNEIDS,

BY

CHARLES RANN KENNEDY.

Dedicated, by Permission,

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, PRINCE ALBERT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON: MDCCCXLIX.

LONDON:
STEVENS AND CO., PRINTERS, BELL YARD,
TEMPLE BAR.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

BY

THE REV. RANN KENNEDY.

Of Virgil's entire works the metrical translations best known to the public, are that of Dryden, and those which were published by Warton, of the Eclogues and Georgics by himself, and of the Æneid by Christopher Pitt. I am not now inclined to characterise these translations; since, as they are composed in rhyme, I do not stand with those writers on the same arena. Yet I am compelled to state, that scholars, who understand Virgil, are convinced, that he cannot be adequately represented in any verse shackled by rhyme. It is true that rhyme is suitable to such writers as Juvenal and Persius, for whom enough is done, if their meaning is conveyed with fidelity and force; as is shown by existing versions. Virgil however is peculiarly distinguished by his style, to which justice cannot be done by the English rhyming couplet, wherein the sentence can seldom be extended beyond two lines. A translator thus fettered cannot imitate Virgil in the variety of his pauses. We might as soon expect, that the attitudes and action of some famous dramatic performer could be imitated by a man enveloped in a mantle, concealing his whole person except his head. Our blank heroic verse is not open to this objection. In the modification of its rhythm, and the harmonious connection of its sentences and periods, it admits of the utmost variety, as proved by our best poets. The translator, adopting this measure, is enabled to preserve the Virgilian phraseology in

its essential properties, and to write a flowing verse, varied by pauses, which correspond to those of Virgil in general effect. I deem it advisable in translation, to adhere to the letter of the original, where such adherence can be made not less poetical than a deviation from it; though, in order to give fair play to the idioms of our language, it may often be desirable, to use terms which are equivalent rather than literal, and to alter the construction of sentences, or the position of words. I have laid down this rule for myself, never to give Virgil's Muse an ornament, which does not belong to her; but I have occasionally found it necessary, to expand the words of my Author, in order to convey his full meaning clearly to the English reader.

I should scarcely have ventured to undertake this task, had not my diffidence been overcome by encouragement from various eminent men, among whom I may be allowed to mention Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. James Montgomery, my deceased friend Mr. Cary, the translator of Dante, Mr. Ichabod Wright, who has translated the same poet in rhyme, and Mr. Garbet, Professor of Poetry at Oxford. It was originally my intention to translate only the Georgics, to which I was urged by the Rev. Dr. Lee, now Bishop of Manchester, when he resided in Birmingham as Head Master of the Grammar School. Having shown him some specimens of my translation, he gave me such encouragement as induced me to proceed. My son having engaged to translate the greater portion of the Æneid, I determined, in connection with him, to extend the undertaking to the whole works of Virgil. For the kind patronage, which I have received from my friends, and others, who have subscribed to this book, I beg to return my grateful thanks.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

PRINCE ALBERT.

Sir,

In soliciting the honour of being permitted to dedicate to your Royal Highness the following translation of the greatest of Roman poets, I was influenced by the conviction, that your Royal Highness would be interested by any effort, however humble, to illustrate classical literature, and enrich that of our own country. Your Royal Highness, by accepting the Chancellorship of the University of Cambridge, has been pleased to give a proof and a pledge of your sympathy with her studies, philological, as well as scientific. That these may still continue to flourish, and that the learning, art, and science of England may prosper more and more under the fostering protection of our most gracious Queen, and of your Royal Highness, her illustrious Consort, is the wish and prayer of him who has the honour to subscribe himself,

With profound respect,

Your Royal Highness's

Devoted humble servant,

RANN KENNEDY.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

PRINCE ALBERT,

CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE,

The following Sonnet is humbly inscribed,

BY CHARLES RANN KENNEDY,

LATE FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

To England's nation doth the praise belong
Of him, whose virtues have her people blest;
And for our glory shall it live exprest
In many a page of story and of song.
Yet marvel not, amidst a grateful throng,
If Granta's sons, her wisest and her best,
Should haste to pour in language unrepress
The overflowing of the heart and tongue.
Camus, the morn with beauty shone serene,
When Albert stept upon thy reedy shore;
The Muse a look of love and promise wore;
And Science now unshackled may be seen,
With stately form and loftier than before,
Pacing the alleys of thy margent green.

THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF VIRGIL.

Our Author's full name was Publius Virgilius Maro. He was born about the year 70, B.C., at Andes, a village near Mantua; his father was a citizen of Mantua, named Virgilius; his mother's name was Maia. The early part of his education he received at Cremona; from which, at the age of sixteen, he was removed to Milan. His studies were principally the Greek language, mathematics, and the science of medicine. He was taught the Epicurean philosophy by Syro; and to this we are indebted for the doctrines set forth in the sixth Pastoral, which is dedicated to his fellow pupil Varus. We are not however to suppose that Virgil seriously espoused those doctrines. He is said to have gone over to the Academic School; and certainly some part of his works is tinged with the philosophy of Plato.

That Virgil turned his attention to poetry at an early age, there can be little doubt; though works have been ascribed to his youthful pen, which are utterly unworthy of him, and which, in all probability are not

his. He did not acquire any celebrity as a poet till the thirtieth year of his age, at which time occurred an event, on which all his future fortunes turned. Octavius Cæsar, having resolved to reward his soldiers by a distribution of lands in Italy, selected those of Cremona for that purpose; but they not being sufficient, he took in a portion of land in the neighbourhood of Mantua. The former owners were dispossessed; and among others Virgil. He, in his distress, applied to Caius Asinius Pollio, who commanded some legions in the Venetian territory. Pollio was a partisan of Antony, between whom and Cæsar a breach had at this time taken place; but he recommended Virgil to Mæcenas, Cæsar's intimate friend, by whose aid the youthful poet obtained a warrant for the restitution of his land. With this he returned to Mantua, and produced it to Arrius, who had taken possession of his farm. Arrius however resolved to maintain his title, and Virgil had some difficulty to escape from the resentment of this lawless soldier. He again repaired to Rome, having, on his way, composed the ninth Pastoral, in which the hardship of his case was pathetically stated. This time he obtained an effectual order for the restoration of his estate; and, as a mark of his gratitude, wrote the first Pastoral, in which his benefactor is lauded as a God. Cæsar was at this time only twenty-two years of age, and is therefore spoken of by the Poet as a youth. From this time Mæcenas became the steady patron of Virgil; who was induced,

for the sake of preferment, to quit Mantua, and come to reside at Rome. It should be mentioned to his honour, that he first settled his estate upon his parents.

For three years he was employed in writing and revising his Pastorals; two of which are addressed to his early patron Pollio. The fourth was written in Pollio's consulship, B.C. 39, the year in which Antony and Cæsar were reconciled. The occasion and object of that poem are stated in the Argument. The eighth was written B.C. 38, when Pollio triumphed over the Illyrians. The tenth, addressed to Gallus, is said to have been written in the year following. Soon after the completion of the Pastorals, he commenced the Georgics, by the advice of Mæcenas.

That, in undertaking the Georgics, the Poet, or his patron, had a political end in view, is highly probable. By long civil wars the country of Italy had been laid waste; the ground was thrown out of cultivation. A poem on husbandry, such as Virgil was capable of writing, might render important service, by diverting men's thoughts from politics and war, to the arts of peace and useful improvement. The liberality of Cæsar enabled him to prosecute this work with ease to himself, as well as advantage to others. He had a pleasant house at Rome, and a well-stocked library; but the greater part of his time was spent in the retirement of Naples, where he could devote himself to poetry without interruption. It has been conjec-

tured, that he began his Georgics, before he left Mantua, because the rules of husbandry, which are laid down in them, are more suitable to the Mantuan soil, than to the sunny climate of Naples. This however seems only to prove, that his agricultural knowledge was acquired by experience on his native ground.

In completing the Georgics, his most finished poem, Virgil employed the seven most vigorous years of his life. During this period important changes had taken place in the political world. In the year 31, B.C., Cæsar had gained the battle of Actium, and in the following year accomplished the final overthrow of Antony, and subjugation of Egypt. On his return to Italy, the Georgics, which had then been just completed, were read to him by Virgil, Mæcenas occasionally relieving the author, when his voice failed him.

The reputation of Virgil as a poet was now fully established; and the Æneid was commenced by him at the request of Cæsar, who was now master of the Roman world. To the composition of this poem he devoted the last eleven years of his life, but did not live long enough to put the finishing stroke to it. From its commencement, the highest expectations were excited. Propertius, a contemporary poet, thus predicted its future fame:

> Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii;
> Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.

No one had so many misgivings as to his capacity

for this great undertaking, as the poet himself. He could rarely be induced to read any of the poem to his friends. Even Cæsar, who frequently importuned him on the subject, could not overcome his modest reluctance. It was not till the seventh year after the work had been begun, that Virgil recited any portion of it to the Emperor. Marcellus, the son of Octavia, and nephew of the Emperor, had then lately died; and Virgil, in the presence of both, recited the sixth Æneid, which contains the panegyric upon that illustrious youth. Octavia, on hearing the lines which relate to her son, is said to have been most deeply affected, and at the close, where her son's name is mentioned, to have fainted away. Virgil received a munificent reward, equivalent to £2000 of our money.

Four years afterwards he travelled to Athens, with the intention of recruiting his health, and revising his poem at leisure. He there met Augustus, who was returning from the east, and thought proper to accompany him back to Italy. On his return he was taken ill, and died a few days after reaching Brundusium. On his death-bed he was anxious that the manuscripts of his unfinished epic should be destroyed; and left an injunction to that effect in his will. This last order however was, by the command of the Emperor, disregarded; and the Æneid was put in the hands of Tucca and Varius, to be prepared for publication, but with the express charge, to make no additions to the manuscript, and not even to fill up the incomplete

verses. Tucca and Varius faithfully executed their trust; and hence it is, that there are so many unfinished lines in the Æneid. The body of Virgil was, according to his own direction, conveyed to Naples, and interred with much solemnity. A monument was erected with a modest inscription, which he himself had composed:

Mantua me genuit; Calabri rapuere; tenet nunc
Parthenope: cecini pascua, rura, duces.

Virgil was tall in stature; of a weak body, and delicate health; temperate in his habits, bashful in his demeanour. That his disposition was most amiable, is shown by the intimate terms of friendship, in which he lived with Mæcenas, Horace, Tucca, Varius, Gallus, and other distinguished men; not to mention the Emperor himself. Horace bears a pleasing testimony to his own regard for Virgil, in Satire I. 5. Between these two eminent poets there appears never to have existed the least feeling of jealousy, though both were honoured with the familiarity of Augustus. He would sometimes sit between them at table, and say jestingly, that he sat between sighs and tears; alluding to the asthma of the one, and the rheumatic eyes of the other. He frequently corresponded with both of them by letter. An anecdote is related, which, though of doubtful authority, serves in some degree to prove the general estimation, in which Virgil's character has been held. Cæsar is said to have deliberated, whether

he should resign the sovereign power; Agrippa advised him to do so; Mæcenas strongly dissuaded him: Virgil was called in to decide this delicate question, and pronounced his judgment in favour of retaining a power, which would be so beneficial to mankind.

Virgil did not want detractors in his own time. The shafts of envy could not fail to be levelled against a man of such conspicuous excellence: yet was the modesty of his character sufficient to disarm common malignity; and he was not one who sought to return evil for evil. Out of the wealth, which he acquired, he annually sent large presents to his parents and brothers. His own wants were few, beyond what was needful for his literary pursuits. The people of Rome were fully sensible of his merits. When he entered the theatre, the whole audience rose, and welcomed him with applause; a more honourable testimony both to him and to them, than if he had been a monarch.

Of the works of Virgil much has been said by many and various persons; and little needs to be added. They speak for themselves; they have been the admiration of the world for ages. He spared no pains to enrich his poems with learning, and to polish them by the most careful revisal. The time which other men gave to multiplying the number of their verses, he gave to the retrenching of his. The Æneid is said to have once been many times more

bulky than it now is. He studied brevity of diction, and fulness of sense. He knew, better than any man, how to be eloquently silent. His erudition is not ostentatiously displayed, but rather concealed. Though he has borrowed much from others, he has generally made it his own. The crude ore of Ennius is scarcely to be recognised in the refined gold of Virgil. What may be regarded as still higher praise, is the moral character of his writings. The sublimity of Christian ethics is of course not to be looked for; yet, among heathen poets, Virgil is not more remarkable for chastity of style, than for purity of sentiment.

The Poet's adulation of Augustus is not a sufficient ground for lessening him in our esteem; though it may be distasteful to us in the perusal of his works. It is partly excusable on the score of gratitude. But the circumstances of the times afford a still stronger excuse. Cæsar might well be regarded by him as the only man fit to hold the reins of government, and give peace to the world. Milton seems to have had the same opinion of Cromwell: but the English did not need a Dictator as much as the Romans did. The praise of Virgil helped to make Cæsar praiseworthy. Perhaps he did important service to his country by holding up the Emperor to the admiration of his subjects. It is hardly to be doubted, that the Romans were then too corrupt, to be governed according to the old laws of the Commonwealth. The weight of

the empire could only be sustained by a single ruler, armed with the military power.

Success had shed a glory around the head of Augustus. It is the tendency of genius to admire success. For aught we know, the Poet saw, or fancied he saw, the hand of Destiny accomplishing the fortunes of the Cæsars. From a perusal of the Æneid such an inference may be drawn. The Hero of that poem is a man led on by the irresistible power of Fate, to the establishment of his kingdom in Italy. There is no extraordinary merit, or feature of interest, in the character of Æneas. He is gifted with ordinary courage, and prudence; yet occasionally exhibits weakness, and a want of presence of mind. But he is manifestly an instrument in the hand of Providence, to lay the foundation of a mighty future. The scope of the poem is to celebrate the glories of that future, which, in Virgil's time, had become a present reality. It has been frequently stated, that the character of Augustus is represented under that of Æneas: but it would seem, that the resemblance is to be found not so much in similar qualities of mind, as in the circumstance, that they were both the men of Necessity or Fate.

The Æneid was designed not only to exalt the Julian family, and celebrate the glories of Rome, but also to throw light upon its antiquities. The author spared no labour in his researches; and, if the Æneid had no poetical merits, it would be highly

valuable as a store of historical materials. The accuracy, with which Virgil describes the sacrifices and other religious solemnities of his country, is particularly mentioned by Macrobius. It might be inferred from this, that, whatever Virgil thought of the heathen worship of his day, he was a man deeply sensible of the necessities of religion; and it was not for nothing, that he attributes piety to his Hero, as the chief excellence of his character.

Of the Æneid Walsh makes the following remarks in his life of Virgil:—

"Though he were too artful a writer to set down events in exact historical order, for which Lucan is justly blamed; yet are all the most considerable affairs and persons of Rome comprised in this poem. He deduces the history of Italy from before Saturn to the reign of King Latinus; and reckons up the successors of Æneas, who reigned at Alba, for the space of three hundred years, down to the birth of Romulus; describes the persons and principal exploits of all the kings, to their expulsion, and the settling of the commonwealth. After this he touches promiscuously the most remarkable occurrences at home and abroad, but insists more particularly upon the exploits of Augustus; insomuch that though this assertion may appear, at first, a little surprising, he has in his works deduced the history of a considerable part of the world from its original, through the fabulous and heroic ages, through the monarchy and commonwealth of Rome, for the space of four thousand years, down to within less than forty years of our Saviour's time, of whom he has preserved a most illustrious prophecy."

The following are the remarks of Mr. Addison:—

"Virgil may be reckoned the first who introduced three new kinds of poetry among the Romans, which he copied after three of the greatest masters of Greece. Theocritus and Homer have still dis-

puted for the advantage over him in pastoral and heroic; but I think all are unanimous in giving him the precedence to Hesiod in his Georgics. He has drawn out the rules of tillage and planting into two books, which Hesiod has despatched in half a one; but has so raised the natural rudeness and simplicity of his subject, with such a significancy of expression, such a pomp of verse, such variety of transitions, and such a solemn air in his reflections, that if we look on both poets together, we see in one the plainness of a downright countryman, and in the other, something of a rustic majesty, like that of a Roman dictator at the ploughtail. He delivers the meanest of his precepts with a kind of grandeur; he breaks the clods and tosses the dung about with an air of gracefulness. His prognostications of the weather are taken out of Aratus, where we may see how judiciously he has picked out those that are most proper for his husbandman's observation; how he has enforced the expression, and heightened the images he found in the original.

"The third Georgic seems to be the most laboured of them all; there is a wonderful vigour and spirit in the description of the horse and chariot race. The force of love is represented in noble instances and very sublime expressions. The Scythian winter-piece appears so very cold and bleak to the eye, that a man can scarce look on it without shivering. The murrain at the end has all the expressiveness that words can give. It was here that the poet strained hard to outdo Lucretius in the description of his plague; and if the reader would see what success he had, he may find it at large in Scaliger.

"But Virgil seems nowhere so well pleased as when he has got among the bees in his fourth Georgic; and ennobles the action of so trivial a creature, with metaphors drawn from the most important concerns of mankind. His verses are not in a greater noise and hurry in the battles of Æneas and Turnus, than in the engagement of two swarms. And as in his Æneids he compares the labour of his Trojans to those of bees and pismires, here he compares the labours of the bees to those of the Cyclops. In short, the last Georgic was a good prelude to the Æneid: and very well showed what the poet could do in the description of what was really great, by his describing the mock grandeur of an insect with so good a grace. There is more pleasantness in the little platform of a garden, which he gives us about the middle of this book, than in all the spacious

walks and waterworks of Rapin. The speech of Proteus, at the end, can never be enough admired, and was indeed very fit to conclude so divine a work.

"I hold the Georgics to be the most complete, elaborate, and finished piece of all antiquity. The Æneid indeed is of a nobler kind, but the Georgic is more perfect in its kind. The Æneid has a greater variety of beauties in it, but those of the Georgic are more exquisite. In short, the Georgic has all the perfections that can be expected in a poem written by the greatest poet in the flower of his age, when his invention was ready, his imagination warm, his judgment settled, and all his faculties in their full vigour and maturity."

The celebrated Earl of Chatham, in a letter to his nephew, Lord Camelford, thus expresses himself:—

"I rejoice to hear that you have begun Homer's Iliad, and have made so great progress in Virgil. I hope you taste and love those authors particularly. You cannot read them too much; they are not only the two greatest poets, but they contain the finest lessons for your age to imbibe; lessons of courage, honour, disinterestedness, love of truth, command of temper, gentleness of behaviour, humanity, and, in one word, virtue, in its true signification. Go on, my dear nephew, and drink as deep as you can of these divine springs. The pleasure of the draught is equal at least to the prodigious advantages of it, to the heart and morals."

REMARKS

ON

PASTORAL AND DIDACTIC POETRY,

BY

THE REV. RANN KENNEDY.

THE PASTORAL.

In the primitive ages the tending of cattle was the common employment of men: chiefs of tribes, astronomers, legislators, patriarchs and princes were engaged in it; and we are informed by Strabo that the history of the Creation was communicated to the Egyptians by a Chaldean shepherd. The crook became an emblem of royalty; and to feed the people, or rule them like a protecting shepherd, is a term often used in the Holy Scriptures, to describe the government exercised over mankind by the Maker and Saviour of the world. It seems nevertheless a well-grounded opinion, that the earliest kind of poetry was not the Pastoral. The life which then prevailed was indeed the rural; but we cannot infer, that it therefore suggested to men the first topics for their songs or poetical effusions. Much of their imagery would naturally be derived from objects which that life presented. But the poetry was called forth, not by circumstances of daily occurrence, but by such as acted on their passions, occasions of joy, or sorrow, successes or disasters in war, heroic deeds, religious solemnities.

When civilization had advanced, when men were congregated in

towns and large societies, with diversity of rank and occupation, it is likely that the mind would often dwell on the contrast between bustling streets, and silent valleys, the pomp of courts, and retired scenes of external nature. Love of the country is congenial to the human mind. The poet more especially must feel it, and, among the sounds there heard, few at times would be deemed

> Sweeter than shepherd's pipe upon the mountains,
> With all his little flock at feed before him.

A poem on pastoral habits, at this stage of civilization, would certainly attract more listeners, than one composed at an earlier period.

Pastoral poetry, no doubt, had its origin in the East, where shepherds abounded; and it is probable that many compositions of this kind were produced. Yet none of an early date remain, except the Song of Solomon in Hebrew, from which, translated into Greek by the Seventy Interpreters in the Court of Ptolemy, Theocritus is thought to have borrowed many beautiful images. This celebrated Sicilian has written some pieces of a higher denomination; yet the character by which he is best known is that of a pastoral poet, in which he is unrivalled. He is indeed occasionally coarse and indelicate; yet, in general, with the simplicity, which his subject required, he has united richness of description and harmony of numbers, much heightened in effect by his use of the Doric dialect.

He may with reason be styled the Father of Pastoral Poetry. Among the Greeks, Bion and Moschus also obtained a just celebrity as pastoral poets. Virgil introduced this sort of poetry among the Romans. He has manifestly imitated Theocritus; yet he has avoided his faults, and exhibited many beauties of his own, which entitle him to be classed with his model. Many erroneous notions have prevailed respecting the construction of a Pastoral. The author of the Rambler asserts, that, if we search the writings of Virgil, we shall find its true definition to be "a Poem in which any action or passion is

represented in its effects upon a country life." He rejects the notion, that the imaginary manners of the golden age should be preserved in it; and justly ridicules those, who, having only the mean and servile state of a shepherd before them, conceive it right to degrade his language by obsolete and rustic words, without reflecting, that they may as well refine the speech as the conceptions of characters introduced, and that no inconsistency can be greater than that of joining elegant thoughts with coarse diction. Pastoral poetry has nothing peculiar, but its confinement to rural imagery. This is its true characteristic; and this it cannot lose by any dignity of sentiment or beauty of language. The Pollio of Virgil, with all its elevation, is truly Bucolic, as all the images are taken from the country, or from the religion of the age common to all parts of the Empire.

THE DIDACTIC.

The direct object of poetry is to please, by the force or delicacy with which it acts upon feeling or imagination. It may at the same time, and in all compositions of a high character, it *should* indirectly communicate some useful truth to the understanding or the heart. The poem, which is called didactic, from a Greek word, signifying "to teach," professes to be an essay in verse. So far, therefore, as the form is concerned, it assumes the humble office which is commonly assigned to prose. The writer comes forward in his own person, as a teacher, implying that he will make instruction the vehicle of pleasure. Some critics, following Aristotle, would exclude a didactic writer from the rank of poets; for that philosopher asserts, that the poet is an imitator or representer of nature in the persons or characters of others; as in the drama, where he writes nothing but dialogue; or in the Epopeia, where he should keep himself as

much as possible out of sight, in the action of his fable. It is true that works of this kind afford scope for the exercise of the highest powers, in framing new creations which resemble realities. But the theory is far too confined, which refuses Parnassian honours to all didactic and descriptive verses. It cannot be doubted, that, whether he speaks in his own person, or introduces speakers, the poet is an imitator, when he paints any object of universal nature, animate or inanimate; though imitations of the latter kind may not have the same dignity or utility as those of human passions and characters. The general sentence of mankind confirms this view. There are many didactic writers who have always been recognised as poets of the highest order. Virgil has not been less admired for his Georgics, than for his Æneid; and this would probably have been the case, even if he had lived to give the same finishing strokes to the latter, which he had carefully given to the former.

The materials, on which a didactic poet may exercise his talent, are various. Among these, the employments and amusements of life, the elegant arts and sciences, and branches of natural philosophy, as being conversant about sensible images, appear better suited to his purpose, than topics purely speculative. Metaphysics, indeed, relate to the properties and movements of the human mind, which open a wide scope for practical application; and on such a subject the writer may be, at will, popular and philosophical. Mechanical arts and labour would not, in general, be susceptible of poetical ornament. Agriculture however, which exercises the industry of man for a purpose on which his very existence depends, is an art of a more exalted kind; and includes topics of universal interest, which the skilful poet may easily turn to account.

It is the suggestion of good sense as well as of Aristotle, that, where dialogue is introduced in a poem, elaborate and splendid diction is unnatural, and obscures the manners and sentiments. But, where the poet himself is the only speaker, such diction is appropriate and expedient. Virgil has used every possible method of exalting his style by bold metaphors, Grecisms, striking epithets,

and poetical circumlocutions. He rarely delivers dry and formal rules, but often represents the cultivator as exemplifying what should be done. He makes description answer the purpose of precept, or includes precept itself in the beauty of description. He gives animation to mountains that admire their own harvests, and makes engrafted trees wonder at the leaves and fruits with which they are adorned. On those who go through the requisite process, by which they discipline, or, as it is boldly expressed, command the fields, the Goddess Ceres is represented as looking down with approbation. In nothing has the author of the Georgics more displayed his skill, than in the digressions, by which he relieves the mind of the reader, just as a painter enlivens and animates his landscape by the introduction of human beings. We may instance the description of the Storm, the Praises of Italy and a Country life. The opening of the third Georgic contains a splendid Prefiguration of the Æneid, in which I agree with the excellent critique of Bishop Hurd, who rejects as spurious the three concluding lines of that passage. The longest of Virgil's episodes, is that concerning Aristæus; but this is by no means too long, since Aristæus is one of the patrons of agriculture invoked in the opening of the first Georgic.*

The venerable Father of this species of poetry was Hesiod, of Ascra in Bœotia, who lived, as some assert, in the age of Homer; but, according to others, one hundred years later. His agricultural poem, entitled, Works and Days, is chiefly characterized by simplicity. Virgil however, who has borrowed much from him, says with pride:

"Ascræumque cano Romana per oppida carmen."

Aratus, a Greek Poet of Cilicia, flourished in the third century B. C. He was a friend and contemporary of Theocritus, who addresses to him his sixth Idyllium. This is the poet whom the

* He is there called *Cultor nemorum*, as Triptolemus is called *Puer Monstrator aratri*.

Apostle St. Paul quotes to the Athenians (Acts xvii. 28) in the words "We are his offspring." He wrote an astronomical poem on the nature and motion of the Stars. Virgil has borrowed many of his prognostics in the first Georgic.

Among the Romans, the most celebrated of Virgil's predecessors was Lucretius, to whom Virgil himself is considerably indebted. He wrote a poem *De rerum naturâ*, in which he set forth the principles of the Epicurean philosophy. With abstruse discussions on difficult subjects he has interwoven a vein of the richest poetry. None of his countrymen had more originality of genius. He died a short time before Virgil had made himself known as a poet.

Our own country has produced many didactic poets, who have enriched the English language by their writings. Among these the most distinguished are, a poem on Cyder by Phillips, the Chase by Somerville, the Fleece by Dyer, the Pleasures of Imagination by Akenside. Pope's essay on Criticism may be ranked in this class; and also two excellent poems of our own day, the Pleasures of Memory by Rogers, and the Pleasures of Hope by Campbell.

REMARKS ON THE ÆNEID,

BY

THE REV. RANN KENNEDY.

The fable on which the Æneid is founded is explained in one of the Appendices to this book. We need not inquire into its historical truth. There is no doubt that, for the purpose which Virgil had in view, he could not have selected a fitter person for the hero of his poem than Æneas. It is true, that the character of this hero is not so marked, and perhaps not so interesting, as that of Achilles. Nor is the same variety of character introduced as in the Iliad. But we must consider the different objects which were kept in view by Homer and by Virgil. The main scope of the Iliad was, to exhibit the fatal effects of discord among the Grecian leaders, each of whom was at the head of a separate state, though they were united in league against a common enemy. The disastrous effects of the quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles are depicted with such comprehensive simplicity, that Aristotle calls the poem divine. Achilles is the prominent figure; yet other personages, Greek and Trojan, are portrayed with such vividness and consistency, that they are not overshadowed by the greatness of Achilles. To Homer's power of drawing character nothing equal has been found in any poet, ancient or modern, except Shakspeare. It has been well said by Lord Shaftesbury, in his Characteristics: "In this the Author of the Iliad excels so highly, that his characters are wrought to a likeness beyond what succeeding masters were able to describe. Nor are his works, which are so full of action, any other than an artful series of dialogue, which turns

upon one remarkable catastrophe or event. He describes no qualities or virtues, censures no manners, makes no encomium, nor gives characters himself, but brings his actors still in view."

Virgil is indeed, in this respect, far from standing on the same footing as Homer. He is not however to be censured for it. Those who have derided him for merely representing the comrades of Æneas, as the faithful Achates, the brave Gyas, and the brave Cloanthus, forget that he would have defeated his object, by aiming at much striking diversity of character. He desired to celebrate the actions of a single hero, in whom was typified the character of his great patron Augustus. It is observed by Addison, "that Virgil was so nice and delicate a writer, as probably not to think his compliment to Augustus so great, or so artfully concealed, if he had scattered his praises more promiscuously, and made his court to others in the same poem." We may however connect a higher motive than this with Virgil's proceedings. Æneas is represented as the first person in military achievements. But it is not the chief praise bestowed upon him. It is secondary to his piety and wisdom, in his love of peace, and promoting the happiness of those whom he ruled. This was precisely the property which Virgil wished to encourage in Augustus, who had conquered his opponents in war, and had only to make the Romans happy in cultivating the peaceful arts. He was to possess higher than military qualifications, of whom it is said in Homer,

> On great Æneas shall devolve the reign,
> And sons succeeding sons the lasting line sustain.

Æneas was a most fit character for Virgil to choose as the founder of the greatest empire the world ever knew, and which we may imagine as designated in these words. There are two deities who interest themselves in the preservation of Æneas from his encounter with Achilles. These are Apollo and Neptune, the latter of whom snatched him from the sword of Achilles, and uttered, respecting his future destiny, the sentence we have quoted. Æneas himself, in his

speech to Achilles, had traced his own descent from Jupiter to Anchises and Venus, the latter of whom he expressly mentions as a higher deity than Thetis, the mother of Achilles. We do not therefore wonder that one of the reasons why Augustus was pleased with the plot of Virgil's Æneid, was the circumstance of Julius Cæsar being the reputed son of Venus.

The general outline of the Æneid is the voyage of Æneas, and his foundation of the Italian Kingdom. The action of the fable is, in the words of Aristotle; Great, one, and entire. The least and most trivial Episodes or Underactions, interwoven in it, are parts either necessary or convenient, and no other can be imagined more suitable or proper to the place in which they are fixed.

Voltaire justly remarks, "An action that is one and simple, which is unfolded easily and by degrees, and which does not require a constant and wearisome attention, will be more entertaining than a confused heap of wild and monstrous adventures. The greater the action, the more will it please and engage all men, as it is the natural propensity of human nature to be delighted with every thing that is above common life. The action ought to be interesting, for this reason, because all hearts feel pleasure in being moved; and a poem, however perfect, if it does not affect us, will be insipid. Lastly, the action ought to be entire, because there is no man who will be satisfied if he receives but one part of the whole which had been promised him."

These remarks are applicable to all the Episodes and Underactions of the Æneid; to the narration carried on in the Second Book, containing the destruction of Troy, with which it was absolutely necessary to make the reader acquainted; to the passion of Dido and its consequences; to the sports at the tomb of Anchises; the fable of Cacus, and the decorations of the shield; the adventures of Nisus and Euryalus, and the story of Camilla. All these Virgil has found a method of connecting with his main subject, and of making them essential to the main plot of the work.

Blair, in his Lectures on Rhetoric, has the following remarks:

"As to the comparative merits of these two great princes of Epic Poetry, Homer and Virgil, the former must be admitted to be the greater Genius; the latter, to be the more correct Writer. Homer was an original in his art, and discovers the beauties and the defects which are to be expected in an original Author, compared with those who succeed him; more boldness and ease, more sublimity and force; but greater irregularities and negligences in composition. In Homer, we discern all the Greek vivacity; in Virgil, all the Roman stateliness. The strength of the former lies in his power of warming the fancy; that of the latter, in his power of touching the heart."

On the same subject Pope expresses himself thus:

"Homer was the better genius, Virgil the better artist. In one we most admire the man, in the other the work. Homer hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity; Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty: Homer scatters with a generous profusion; Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence. Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundless overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and constant stream. When we behold their battles, methinks, the two poets resemble the heroes they celebrate: Homer, boundless and irresistible as Achilles, bears all before him, and shines more and more as the tumult increases; Virgil, calmly daring like Æneas, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action; disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity."

PASTORALS.

PASTORAL I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Virgil has composed no Pastoral superior to this. He has borrowed much in others from Theocritus, but here he is original. The story is founded on fact, and his manner of treating it is his own. The scene is the country, in the neighbourhood of Mantua; the dialogue takes place in the evening of a summer's day; the occasion of it was this:—Augustus, to reward his veterans, by means of whom he was raised to the imperial dignity, distributed among them lands contiguous to Mantua and Cremona. To make way for these intruders, the rightful owners, of whom Virgil was one, were turned out: but, by the interposition of Mæcenas or Pollio, he was replaced in his farm, as more fully stated in the life. Melibœus, in the dialogue, personates one of the exiles; Virgil is represented under the character of Tityrus. The English reader is informed, that Virgil's Pastorals are sometimes called *Bucolics*, from a Greek word, importing that the subject relates to herdsmen; and sometimes *Eclogues*, which word has reference to the form of composition, denoting "a choice or select piece."

PASTORAL I.

MELIBŒUS.

THOU, Tityrus, beneath a spreading beech
Tunest with oaten pipe thy sylvan lay.
We leave our country's bounds, our pleasant fields;
We from our country fly: thou in the shade
At ease reclining teachest vocal woods
The beauteous Amaryllis to resound.

TITYRUS.

O Melibœus, to a God we owe
This privilege: for him I still shall deem
A God. Oft from my folds a tender lamb
Shall stain his altar. He, as thou may'st see,
Allows my kine to wander, and myself
Whate'er I list on rustic reed to play.

MELIBŒUS.

I envy not, but more of wonder feel.
O'er fields on every side such trouble reigns.
Lo: I myself half fainting drive thus far
She-goats along: This one I scarce can lead.
For here 'mid hazels thick she late bore twins,
Hope of my flock; yet them alas! she left
On flint-stones bare. Luckless and blind was I,
Remembering now that oaks by lightning struck

This evil oft foretold: from hollow tree
The raven's boding croak foretold it oft.
But name to us thy favouring Deity.

TITYRUS.

I, Melibœus, in my folly thought
The city they call Rome like this our town,
Whither we shepherds often use to drive
The younglings of our flock. Thus whelps like dogs,
Kids like their dams I knew; thus was I us'd
Great things with little to compare. But high
O'er other cities this hath rais'd her head,
As cypresses above the limber shrubs.

MELIBŒUS.

What mighty cause was thine to visit Rome?

TITYRUS.

Freedom it was, who look'd at last on me
An idler, when from my shorn chin a beard
More gray was falling. Yet she look'd, and came
After long time, when Amaryllis held,
And Galatæa left me; for I own,
While Galatæa rul'd, no hope had I
Of Liberty, nor care for rural stock.
Though many a victim from my fields went forth,
And for the thankless city cheeses oft
Of richest curd were press'd, yet in my hand
I bore no load of money wending home.

MELIBŒUS.

I wondered, Amaryllis, why thy voice
Invok'd the Gods in sadness, and for whom
Fruits were allow'd to hang upon their trees.

No Tityrus was here. Thee, Tityrus,
The pines themselves invited to return.
The very groves and fountains call'd for thee.

TITYRUS.

What could I do? It was not in my power
From thraldom to escape, or find elsewhere
Gods so propitious. Here, my friend, I first
Beheld that Youth, to whom for twice six days
Our altars yearly smoke. Here supplicant
This answer first I heard: Boys, as before
Your heifers feed, and yoke at will your steers.

MELIBŒUS.

Happy old man! Thy lands shall then remain,
Nor yet too small for thee. Though naked stones
And marsh with muddy rushes overspread
Thy pastures all, yet still thy pregnant ewes
No unaccustom'd fodder e'er shall taint,
And no disease from an adjoining flock
Shall by contagion hurt. Happy old man!
'Mid sacred fountains and thy well-known streams
The shady coolness thou shalt here enjoy.
Here, boundary to fields, a neighbouring hedge,
Whose willow blossoms feed Hyblæan bees,
On one side shall entice by murmurs light
Sleep to steal o'er thee; on the other side
Some woodman from beneath a lofty rock
Shall to the air be singing; nor meanwhile
Shall thy delight, hoarse stock-doves, not be heard
At intervals: nor from aërial elm
The cooing turtle cease her gentle plaint.

TITYRUS.

Then sooner shall fleet stags in air be fed

And seas leave naked fishes on the sand,
Sooner, each other's borders passing o'er,
Shall tribes of Germany the Tigris drink,
Or exil'd Parthians waters of the Saone,
Than this youth's image from my thoughts depart.

MELIBŒUS.

But we must hence be borne, some far away
To the parch'd Africans, to Scythia some,
Others Oaxes, rapid flood of Crete,
Shall travel nigh, or to the Britons go
Dissever'd quite from all the world besides.
Shall I a long time hence my country see,
The poor cot roof'd with turf, my little realm,
After some harvests wondering at the view?
Shall then a ruffian soldier seize these lands
Till'd with such care? Shall a barbarian reap
These standing crops? Mark, wretched countrymen,
To what extreme hath discord brought us down:
Mark well, for whom our fallows we have sown!
Thy pear-trees, Melibœus, now engraft,
In order range thy vines: Begone, my goats,
Once happy flock, begone! No more henceforth
Stretcht in green cave shall I behold you hang
Above me far on bushy rock. No more
Shall I a carol sing. No more, my goats,
Tended by me the flowering cytisus
And bitter willow shall ye love to browse.

TITYRUS.

Yet here this night thou may'st with me repose
Upon green leaves. Soft chestnuts we possess,
And apples ripe, with store of curdled cream.
Now smoke the tops of distant villages,
While shadows larger fall from mountain heights

PASTORAL II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Corydon, in this Pastoral, addresses Alexis in a strain of such pure sentiment, as might effectually discountenance certain prepossessions which have prevailed against the subject of it. The nature of his attachment may be ascertained from his ideas of the happiness which he hopes to enjoy in the company of his favourite Alexis. (See line 33.) It would appear to be no other than that friendship which was encouraged by legislators of ancient Greece, as an incentive to virtue, exemplified by Agesilaus, Pericles, Socrates, and other great men. The scene of this Pastoral is a grove, interspersed with beech-trees; the season, harvest.

PASTORAL II.

The Shepherd Corydon with ardour lov'd
Alexis beautiful, his master's joy,
Yet had no ground for hope. He only came
Untired 'mid beeches thick with shady tops.
There with vain fondness to the woods and hills
Lonesome he pour'd this incoherent plaint.
Alexis harsh, thou car'st not for my lays,
Thou dost not pity me. Thou wilt at last
Force me to die. Now even cattle court
Coolness and shade. Now even lizards green
Hide in the brake; and Thestylis now pounds
For reapers, wearied by the sultry heat,
Garlic and thyme, strong-smelling herbs. But while
Thy steps I trace, with me cicalas hoarse
Make groves to ring beneath a burning sun.
Might I not sooner bear the proud disdain
And wrath of Amaryllis? Might I not
Menalcas have endur'd; though swarth was he,
And thou art passing fair? O lovely boy,
Trust not too much thy beauty. Privets white
Fall to the ground, dark hyacinths are cull'd.
Despis'd am I by thee, nor who I am
Dost thou inquire, how rich in snowy flocks,
In milk how plentiful. Ewe-lambs of mine
A thousand wander on Sicilian hills.

New milk I lack not or in summer-time
Or winter's cold. I sing, as he was wont,
Theban Amphion, when his herds he call'd
On Attic Aracynthus. Nor am I
So coarse in form. Late on the shore myself
I view'd, when stood the sea by winds unmov'd.
If likeness ne'er deceives, I will not fear
Daphnis, thyself the judge. O may'st but thou
Delight with me among wild rural scenes
To dwell in lowly cots, to pierce the stags,
And with green wand a flock of kids to drive.
Oft thou together in the woods with me
Shalt emulate in song melodious Pan.
How to unite by wax more reeds than one
'Twas Pan first taught. For sheep and shepherds too
Pan cares. Nor let it irk thee to have worn
Thy lip with reeds. These very things to learn
What efforts were not by Amyntas us'd?
My pipe of seven unequal canes compos'd
To me a present once Damœtas gave,
And dying said; This pipe now finds in thee
A second owner. Thus Damœtas spake:
Amyntas, foolish man, with envy pined.
Two kidlings also found in vale unsafe,
Dappled e'en now with white, that drain each day
A dam's two udders, I for thee reserve;
Long begg'd by Thestylis, those she will take,
Since gifts of mine are sordid in thine eyes.
Come hither, beauteous youth. Lo! nymphs for thee
Bring baskets lily-crown'd. Fair Naïs crops
For thee the violet pale and poppy flowers,
Narcissus mingling and sweet-scented dill.
Casia and every herb of fragrant power
Mid these she twines, painting soft hyacinths

With yellow marigold. Myself will cull
The quinces hoary with their tender down,
And chestnuts which my Amaryllis lov'd.
The waxen plums due honour shall obtain.
You, laurels, will I crop; thee, myrtle, next;
For thus arranged ye mingle sweet perfumes.
A rustic art thou, Corydon; from thee
Alexis needs no presents, nor, shouldst thou
Contend with presents, would Iolas yield.
Alas me wretched, what have I implored?
I have let loose the south-wind on my flowers,
Boars on my liquid fountains, ruin'd man!
Whom dost thou fly, oh frantic? Gods themselves
And Dardan Paris in the woods have dwelt.
Let Pallas in the cities which she built
Herself abide; our pleasure be the woods.
A savage lioness pursues the wolf,
The wolf a goat; the wanton goat pursues
The flowering cytisus; and Corydon
Thee, O Alexis; each his own desire.
Behold, where bullocks homeward bring the ploughs
Suspended from their yoke. The parting sun
Doubles the lengthen'd shades. Yet me love burns;
For love no measure knows. Ah Corydon!
What madness, Corydon, hath thee possest?
Thy vine is half-pruned on the leafy elm.
Wilt thou not rather something useful weave
With pliant rush and osier? Thou shalt find
A new Alexis, if by this disdain'd.

PASTORAL III.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Pastoral exhibits a trial of skill, in the kind of contest which is called Amœbæan; that is, mutual or alternate. The contending shepherds, Menalcas and Damœtas, together with their umpire Palæmon, are seated on the grass, not far from a row of beech-trees: flocks are seen feeding near them; the time of the day appears to be noon; the season, between spring and autumn. The rule observed by the competitors appears to be, that they sing alternately an equal number of verses; the one who begins suggests the topic, the other recites verses of similar import, in which he endeavours to excel his rival.

PASTORAL III.

MENALCAS.

'ELL me, Damœtas, does this flock belong
'o Melibæus?

DAMŒTAS.

No, 'tis Ægon's flock,
And Ægon lately gave it me in charge.

MENALCAS.

Sheep ever luckless! while their owner pays
Court to Neæra, fearing lest myself
Should be to him preferr'd, twice in each hour
His hireling milks the ewes, and thus their strength
Draws from the cattle, from the lambs their food.

DAMŒTAS.

To men at least such railing should be spar'd.—
We know that you, and in what cave!—but whilst
Goats look'd askance, nymphs with good nature smil'd.

MENALCAS.

'Twas then, I guess, when with felonious hook
Mycon's young vines and grove they saw me tear.

DAMŒTAS.

Or here by these old beeches, when in spite
You broke the bow of Daphnis, and the shafts,
Which you, perverse Menalcas, griev'd to see
Presented to the boy, and had you not
Work'd him some purpos'd ill, you would have died.

MENALCAS.

What may not masters do, when pilfering slaves
Are so audacious? Vilest of the vile,
Did I not witness, when you Damon's goat
Caught in a snare, while loud Lycisca bark'd?
And when I cried, Mark where he steals away;
O Tityrus, collect and count your flock;
Behind the sedges you were lying hid.

DAMŒTAS.

O'ercome in song, should he not give the goat
Which by its melodies my flute had won?
That goat was mine, although you knew it not.
Damon himself to me acknowledg'd this,
But pleaded that he could not pay the prize.

MENALCAS.

You vanquish him in song? Or had you e'er
A reed with wax compos'd? Untutor'd dunce,
Were you not wont, where cross-ways meet, to mar
A wretched strain on scrannel pipe of straw?

DAMŒTAS.

Are you then willing that by turns we try
[illegible] do? This [illegible] I will st[illegible]

Twice to the milking-pail each day she comes,
Two calves she suckles. Therefore let me know
What is the gage of contest you propose.

MENALCAS.

Nothing dare I to promise from the flock.
I have at home a sire, a stepdame harsh.
Both every day the cattle number twice,
And one the kids. But since it pleases you
To play the madman now, I on my part
(What you yourself will own more costly far)
Will pledge two beechen bowls, a peerless work,
Carv'd by divine Alcimedon, round which
His chisel has emboss'd with artful ease
A curling vine, with tendrils that extend
O'er berries of pale ivy there diffus'd.
In midst of it two figures we behold,
Conon; and who was he, the other sage
That has for nations with his wand mark'd out
The whole vast globe, each season making known
For reapers and for ploughmen to observe?
Never as yet my lips these bowls have touch'd
But they are kept by me, laid up with care.

DAMŒTAS.

Two bowls for me Alcimedon has made,
And with acanthus-leaves their handles wreath'd.
Orpheus, with woods that follow'd as he sang,
Is on them placed. Nor have I yet to these
My lips applied; but laid them up with care.
Yet if you duly on my heifer think,
There is no cause your bowls to eulogize.

MENALCAS.

You shall not 'scape to-day. Whate'er it be,
I will obey your call. Only make him
That first draws nigh the listener and the judge.
And see, Palæmon comes. You shall be taught
To challenge none in vocal strains again.

DAMŒTAS.

Exert then all your power. You shall not find
That I delay, or any umpire shun.
Neighbour Palæmon, do but lend your ear
With deep attention: 'tis no mean debate.

PALÆMON.

Begin, since on the grassy turf we sit,
While now each field, each tree is budding forth;
Now woods are green, most beauteous now the year.
Begin, Damœtas. Then Menalcas, you
Shall follow. Sing ye in alternate verse:
The Muses in alternate verse delight.

DAMŒTAS.

The Nine from Jove begin, all things are full
Of Jove. He gives to earth her fruitfulness:
And he my rural minstrelsy regards.

MENALCAS.

Me Phœbus deigns to love. Ever by me
Are gifts to Phœbus sacred kept in store:
The laurels, and sweet-blushing hyacinth.

DAMŒTAS.

At me an apple Galatæa throws,

Then to the willows, wanton maiden, flies;
Yet, ere she reach them, covets to be seen.

MENALCAS.

The lov'd Amyntas my fond wish forestals,
Oft coming near me. By my household dogs
Not Delia's self is known or welcom'd more.

DAMŒTAS.

A present for my Venus have I found,
For I have notic'd and remember where
The cooing doves have built their airy nests.

MENALCAS.

Pluck'd from a woodland tree, the best I saw,
Ten golden apples to the youth I sent:
To-morrow will I send as many more.

DAMŒTAS.

How oft to me spake Galatæa's lip,
And words how sweet! Some part of them at least
Waft, O ye winds, from earth to Gods above.

MENALCAS.

Amyntas, what avails it that by you
I am not scorn'd; if you with peril hunt
The fierce wild boar, while I but keep the nets?

DAMŒTAS.

Send to me Phyllis. 'Tis my natal day,
When I with victim heifer for the fruits
Shall Ceres thank, Iolas come yourself.

MENALCAS.

Phyllis beyond all other nymphs I love:
For she, Iolas, when we parted, wept:
And cried, Adieu fair youth, a long adieu.

DAMŒTAS.

The wolf to folds, to ripen'd corn the rain,
The wind to trees is baneful; but by me
The wrath of Amaryllis most is fear'd.

MENALCAS.

Sweet to sown fields the dew; the arbutus
To weanling kids; willows to teeming flocks:
Such only is Amyntas to my heart.

DAMŒTAS.

My muse, though rustic, Pollio has approv'd.
Ye Nine, a heifer for your patron feed.

MENALCAS.

Pollio himself has fram'd the lofty verse;
Feed him a butting bull that spurns the sand.

DAMŒTAS.

Who Pollio loves, to Pollio's envied place
May he ascend. For him let honey flow,
And prickly thorns Assyrian spikenard bear.

MENALCAS.

Who hates not Bavius, let him, Mævius, love
Verses of thine; and let him try to yoke
The stubborn foxes, or he-goats to milk.

DAMŒTAS.

Ye swains that gather flowers and strawberries
Close to the ground, fly hence without delay:
A deadly snake is lurking in the grass.

MENALCAS.

Forbear too far to wander, O ye sheep;
Not safely trusted is the faithless bank:
The ram himself is drying now his fleece.

DAMŒTAS.

Your browsing goats, O Tityrus, withdraw
Back from the river at the fitting time.
All at a fountain shall be wash'd by me.

MENALCAS.

Collect the sheep, ye swains. If solar heat
Shall first, as lately, have dried up the milk,
We with our hands shall press the teats in vain.

DAMŒTAS.

How lean, as I perceive, my bull becomes
In a rich pasture. Ah! 'tis love that preys
Alike upon the keeper and his herd.

MENALCAS.

Love cannot touch these lambs. Yet to their bones
The flesh scarce cleaves. This tender progeny
Some evil eye unknown has thus bewitch'd.

DAMŒTAS.

Tell, if you can, (and I will you account
My great Apollo,) in what place heav'ns breadth
Only three ells will measure in extent.

MENALCAS.

Tell in what place grow flowers, whereon we see
The name of kings inscribed. Then shall you claim
The charming Phyllis for yourself alone.

PALÆMON.

'Tis not for me such contests to decide;
Both you and he the heifer have deserv'd,
And whosoe'er love's sweet anxiety
Or bitter pang shall feel. Now, boys, close up
Your rivulets. The meads have drunk enough.

PASTORAL IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The style of this composition is elevated above that of the bucolic class, to which nevertheless it belongs, as all its allusions and images are derived from rural life. The golden age is often mentioned by ancient poets; but in some part of this Pastoral there is such a resemblance to the language of the Prophet Isaiah, that passages of that inspired writer are thought to have come into the hands of Virgil, or of the Cumæan Sibyl, to whom he refers. Being inscribed to Pollio, it is by some considered as written on the birth of Pollio's son, Saloninus. Dr. Warton, however, adopts the interpretation of Catrou, who tells us, that in the year of Rome 714, when Asinius Pollio and Domitius Calvinus were consuls, the people of Rome compelled the Triumvirs, Octavian and Antony, to make peace between them, and put an end to the war with Sextus Pompey, who had made himself master of Sicily, and interrupting commerce had caused a famine in Rome. To confirm the peace, it was arranged that Antony should marry Cæsar's sister Octavia, who had lately lost her husband Marcellus, and was then pregnant of a child, of which she was delivered after her marriage with Antony. This child, named after his father Marcellus, became afterwards the delight of Cæsar and the hope of the Roman people, and is the same whose death is lamented in the sixth Æneid. His birth, having excited great expectations, is thought to be here celebrated. The predictions of the Sibyl are applied to him; and Pollio is addressed as being Consul of the year.

PASTORAL IV.

Sicilian Muses, loftier be our strain.
Low shrubs, plantations trim, not all delight.
Of forests if we sing, let forests rise
In dignity, to suit a Consul's ear.
'Tis come, as in Cumæan song foretold,
The last great Era. In fresh cycle now
The Years revolve. Lo: now to earth returns
Astræa; Saturn's blissful times return.
Now a new Progeny from heaven descends.
Thy favour only, chaste Lucina, give
To th' infant Boy, at whose birth first shall cease
An iron age, and o'er this globe shall rise
The Golden Days. Thy own Apollo reigns.
He too, when thou art Consul, shall appear;
Thou, Pollio, shalt behold him usher'd in,
The glory of our time, when the great months
Shall their career commence. Beneath thy sway
If any traces of our guilt remain,
These shall be all effaced, and Earth from fears
For ever shall be freed. He shall partake
The life of Gods, a Hero band shall see
In company with Gods. He shall himself
Be seen of them, and o'er the world at peace
With all his father's virtues he shall rule.
Young boy, to thee boon Earth untill'd shall bring

Her earliest offerings, with the fox-glove blent
Wide-creeping ivy, and in union sweet
Smiling acanthus with th' Egyptian bean.
Spontaneous with their milk-distended teats
She-goats shall home return, nor lion huge
Affright the straying herd. With teeming flowers
Spontaneous shall thy cradle gladden thee.
Die shall the serpent brood, the treacherous herb
Pregnant with poison die, and in its stead
At large shall bloom Assyrian cinnamon.
But when exploits of heroes and the deeds
Of thine own Sire thy tutor'd mind shall read;
When thou what virtue means shalt know and feel,
Then shall the wilds grow yellow by degrees
With ripening grain, upon uncultur'd thorns
Shall hang the blushing grape; and rugged oaks
A plenteous dew of honey shall distil.
Yet a few vestiges shall still remain
Of ancient crime, impelling men with ships
To tempt the ocean, cities to surround
With walls, and furrows in the earth to cleave.
Then a new Tiphys, then again shall rise
An "Argo," chosen heroes to convey;
Then shall be waged new warfare; then again
A great Achilles shall be sent to Troy.
But when thy stronger age shall manhood reach,
The very pilot shall forsake the seas:
No nautic pine shall freighted stores exchange;
For every land shall every product yield.
No ground the rake shall feel, no vine the hook;
Then e'en the sturdy ploughman shall release
His oxen from the yoke. No wool shall learn
To counterfeit a thousand varied hues;
But in the meadow shall the ram himself

Now with soft blushing purple tinge his fleece,
And now with saffron dye. Spontaneously
Shall a rich scarlet clothe the feeding lambs.
Fix'd in harmonious order thus the Fates
Address'd their spindles; Ages blest, run on,
The time will soon be come; assume at once
Thy peerless honours, Child of Gods belov'd,
Great progeny of Jove! lo; how to Thee
The World is nodding with its ponderous orb,
The Earth, the Tracts of Sea, the Heav'n profound.
Lo! in the coming age all things rejoice.
Oh! may my closing life so long remain
And with such spirit as to chant thy deeds.
Then neither Thracian Orpheus shall in song
Nor Linus me surpass; albeit the one
Calliope his mother may inspire,
His Sire Apollo lend the other aid.
Should Pan himself, and Arcady the judge,
Contend with me, Pan, Arcady the judge,
To me should yield: Begin now, little Babe,
To recognise thy mother by her smile.
She ten long months sick anguish hath endur'd.
Begin, then, little Babe! On whomsoe'er
His parents have not smiled, him shall no God
Honour with feast, nor Goddess with her bed.

PASTORAL V.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject of this Pastoral, according to the better opinion, is the death and deification of Julius Cæsar, who is spoken of under the name of Daphnis, a Sicilian Shepherd. Many passages have a close application to his history and character, as viewed by his admirers; there is a special allusion to his murder. It is no good objection, that every passage is not strictly applicable; for the poem is still in form a pastoral, and the allusions are conveyed by way of allegory. It is said to have been written when some plays or sacrifices were celebrated in honour of Cæsar. The scene is adapted to the solemnity of the subject; the shepherds sit and sing in the gloom of a grotto overhung by wild vines.

PASTORAL V.

MENALCAS.

Mopsus, we now are met, and both have skill,
Thou to blow slender reeds, I verse to sing,
Then wherefore sit we not among the elms,
That intermingled here with hazels grow?

MOPSUS.

Elder art thou: 'tis meet I yield to thee,
Menalcas; whether to the quivering shade
By zephyrs varied, or within the cave
Thou pleasest we retire. See how the cave
A wood-vine overhangs with clusters thin.

MENALCAS.

None but Amyntas here with thee contends.

MOPSUS.

What if with Phœbus he contend in song

MENALCAS.

Mopsus, begin thou first; if any lay
Of Phyllis and her loves, or Alcon's praise,
Or wars of Codrus thou rememberest;
Begin; and Tityrus thy flock shall tend.

MOPSUS.

These verses rather will I try, which late

Upon the green bark of a beechen stem
I wrote, and writing sang the notes between;
Then bid Amyntas try his powers with me.

MENALCAS.

As the lithe osier to the olive pale,
The humble spikeplant to the blushing rose,
So (in my choice) Amyntas yields to thee.

MOPSUS.

Dear youth, be silent: in the cave we stand.
The nymphs mourn'd Daphnis; cruel death he died;
Ye hazels, and ye streams, their grief beheld.
His mother on the wretched body fell,
And call'd upon the Gods and cruel stars.
None, Daphnis, in those days their pastur'd kine
To cooling rivers drove; no heifer then
Drank of the stream, or touch'd the grassy blade.
Daphnis, thy death e'en Punic lions moan'd;
Forests and savage mountains thus declare.
To yoke Armenian tigers to the car
First Daphnis taught, the Bacchic dance to lead,
And with soft leaves the pliant spear entwine.
As unto elms the vine, to vines the grape,
Bulls to the herd, and corn to fertile fields,
So to thine own wert all the glory thou:
When thou wert snatch'd away, to rural haunts
Pales herself and Phœbus bade farewell.
Furrows, where oft the solid grain we sow'd,
Now the wild oat and barren tares o'errun;
Where violet soft and bright narcissus blew,
Rough thistles now and prickly thorns abound.
Strew leaves, ye shepherds, cover with green shade
The fountains; honour'd thus would Daphnis be;
And make a tomb, and on the tomb inscribe:

Daphnis the shepherd, famed above the stars;
Fair were his flocks, but fairer still was he.

MENALCAS.

O heavenly singer, sweet to us thy lay,
Sweet as to slumber on the grassy turf
Weary, or thirst in sultry noon to slake
With limpid water of a bubbling rill.
Thy master's equal both in pipe and voice,
Blest youth, a second Daphnis thou shalt be.
But now will I to thee responsive sing,
As best I can, and Daphnis raise to heaven;
Raise him will I; for me thy Daphnis loved.

MOPSUS.

Could any boon to me bring greater joy?
Worthy of praise was he, and this thy strain
Long since did Stimichon to me commend.

MENALCAS.

New wonders now fair Daphnis doth behold,
Th' Olympian threshold, and beneath his feet
The clouds and stars. Therefore doth new delight
Exhilarate the woods and rural scenes,
Pan and the shepherds and the Dryad maids:
Wolves prowl not for the flock, nor toils intend
Harm to the deer; peace gentle Daphnis loves.
The unshorn mountains joyful to the stars
Send a spontaneous cry; the rocks, the groves
Unbidden sing: a God, a God is he.
Oh, kind be thou, a blessing to thine own!
Behold four altars, Daphnis; two for thee,
A loftier pair to Phœbus. Year by year
Two bowls with fresh milk foaming I will bring

Tribute to thee, two cups of liquid oil:
Nor least, with nectarous wine the festival
I will not fail to cheer; before the hearth,
If it be cold; if summer, in the shade;
New Chian vintage shall the beakers crown:
Then Lyctian Ægon shall Damœtas join
In song; Alphesibœus imitate
The capering Satyrs. These thy rites shall be,
When to the Nymphs we pay our timely vows,
And when our fields with victims we survey.
While boars the forest love, and fish the stream,
Bees feed on thyme, cicalas on the dew,
Thy name, thy praise and honour shall remain.
Rustics to thee shall each returning year,
Like as to Bacchus and to Ceres, pray,
And thou their vows shalt bind them to perform.

MOPSUS.

What gift can I for such a strain return?
For more it pleas'd me than the coming breeze
Of southern wind, than billow-beaten shore,
Or stream down rushing in a rocky vale.

MENALCAS.

First let me give to thee this fragile pipe,
The same that taught the loves of Corydon,
And how Damœtas with his rival strove.

MOPSUS.

Take thou this crook; which to Antigenes
(Oft tho' he begg'd, and he was lovely then)
I would not give. Observe, 'tis elegant,
With even-parted knobs, and brass-inlaid.

PASTORAL VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The scene of this Eclogue is a cave, in which the drunken but musical Demi-god Silenus is surprised asleep by two shepherds, who, with the assistance of a water-nymph, compel him to entertain them with a song. He gives them an account of the formation of things according to the doctrine of Epicurus: he then proceeds from the natural to the moral system of that philosopher, which consisted in teaching men to avoid all immoderate passions and violent perturbations of mind. This is the reason that he sings to them the unnatural passion of Hercules for the boy Hylas, the brutal lust of Pasiphaë, the vanity of the Prœtides, the avarice of Atalanta, and the immoderate grief of the sisters of Phaëton. All such emotions the Epicureans condemned, as inimical to that quiet repose which they reckoned the perfection of virtue and happiness. Virgil accordingly addresses his poem to Varus, his friend and fellow-student under the celebrated Syro, an Epicurean philosopher.

PASTORAL VI.

In Syracusan minstrelsy to sport
My Muse first deign'd, nor blush'd in woods to dwell.
When kings and battles I essay'd to sing,
Apollo pluck'd mine ear, and warning spake:
Cease, Tityrus; a shepherd it becomes
To feed his lambs and sing a lowly strain.
Now then, (for others, Varus, will aspire
To chant thy praise and tales of mournful war,)
I tune with slender reed my rustic lay.
Unbidden not my song; and if perchance
Any there be, whom it may charm to read,
My tamarisks and all the grove shall sing
Thee, Varus, nor Apollo any page
Shall please so well, as this which bears inscribed
The name of Varus. Muses, now proceed.
Chromis and young Mnasilus in a cave
Espied Silenus, stretcht asleep; his veins,
As ever, swoll'n with wine of yesterday:
Not far lay chaplets fallen from his head,
And a huge tankard with the handle bruis'd.
The youths (for often had he cheated both
With promise of a song) approach, and fast
With his own chaplets bind him; to their help,
Yet fearful while they stand, young Ægle comes,
Of Naiads fairest she; and as the God

Just woke, she paints with bloodred mulberries
His brow and temples. At the trick he smiled;
And wherefore twine ye bonds? release me, boys;
Enough that ye have spied me: now attend,
And hear the song ye wish'd for: song for you,
For her a different favour I reserve.
Straight he began: the Fauns and beasts were seen
To dance in measure, rigid oaks to wave
Their lofty branches. Nor Parnassian rocks
Doth Phœbus more delight, nor Orpheus more
Enchants th' Ismarian steep or Rhodope.
He sang, how gathering thro' the void immense
The seeds of earth and air and liquid fire
And water mingled; how the elements
And world's young orb of these compounded grew:
The soil 'gan harden then, confine the sea
Within her watery bound, and by degrees
Creation's forms receive: then how the earth
Wonder'd the sun's new glory to behold,
And showers descended from the lofty clouds:
When woods arose, and animals yet few
Rang'd o'er the unknown mountains. Now he tells
Of stones by Pyrrha thrown, of Saturn's reign,
Prometheus' theft, and fowls of Caucasus:
Next of the fount, where, Hylas left behind,
The sailors call'd his name, and all the shore
Resounded Hylas, Hylas! Then the Queen,
Who lov'd a snow-white bull, his lay consoles:
Ah, luckless Dame, had cattle never been,
Happy wert thou! What madness urges thee?
The daughters erst of Prœtus fill'd the meads
With mimic lowing, but they ne'er desired
Such foul embraces, for her neck though each
Dreaded the plough, and on her forehead smooth

Would look for horns. Unblest Pasiphaë!
Thou among mountains roamest; he reclined
With snowy side on bed of hyacinth,
Under an oak pale herbage ruminates,
Or courts a female of the numerous herd.
Dictæan Nymphs, close ye the woody glades,
That haply to our eyes the bull may turn
His truant footsteps. Him perchance enticed
By pastures green, or following the herd,
Back to Gortynian stalls the kine may bring.
Then sings he of the damsel who admired
Hesperian fruit; with moss of bitter rind
Enwraps the Sisters of sad Phaëton,
And lifts them graceful alders from the ground:
Then sings of Gallus and his wanderings
By the Permessian stream, and thence how led
Up to th' Aonian mountain by a Muse;
To him how all Apollo's choir uprose,
And Linus, pastoral bard divine, with wreath
Of flowers and parsley crown'd, bespake him thus:
Accept this pipe, the Muses give it thee,
The same which erst they gave th' Ascræan sire,
Which oft from mountain-tops he drew withal
The rugged pines. With this let Grynium's grove
By thee be sung, its birth and origin,
That in no wood may Phœbus glory more.
Why should I speak of Scylla's wondrous lay,
How she, the child of Nisus, her fair waist
With barking monsters girt, Dulichian ships
Vex'd in the gulf, and wretched mariners
With sea-dogs tore? Or why the tale repeat
Of Tereus, and his limbs transform'd? for him
What gifts, what banquet Philomel prepared?
To deserts how she fled, yet hover'd long

O'er her own roof with melancholy wing?
The lays which erst from Phœbus with delight
Eurotas heard, and bade his laurels learn,
All these the old God sang; which echoing vales
Repeated to the stars, till Hesperus
To fold the flock and count their number warn'd,
And in th' unwilling heaven his march began.

PASTORAL VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

This is a pure Pastoral in the style of Theocritus. It has been observed, that these Amœbæan contests of the Shepherds resemble the fashion of the Tuscan *Improvisatori*, who extemporize in alternate verses, one following the rhyme of the other, octave for octave, just as in Virgil the second shepherd imitates the turn of thought suggested by the first.

PASTORAL VII.

Daphnis, it chanced, beneath a whispering holm
Had sat him down. Thyrsis and Corydon
Had flocks together driven, the one his lambs,
The other goats with milky udders full:
Both were of blooming age, Arcadians both,
Well match'd in song, in ready answer apt:
Just then a goat, the husband of my flock,
While I was fencing myrtles from the cold,
Had stray'd away; and Daphnis I espied:
At sight of me, Come hither, he exclaim'd:
Safe, Melibœus, are thy goat and kids;
If thou hast leisure, rest thee in the shade.
Thy steers unbidden thro' the meads to drink
Hither will come: here tender reeds the bank
Of verdant Mincius fringe, and swarming bees
On yonder venerable oak resound.
What could I do? Alcippe there was none,
Nor Phyllis nigh, to house my weaned lambs,
And straight a mighty match was coming on,
Thyrsis and Corydon. To view their sport
I rather chose than mind mine own affairs.
The contest now began; their rival strains
They sang alternate, so the Muses will'd;
First Corydon his part, next Thyrsis tried.

CORYDON.

Libethrian Nymphs belov'd, or give to me
Such strains as to my Codrus ye have given;
After Apollo, he the best doth sing;
Or, if we cannot all be thus inspired,
Here on the sacred pine my reed shall hang.

THYRSIS.

Arcadian shepherds, deck with ivy crown
Your rising bard, that Codrus for despite
May break his envious heart; or should he speak
Too fulsome praise, with lady's-glove my brow
Enwreath, to save me from his evil tongue.

CORYDON.

This bristled boar's head little Mycon brings
With branching antlers of a long-lived stag,
Delia, to thee; but if his luck endure,
In polish'd marble thy majestic form
Shall stand, thy legs with purple buskins bound.

THYRSIS.

Expect this milk-bowl and thy yearly cakes,
Priapus; 'tis enough; thou dost but keep
A scanty garden. We have made thee now
Marble, we could no more; but should the flock
Yield plenteous increase, golden thou shalt be.

CORYDON.

O Galatea, seaborn nymph, to me
More sweet than thyme of Hybla, comelier
Than the pale ivy, whiter than the swan;
When to their stall my sated bulls return,
If aught thy Corydon thou lovest, come.

THYRSIS.

May I more bitter than Sardinian herbs
Appear to thee, more rough than furze, than weed
Cast on the beach more worthless, if this day
Hath not to me been longer than a year.
Go home, ye sated bullocks, go, for shame.

CORYDON.

Ye mossy fountains, grass more soft than sleep,
And arbute green, that givest scanty shade,
Protect the flock; for burning summer comes,
And joyful blossoms on the vine-bough swell.

THYRSIS.

Fire and a blazing hearth and sappy firs
Here never fail, and smoky blacken'd posts:
The chilly northwind we as little heed,
As wolves the fold, or torrent floods the bank.

CORYDON.

The junipers and chestnuts bushy grow,
Under each tree the fruit bestrews the ground,
All nature smiles; but if Alexis fair
These mountains left, the rivers would be dry.

THYRSIS.

Parched is the field, th' infected herbs decay,
Bare stand the hills, unblest with viny shade;
When Phyllis comes, the grove will all be green,
And joyful clouds in plenteous rain descend.

CORYDON.

Alcides most the poplar cherishes,

Venus the myrtle, Bacchus loves the vine,
His chosen laurel is to Phœbus dear;
But while her hazels Phyllis doth admire,
Laurel nor myrtle can with hazels vie.

THYRSIS.

The ash is in the woods most beautiful,
The pine in gardens, fir on mountain-tops,
The poplar best becomes the river-side;
But Lycidas, if thou wilt visit me,
In beauty thou shalt ash and pine excel.

MELIBŒUS.

Thus far can I remember. Overcome
In song was Thyrsis; and from that day forth
Has Corydon to us been all in all.

PASTORAL VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Pastoral contains the songs of two shepherds, the first of whom bewails the infidelity of a mistress; the second describes the incantations by which a woman endeavours to bring back the affections of her lover. The second part is an imitation of the *Enchantress* of Theocritus. It is inscribed to Pollio, Virgil's patron, to whose dramatic excellence (for Pollio had written several tragedies) allusion is made in verse 9.

PASTORAL VIII.

The lays of rival shepherds, which to hear
The heifer linger'd and her grass forgot,
Lynxes were charm'd, and turning from their course
Halted the streams; these lays will I repeat,
First Damon's, next, Alphesibœus, thine.
Great Pollio, whether steep Timavus now
Thou dost surmount, or coast th' Illyrian shore,
Will ever come the day, when I shall sing
Thy deeds, and o'er the world thy verse proclaim
Alone the tragic buskin fit to grace?
Thine was my earliest song, to thee my last
I consecrate. Accept the strain begun
At thy command, and let this ivy creep
Among victorious laurels on thy brow.

The night's cold shade from heaven had scarce withdrawn,
What time the dew on tender herbage lies
Most grateful to the flock, when leaning on
A smooth round olive Damon thus began:
Rise Lucifer, and bring refreshing day,
While I by Nisa's plighted love beguiled
Of faithless vows complain, and on the Gods
(Tho' nought to me their witness hath avail'd)
Despairing in the hour of death I call.
Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains.

Ever a tuneful grove hath Mænalus
And vocal pines, the shepherd's lovetale hears,
And Pan, who first the reed with life inspired.
Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains.
To Mopsus Nisa wedded! After this
What lover needs despair? Let griffins now
To mares be join'd, and in a future age
Come to the stream with hounds the timorous deer.
Mopsus, prepare thy torches: lo, a wife
Thou leadest home; the bridal nuts bestrew:
For thee the evening star leaves Œta's height.
Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains.
O bride united to a worthy mate!
Thou who dost all contemn, my pipe disdain,
My goats, my shaggy brow, and hanging beard,
Nor thinkest that the Gods this earth regard.
Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains.
A girl I saw thee, plucking from our hedge
The dewy fruit; thy mother was with thee,
And I the guide; just thirteen years had then
Flown o'er my head, and scarcely could I reach
The slender boughs: I saw and was undone;
A fatal fascination o'er me came.
Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains.
Now Love I know. Him rocks of Rhodope
Or rugged Ismarus, or remotest tribe
Of Garamantians bore; for surely not
Boy of our race or parentage was he.
Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains.
Love bade the mother shed her children's blood:
Oh savage Love, and cruel mother too!
Wert thou more cruel, or more wicked he?
Wicked was he, and cruel too wert thou.
Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains.

Now let the wolf flee timorous from the fold,
On hardy oaks let golden apples hang;
Let daffodillies on the alder bloom,
Rich amber from the tamarisk-rind distil,
Owls vie with swans, and Tityrus become
A second Orpheus, Orpheus in the woods,
Arion among dolphins in the sea.
Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains.
Let all things now to shoreless ocean turn.
Ye woods, farewell: I from the beetling crag
Of some high mountain headlong in the waves
Will plunge: be this my dying boon to thee.
Now cease, my flute, cease thy Mænalian strains.

Damon thus far: Alphesibœus then
To him replied; Ye Muses, tell me how;
For all things are not possible to all.

Bring water forth, and with a fillet soft
These altars gird, and burn male frankincense
And vervain strong; that I by magic rites
My lover's heart to captivate may try.
All now is ready but the charmed Song.
Bring from the town, my Song, bring Daphnis home.
Song e'en from heaven can make the moon descend;
Circe by song Ulysses' crew transform'd;
Song the cold serpent in the meadow kills.
Bring from the town, my Song, bring Daphnis home.
Around thee first three lengths of list I draw
With colours three, and thrice thine image lead
The altar round. Odd numbers please the God.
Bring from the town, my Song, bring Daphnis home.
Three knots tricolour'd, Amaryllis, twine,
And say: The band of Venus here I tie.
Bring from the town, my Song, bring Daphnis home.

As this clay hardens and the wax doth melt
By the same fire, so Daphnis by my love.
The salt cake sprinkle ; with bitumen light
These crackling laurels. Daphnis, cruel man,
Burns me ; the laurel I for Daphnis burn.
Bring from the town, my Song, bring Daphnis home.
Such love possess him, as a weary cow,
Who her young bull hath sought o'er lawn and grove,
Then in the green sedge by a river lies
Hopeless, nor cares at midnight to return.
So may he love, and I no pity feel.
Bring from the town, my Song, bring Daphnis home.
These garments the deceiver left with me,
Dear pledges, bound my Daphnis to restore.
Here at my threshold now I bury them.
Bring from the town, my Song, bring Daphnis home.
Mœris to me these herbs, in Pontus cull'd,
These poisons gave ; in Pontus they abound.
Mœris I oft have seen by aid of them
Become a wolf and hide him in the woods ;
Oft conjure spirits from their sepulchres,
And from the field transport the ripen'd corn.
Bring from the town, my Song, bring Daphnis home.
These ashes, Amaryllis, carry forth,
And in the river cast them o'er thy head,
And look not back. With these will I assail
Daphnis, who Gods nor incantation heeds.
Bring from the town, my Song, bring Daphnis home.
Behold, the ashes kindling of themselves
E'en now the altar catch with tremulous flame :
Save us ! 'Tis not for nought. And Hylax too
Barks at the door. Must I believe the sign,
Or is't a lover's visionary dream ?
He comes ; my Charms, be silent ; Daphnis comes.

PASTORAL IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Eclogue, like the first, alludes to the realities of the Poet's own life. The soldier, to whom Virgil's patrimony had been assigned, did not acquiesce in his resumption of it, but attacked him sword in hand. Virgil saved his life by swimming over the Mincius, and proceeded to Rome to obtain redress. At this time the poem appears to have been written. Mœris, in the dialogue, represents the bailiff who had the care of Virgil's farm, and relates to his companions the wrong which had been done them. Menalcas is Virgil. Mœris, at the request of Lycidas, recites snatches of his Master's poetry. The piece is dramatic, and one of the most agreeable of the Pastorals.

PASTORAL IX.

LYCIDAS.

Ho, Mœris, whither speeding? On thy road,
As it would seem, for town.

MŒRIS.

O Lycidas,
We never thought, yet have we lived to see
A stranger seize our farm, and say, 'Tis mine,
Begone, ye old inhabitants. And now
Expell'd and mournful, as chance governs all,
These kids we send him: ill betide the gift!

LYCIDAS.

Surely I heard, that all beyond the slope
Where first the hills with gentle bend decline,
Far as the water and old beechen stumps,
Your good Menalcas by his verse had saved.

MŒRIS.

'Twas rumour'd so. But, Lycidas, our verse
'Gainst martial weapons can as much prevail,
As doves against an eagle swooping down.
Had not a crow upon our hollow oak
Caw'd from the left, and warn'd me to decide
On any terms the strife, nor Mœris here
Nor yet Menalcas would be now alive.

LYCIDAS.

Could any mortal on such crime resolve?
How near, Menalcas, had we lost with thee
The solace of thy song! Alas, who then
Could sing the Nymphs, with herbage paint the ground,
The fountains cover with a greenwood shade?
The strains compose, which late I caught from thee
Listening unseen, when thou wert on thy way
To visit Amaryllis my beloved?
Feed, Tityrus, my goats, till I return;
'Twill not be long; and drive them after meal
To drink, and driving, Tityrus, beware
The leader, lest he gore thee with his horn.

MŒRIS.

Or these, to Varus which he once began:
O Varus, if our Mantua but survive,
(Too near hath she to sad Cremona been!)
Thy name shall tuneful swans to heaven upraise.

LYCIDAS.

So may thy bees avoid Cyrnæan yews,
Thy cows on willow fed their dugs distend;
Begin, I pray, recite some pleasing strain.
Thee too the Muses have a poet made;
Verse do I write, and shepherds call me bard;
But I believe not them; nor is my verse
Worthy of Varus or of Cinna's ear:
A goose I cackle tuneful swans among.

MŒRIS.

I have bethought me, Lycidas, and now
Strive to recal the words; no common strain.

Come hither, Galatea; what delight
Hast thou beneath the waves? Here purple spring
Rejoices, here her many-coloured flowers
Earth pours about the streams; above my cave
The silver aspen hangs, and creeping vines
Entwine their leafy shade. Oh, hither come:
Let the wild billows dash upon the shore.

LYCIDAS.

And what I heard thee singing to thyself
One starry night; bethinkest thou? The tune
I well remember, if I knew the words.

MŒRIS.

Daphnis, why lookest thou to see the rise
Of the old heavenly signs? Behold, the star
Of Dionæan Cæsar hath appear'd,
The star beneath whose influence benign
The crop shall yield glad harvest, and the grape
Blush on the sunny hill. Now graft thy pears,
Daphnis; the fruit thy children shall enjoy.
Time robs of all, nor even memory spares.
Oft in my boyhood summer days I pass'd
Singing: now all my verses are forgot:
His voice fails Mœris now. Be sure, a wolf
Saw Mœris first to-day. But mind not me:
This from Menalcas thou wilt often hear.

LYCIDAS.

Vain thy excuse; it makes me long the more.
And see how still th' unwrinkled water lies;
Hush'd is the breezy murmur of the wind.
But half our way remains; for I discern
Bianor's tomb. Here, Mœris, where the swains

Thick branches gather, sing we by the road:
Put down thy kids; we still shall reach the town.
Or, if thou fear'st the night-clouds with a shower
Will overtake thee, we may walk and sing,
To while the tedious hours: come, Mœris; I
Will take the burden, and thine arms relieve.

MŒRIS.

Nay, press me, Boy, no more. Perform we now
The task in hand. Another time for song
Will better suit us, when Menalcas comes.

PASTORAL X.

THE ARGUMENT.

In this Eclogue, Cornelius Gallus, friend of Virgil, and once favourite of Augustus, is introduced by name (contrary to the usual custom of the Bucolics), bewailing the inconstancy of his mistress Lycoris, by whom is meant Cytheris, a celebrated actress, who had left him to follow some officer into Germany. This was written while Gallus was yet in favour with the Emperor; and the more to honour him, the rural Deities are represented as administering consolation to his distress.

PASTORAL X.

On my last lay deign, Arethuse, to smile.
To Gallus 'twill be sung; for who a lay
To Gallus would refuse? 'Tis brief, but such
As e'en Lycoris would herself commend.
Oh, aid my labour; so when thou shalt glide
Beneath Sicilian waves, may Ocean's child
Her bitter waters mingle not with thee.
Begin: of lovelorn Gallus be my theme,
The while my goats the tender shrubs regale.
Not to deaf ears we sing; the woods respond.
Ye Naiads, in what grove or lawn were ye,
When Gallus pined with unrequited love?
For neither Pindus nor Parnassian hills
Detain'd you then, nor Aganippe's fount.
Him wept the laurels and the tamarisks,
Him, as he lay beneath a desert cliff,
The piny Mænalus and rocks bemoan'd
Of cold Lycæus. Round him came the sheep,
Of us ashamed not; neither for thy flock
Blush thou, sweet bard; the fair Adonis once
Kept sheep and fed them by the river-side.
Shepherd and tardy-gaited ploughmen came,
Menalcas too, wet from his winter mast;
All ask'd about thy love: Apollo came,
And why this phrenzy, Gallus? he exclaim'd:

Thy love Lycoris with another now
To the rude camp and snowy lands hath gone.
Sylvanus next, with rustic crown adorn'd,
His flowery fennel and his lilies tall
Shaking advanced; and Pan, Arcadia's God,
Whom we ourselves beheld, his blood-red face
With elder-berries and vermilion dyed.
Is there no end? he cries: for thy despair
Love hath no pity: cruel Love with tears
No more is fill'd, than grass with running streams,
The goat with leaves, the bee with willow flower.
He answer'd mournful: Swains of Arcady,
Still to your mountains ye my grief shall tell;
Arcadians are alone expert in song.
My bones would softly rest, if once your pipe
Of my unhappy love would tune the lay.
Oh, had I been your valleys born among,
A shepherd or a presser of the grape!
Then whosoe'er my flame, or Phyllis fair
Or dark Amyntas, (what if he be dark?
The violet and the hyacinth are black:)
With me would lie beneath a pendulous vine
Amid the osiers; Phyllis for my head
Wreath flowers, Amyntas cheer me with a song.
Cool springs are here, soft meadows, and a grove,
Lycoris; here with thee could I consume
My life; but thee mad passion doth detain
'Mid camps and armed hosts and war-alarms.
Hard-hearted one, thou far from home and me
(Can I believe it?) seest the chilly Rhine
And Alpine snows. Oh, never may the cold
Harm thee, nor rough ice cut thy tender feet!
Now will I go, and to the oaten straw
Of a Sicilian shepherd tune the verse

Which in Eubæan numbers I composed.
I am resolv'd: 'tis better in the wood
Among wild beasts my sorrow to endure,
And carve my love upon the tender trees:
They and my love will thus together grow.
Meanwhile Mænalian valleys with the nymphs
I will survey, or chase the savage boar:
Maugre the cold with dogs will I surround
Parthenian woods: e'en now I seem to roam
O'er cliffs and sounding groves, with Parthian bow
To whirl Cydonian shafts; as though, alas,
Aught could avail my phrensied heart to cure,
Or teach the God to pity mortal woe.
Dryads no more can please, my verse no more:
Ye woods, farewell. Him never could I change
With all my labours, tho' in winter's depth
Hebrus I drank, or 'mid the stormy snows
Of Thracia plunged; tho' under tropic skies,
When the bark withers on the parched elm,
I drove my flock o'er Œthiopian plains.
Love conquers all, and I must yield to love.
Enough, ye Muses, hath your poet sung,
Here sitting, and with slender rush the while
A basket weaving. Grant, ye Goddesses,
That Gallus this my strain may dearly prize,
Gallus, for whom my love grows hour by hour,
Fast as the alder shoots in vernal prime.
Now let us rise; for often as we sing
The shade is hurtful; hurtful is the shade
Beneath the juniper; shade injures too
The growing crop: and see, the evening comes,
Return ye home, my full-fed goats, return.

GEORGICS.

GEORGIC I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject of the first Georgic is agriculture in general, and more particularly that part of it which relates to the production of the cereal fruits of the earth. The object of the Poet is to give instruction in the art of husbandry; and accordingly he lays down rules to guide the Farmer in all the various operations of ploughing, sowing, fallowing, and improving the land; shows him how to prepare his implements of labour, how to observe the prognostics of wind, rain, and tempest, and in short, how to employ himself to most advantage throughout the year in all varieties of weather and season. Not only is Virgil's mode of treating these dry topics highly poetical in itself, but his various digressions, which all arise more or less immediately out of the subject, give relief to the more purely didactic part of the work, and are full of interest and beauty. Such are, for example, his account of the transition from a golden to an iron age; his description of storms and hurricanes, with their effects upon animate and inanimate nature. The exordium of the poem, after a formal address to Mæcenas, proceeds with a solemn appeal to the Patron Gods of agriculture, and a special invocation of the Emperor Augustus, whose future deification is predicted. It concludes with a statement of the prodigies which are said to have followed the death of Julius Cæsar, and portended the renewal of civil war.

GEORGIC I.

Glad harvests how to raise, beneath what sign
To turn the glebe, the vine and elm unite,
What care is meet for kine, for breeding flocks
What nurture needful, and how great the skill
Practis'd in management of thrifty bees,
Upon these themes, Mæcenas, will I sing.
Ye lights, the glory of the world, that lead
Thro' heaven the gliding year, on you I call.
Liber, and fost'ring Ceres, ye that first
In your benignity bade Earth exchange
Chaonian acorns for the genial grain,
Prompting with draught from Acheloan stream
The new-found grape to mingle; and, ye Fauns,
Who, near them still, the rural swains befriend,
(Hither your steps, both Fauns and Dryads, turn,)
Your gifts I tell: Hear thou, to whom the ground,
Struck by thy trident, erst the neighing steed
Gave forth, great Neptune! Lover of the woods,
For whom three hundred snow-white bullocks crop
Luxuriant Cæa's glades; and thou thyself,
Patron of shepherds, Tegeæan Pan,
If thine own Mænalus be still thy care,
Propitious come, thy native groves awhile
And lawns Lycæan leaving. Pallas too

Inventress of the olive, and the Boy,
Contriver of the crooked plough, I call:
Come also thou, Sylvanus, bearing still
A tender cypress by the roots uptorn:
Gods all and Goddesses, that love to guard
The fields, that nourish the new fruits unsown,
And on the seed pour plenteous rain from heaven;
Thou lastly, Cæsar; whom 'tis yet unknown
What council of the Gods shall soon receive;
Whether to visit cities thou wilt choose
And lands to guard, while Earth proclaims thy power
Her fruits to give, her seasons to control,
And with thy Mother's myrtle binds thy brow;
Whether appearing as vast Ocean's King
Sailors shall thy sole Deity adore,
And, while remotest Thule owns thy rule,
Tethys shall purchase thee with all her waves
To be her Son: or to the tardy months
Thou join thyself a constellation new,
Where 'twixt the Virgin and the Scorpion's claws
A place for thee is open'd: even now
The fiery beast contracts his outstretcht arms,
And leaves thy more than equal share of heaven.
Whate'er thou be; (for let not Tartarus
Expect thee for a King, nor in thy soul
Spring the desire of so unblest a sway;
Tho' Greece Elysium praise, tho' Proserpine
Claim'd by her Mother care not to return:)
Cheer thou my course; assist my bold emprise;
The simple rustics, wanderers on their way,
Pity with me; begin at once thy reign,
And learn henceforth to be invoked with prayer.

In early Spring, when melted snows glide down

From hoary mountains, and the crumbling glebe
Unbinds itself before the Zephyr's breath,
Then let the sturdy ox without delay
Begin to groan beneath the deep-sunk plough,
And the share glitter, by the furrow worn.
That field, and that alone will amply meet
The tiller's greediest hope, which twice hath felt
The Summer Sun, and twice the Winter's cold.
So will a plenteous harvest burst the barn.
But ere with coulter untried plains we cleave,
First let us learn with care, what winds prevail,
What is each climate's character distinct,
The modes of culture practis'd by our sires,
The genius of a soil; what produce known
Each region will supply, and what refuse.
Here wheat may flourish best, and there the grape.
Elsewhere will plants with quicker growth shoot up
To verdant groves, and herbs upon the ground
Unbidden bloom. Canst thou have fail'd to mark
How saffron odours are from Tmolus brought,
That ivory is sent from Indian vales,
And soft Arabia yields her frankincense?
Steel to the naked Chalybes we owe,
And musk to Pontus; while Epirus boasts
The fleetest mares, of high Olympic fame.
In the beginning, upon varied lands
Nature such local and fix'd laws impos'd,
What time into a world unpeopled yet
Ducalion's hand first cast the stones, wherefrom
Sprang men, a hardy race. Then straightway come,
And, for the months that usher in the year,
Let your stout bullocks the rich soil upturn,
Whose prostrate clods beneath her hottest suns
Let dusty Summer bake. Neglect not this,

Lest herbage rank obstruct the joyful corn.
But, if it be not fruitful, 'twill suffice
Lightly the ground to furrow, not before
Arcturus rises, that from sandy earth
No drop of scanty moisture may be lost.

Nor will you not allow, each other year,
Fields arable, when reap'd, to lie at rest,
And idly stiffen, overgrown with moss.
Else, having chang'd the season, you will there
Sow yellow wheat, whence lately you removed
Luxuriant crops of pulse with shaking pods,
Thin vetches, or the bitter lupine's grove
Of fragile rustling stalks. For land is burn'd
By growth of flax; 'tis burn'd by growth of oats,
And poppies with Lethæan sleep imbued.
Yet, in alternate years, your task will be
Not difficult; but be not you ashamed
With heaps of rich manure to saturate
The arid soil, and sordid ashes cast
Over the surface of exhausted plains.
Ground, treated thus, from change of seeds alone
Will rest obtain. Nor in the field unplough'd
Is there meanwhile no gratitude reserv'd.
Oft too, by differing qualities required,
'Tis good to set on fire the barren lands,
And burn up stubble with the crackling flames:
Either is hence derived a secret strength,
With genial nutriment, or heat may cause
Each vicious property to be exhal'd,
And moisture that is needless to escape.
Or the relaxing warmth doth open thus
New vents and latent pores, through which young herbs
Freely receive the circulating juice;

Perchance it serves to harden and contract
The gaping veins, that nought of harm may come
From the small rain, the Sun's o'erpowering blaze,
Or penetrating cold of northern wind.
Aid no less useful to the ground he lends,
Who doth with harrows tear the sluggish clods,
And o'er them osier hurdles draw, till brought
To smoother level. From th' Olympian heights
Yellow-hair'd Ceres looks not down on him
With unpropitious eye. Nor is he scorn'd,
Who cross the plain already furrow'd once
Obliquely turns the plough a second time,
Breaking through ridges that were lately rais'd.
So, to his frequent discipline, the Earth
He makes obsequious, and commands the field.

Pray, swains, for summers moist, and winters mild.
In wintry dust most joyful is the corn,
Joyful the field. Hence Mysia is improved
More than by culture; hence e'en Gargarus
With wonder his own harvests may behold.
Why should I name the man who perseveres
Quick after sowing-time to tend his ground
With watchful care, and throws down every heap
Of sterile sand? Then o'er the rising seeds
He brings the waters, and sequacious rills;
And, when his field is burnt by solar beams,
The herbs all dying from continued heat,
A runnel from the brow of hilly tract
He lures, which falling down the smooth-worn rocks
Takes up a gurgling murmur, and beneath
With flow still fresh revives the thirsty soil.
Why need I mention him, who, lest wheat-stems
Should fall with ears o'erloaded to the ground,

Feeds down the strong luxuriance of a crop
In th' early blade, when first its growth has reach'd
A furrow's height; and who from soaking sand
Drains the collected moisture of the marsh;
Then specially, when in the changeful months
An overflowing river from his banks
Hath burst, and all around flung slimy mud,
Whence hollow dykes with tepid vapour smoke?

Yet still, when thus in culture of the earth
Labours of men and oxen have been tried,
The felon goose, the wild Strymonian crane,
And bitter succory with spreading roots
Hurtful are found; nor harmless is the shade.
Great Jove himself the ways of tillage will'd
Not to be easy, and by practised art
First put the fields in motion, mortal minds
Whetting by cares, nor suffer'd his own reign
Torpid to lie in heaviness of sloth.
Before his time no swains the ground subdued,
Nor was it lawful to mark out the plains,
Or by conspicuous limits to divide.
All things in common were enjoy'd by men.
The Earth herself, solicited by none,
Freely each want supplied. Jove with the power
Of deadly poison the black viper arm'd,
Bade wolves to prowl, and seas in uproar swell.
He from the leaves the honey shook, and fire
Mov'd from man's view. He stopp'd the flowing wine,
Which wont before in rivulets to run;
That studious practice might by slow degrees
Work out arts various, in the furrow seek
Wheat-blades, from veins of flint strike hidden fire.
Then streams felt first the floating hollow'd tree;

Then seamen learnt the stars to count and name,
The Pleiads, Hyades, and shining bright
Lycaon's Bear. 'Twas then discover'd how
To catch wild beasts in toils, with bird-lime cheat,
And forests large with dogs encompass round.
One man the broad flood lashes with his net,
Seeking its depths; another in the sea
Drags his wet lines along. Then was found out
The force of temper'd steel, and the flat blade
Of grating saw, when erst the fissile wood
Was cleft with wedges. Various arts appear'd:
Nought cannot stubborn labour overcome,
And want hard pressing in the hour of need.
Ceres first taught the race of men with steel
To cleave the ground, when in the sacred grove
Arbutes and mast had fail'd, and when at length
Dodona wonted sustenance denied.
With tillage soon was anxious trouble join'd,
When blighting mildew the green stalks consum'd,
And lazy thistles bristled in the fields.
The crops all die; brambles and burrs succeed,
A prickly wood; and, over bright-sown lands
The sorry darnel and wild oats prevail.
But if you shall forbear to vex the ground
By constant harrowing, with a loud din
To frighten off the birds, unsparingly
Shades from the darken'd field to prune away,
And showers from heav'n implore, then you, alas,
Upon another's ample store will cast
Looks of vain envy, and from shaken oak
Solace for hunger in the woods may seek.

Now must we tell of implements in use
Among earth's hardy tillers, wanting which

They cannot sow or reap. First comes the plough,
With share, and heavy timber; next the wains
Of th' Eleusinian Mother, rolling slow;
The planks and sleds for beating out the corn,
The harrows rough, unwieldy in their weight,
Cheap willow furniture to Celeus known,
With arbute hurdles, and the mystic fan
Of Bacchus. Mindful, a long time before,
All these you will provide, if you aspire
To the blest honours of a rural life.
Straightway in woods an elm is made to take
The plough's curv'd figure, and its handle form,
When with a mighty force subdued and bent.
To this two earth-boards at the lower end
'Tis meet to join, with share-beams double-back'd,
And the main beam extending eight feet long.
Already now a linden has been fell'd
For the light yoke, and stem of lofty beech.
The staff has been supplied, to turn behind
The under-rolling wheels. Smoke from the hearths
Has duly season'd the suspended wood.

Many preceptive rules from men of yore
Could I relate, unless, your ear withheld,
It wearies you to learn minute details.
A threshing floor must first be levell'd out
By huge cylindric roller. This by hands
Moulded and turn'd, let chalk tenacious bind;
Lest weeds upspring, or overcome by dust
The soil in fissures break. Still various pests
May mock your hope. Beneath the ground ofttimes
The little field-mouse granaries hath made,
And built a cell; or moles depriv'd of sight
Have lodges dug. In cavities are found

The lurking toad, and vermin which the earth
Brings forth abundantly. Vast heaps of corn
A weevil plunders, and th' industrious ant,
In fear providing for the wants of age.
Mark too, when th' almond-tree in woods hath come
Into full blossom, bending fragrant boughs;
If fruit exceed the leaves, then will abound
In like degree the produce of your crops,
And a great threshing with great heat ensue.
But if the branching shade shall most display
Luxuriant foliage, vainly on your floor
Will stalks be bruis'd, rich in their chaff alone.
Yet oft the prudent sower have I seen
In nitre steep his medicated grain,
And in black lees of oil, that so the pods
Fallacious oft might larger produce yield.
Yet, soak'd and quicken'd over gentle fires,
Still will the seeds, tho' chos'n with toilsome pains,
Degenerate, if man's industrious hand
Cull not each year the largest and the best.
'Tis thus, by destiny, all things decay
And retrograde, with motion unperceiv'd:
Not otherwise than when a boatman rows
With effort difficult against the tide;
If once his arms he slacken, instantly
The current whirls him headlong down the stream.

Further must we as heedfully observe
Days of the Kids, Arcturus' rising star,
And the bright Snake, as men that homeward borne
Through stormy billows tempt the Euxine Sea,
And fam'd Abydos' oyster-breeding straits.
When hours of day and night are equal made,
And Libra now 'twixt darkness and the light

Divides the world, then, tillers, work your steers ; 290
Sow barley in your plains, till chilly showers
Begin to fall, and Winter has become
Intractable. Then also is the time
For hiding in the earth the seeds of flax
And Cereal poppies. Then with promptness ply
Your harrows, while the dry ground gives you leave,
And the dark clouds hang o'er you in suspense.
Beans in the Spring are sown ; then, Medic plant,
Thee too the crumbling furrows will receive ;
And then comes millet, as an annual care, 300
When with his shining golden horns the Bull
Opens the year, while now the Dog has set
And place hath yielded to his backward Sign.
But if for crops of wheat and grain robust
The soil you exercise, and only seek
For bearded ears, let first in th' East be hid
The Pleiades, and let the Gnossian Star
With blazing Crown emerge, ere you commit
Their due seeds to the furrows, and in haste
With the year's hope intrust th' unwilling earth. 310
Many commence when Maia has not set,
And these th' expected produce oft illudes
With empty ears. But if the seed you sow
Of vetches, and the common kidney bean,
Nor culture of the lentil shall despise
In Egypt grown, to you no signs obscure
The setting of Bootes will afford.
Begin, and let your sowing-time extend
To the mid frosts. For this the golden Sun
Through constellations twelve the globe divides, 320
By portions mark'd. Five zones embrace the heavens :
One, in the centre, with Sol's ruddy beams
Is ever bright, and ever glows with fire ;

Round it, at each extreme, on right and left,
Are stretch'd two others, by cerulean ice
And horrid snows beset; while between these
And the hot zone, indulgent Gods give twain
To man's weak race, cutting through each a path,
Where Signs in oblique order might revolve.
As high toward Scythia and Riphæan hills
The world is upward rais'd, so to the tracts
Of Lybia on the south it bends depress'd.
To us one pole is elevated still;
Beneath our feet the other is beheld
By gloomy Styx and the infernal ghosts.
Here like a river the huge Dragon glides
With tortuous course, round and between the Bears;
The Bears that fear in ocean to be dipp'd:
There, as report has told, either dead Night,
Far spread, has all things in thick darkness wrapt,
And in eternal silence holds her reign;
Or else, alternately, the Morn from us
Goes thither, and again brings back the Day;
And where the rising Sun on us first breathes
With panting steeds, there reddening Vesper late
Kindles in turn the starry lights of heaven.
Hence in a doubtful sky we may foretell
The coming storm; hence we may learn the days
To gather in our crops, the days to sow;
Hence ascertain when fitting it may be
With oars to agitate the faithless deep,
When launch the armed fleets, or when in woods
'Tis right to cut the seasonable pine.

Not vainly do we note with watchful eye
The Signs that rise and set, and Seasons four
Dividing equally the varied Year.

If bleak continued rains within his doors
Haply the tiller from his fields detain,
'Tis given him then at leisure to complete
The tasks uncounted, which in weather fair
He must with haste despatch. The ploughman then
His blunted share's hard edge must renovate,
Scoop out new troughs from trees, their owner's mark
Impress upon the fleeces of his flock,
And numbers on the treasur'd heaps of corn.
Others may point the stake, and two-prong'd fork,
For pliant vines the willow-bands provide,
Or the light basket weave with bramble twigs.
Now, husbandmen, parch o'er the flames your grain,
Now with the mill-stones grind. It is allow'd
By laws divine and human, that some works
Even on festal days ye may perform.
No holy code forbids to drain the marsh,
Fence with a hedge the sown field's growing crop,
Set traps for birds, and thorns with fire consume,
Or dip in wholesome flood the bleating sheep.
Oft too the driver of a slow-paced ass
Will load his ribs with oil or common fruits,
And from the city coming home will bring
Th' indented stone, or black adhesive pitch.

In order varying has the Moon herself
To mortals given th' auspicious days for toil.
Avoid the Fifth: upon that day were born
Pale Orcus and the Furies. Then Earth's womb,
Seiz'd with infernal pains, brought forth at once
Cœus, Iapetus, Typhœus fierce,
And all the giant Brothers, who conspir'd
To scale heaven's battlements, and tear them down.
Thrice upon Pelion's height they tried to lay

Uplifted Ossa, and on Ossa roll
Olympus with his woods: thrice mighty Jove
The high-pil'd mountains with his bolt struck down.
After the Tenth day, next the dawning Seventh
Is favourable deem'd to plant the vines,
To tame young bullocks newly yok'd, and ply
The busy work of weaving. The Ninth day,
Adverse to theft, is well for travel used.

In the cool night some tasks are fitliest done,
Or when the orient morn with liquid pearl
Sprinkles the earth. Thin stubbles best are shorn
By night, and best by night the arid meads.
The dewy moisture never fails by night.
Nor is not some one 'custom'd to watch out
The light of winter fires, using sharp steel
To shape his torches, and to give them point.
In the meantime his spouse beguiles with song
Her tedious labour, as with rapid hand
A sounding shuttle through the loom she throws;
Or over flame the liquor she boils down
Of luscious must, and still its bubbling wave
From the hot cauldron with a leaf skims off.

But crops in golden ripeness are laid low
Mid noontide heat, and the dried grain is best
In noontide heat upon the floor crush'd out.
Ploughing or sowing, be but thinly clad.
To rural swains the winter is a time
For idleness and ease. While cold severe
And frosts continue, 'tis their usual bent
The well-earn'd gains of labour to enjoy.
'Tis then with generous mirth they interchange
Their social banquetings. 'Tis then they feel

Th' inviting spirit of the season bring
Release from care. So when the port is reach'd
By weather-beaten ships, the mariners
In joyfulness hang garlands on the sterns.
Yet then 'tis time to gather mast from oaks,
Its produce from the bay, the olive's fruit,
And myrtle's blood-like berries. 'Tis the time
Springes for cranes, and nets for stags to lay,
Or chase the long-ear'd hares. Then is the time
With Balearic sling the does to pierce,
When snow lies deep, and rivers roll down ice.

Why should I speak of the autumnal storms
And constellations? Why each cause relate
That calls on men to keep a watchful guard,
When shorter grows the day, the heat more mild,
When showery spring has pass'd, while now in fields
The spiky harvest rears its bristling height,
And in the green stem swells the milky corn.
Oft when to yellow plains a husbandman
Had brought the reaper, and his busy hand
Was binding now the barley's brittle stalks,
Have I observ'd the whole embattled strength
Of mustering winds, which far and wide tore up
From lowest roots the richly laden crops,
And toss'd on high, as winter's blacken'd gusts
Would drive the stubble and the flying straw.
Oft from the heavens with an immense array
Waters descend; and clouds in awful mass,
Charged with black showers, are gather'd from on high.
The sky pours down, sweeping from deluged fields
Labours of oxen, and the joyful crops.
Fill'd are the dykes; floods in their channels rise
With roar; and chafes in steaming friths the deep.

Wrapt in a night of storm, great Jove himself
With red right hand hurls thunder; at the shock
Earth in her vastness trembles, beasts have fled,
And human hearts through nations round are sunk
In prostrate terror. He, with flaming bolt,
Ceraunia, Rhodope, or Athos' height
Shatters: fierce rush the winds, and thickest rain,
Now woods, now shores, beneath the tempest groan.

In dread of this, the constellations mark
And monthly signs; mark whither the cold star
Of Saturn moves away, and toward what orbs
Wanders the planet Mercury through heaven.
Above all, pay your homage to the Gods,
Renewing to great Ceres every year
Due sacrifice, upon the pleasant turf,
At winter's close, when Spring serene is come.
Then lambs are fat, then softest are the wines:
Then sleep is sweet, where mountain shades are thick.
Ceres let all your rustic youths adore.
For her let honeycombs be mix'd with milk
And mellow juice of grapes. For her, thrice lead
Th' auspicious victim your new fruits around,
By all your comrades join'd in shouting crowds.
Ceres let all with voices loud invite
Under their roofs; nor let one swain apply
To the ripe corn his sickle, till he first,
Binding his temples with fresh wreaths of oak,
Has mov'd with lusty step in uncouth dance
And Ceres honour'd with a chanted strain.

That we may learn by tokens clear th' approach
Of heat and rains, and cold-engend'ring winds,
Jove has himself the premonitions fix'd

For moons each month to furnish; what may tell
The falling of south breezes, what should prompt,
When often view'd, a husbandman to keep
His herds in cautious safety near their stalls.
Straight, with winds rising, ocean's troubled friths
Begin to swell, and a dry crash is heard
On lofty mountains, or the sound from far
Of shores disturb'd, and deep'ning moan of woods.
Scarce now can waves from the curv'd ships refrain,
When from the midst of ocean cormorants
Fly on swift wing with screaming to the land;
Or when sea-coots upon the dry beach sport,
And when the heron leaving well-known fens
Is upward borne above the lofty clouds.
While wind impends, you frequently shall mark
Stars that shoot down precipitate from heaven,
And after them long tracks of flame shall cast
A gleam of whiteness through nocturnal shade.
Oft shall you see light chaff and falling leaves
To flutter in the air, and feathers dance
Floating upon the surface of the waves.
But when it lightens where fierce Boreas reigns,
Or when the hall of Zephyrus, and that
Which Eurus holds, with rolling thunder sound,
Then with full dykes are all the fields o'erflow'd,
And every mariner upon the deep
Furls his wet sails. [Without a warning given
The shower hurts none.] For either, as it rose,
Aërial cranes have shunn'd it in the depths
Of sheltering vales; or looking to the sky
A heifer snuff'd the air with nostrils wide,
Or chattering swallow flew around the lake,
Or the frogs croak'd in mud their ancient plaint.
Nor seldom, forming her worn narrow path,

The ant from secret cell her eggs hath borne:
Deep draughts the wide ethereal bow has drunk;
And, in departure from their food by flight,
An army large of rooks with clamour hoarse
Their crowded pennons flapp'd. Then may you see
The various ocean birds, and those that search
For nutriment in sweet Cayster's lake
About the Asian meads, how eagerly
The plenteous waters o'er their frames they toss,
Under the waves now plunge their heads, now run
Along the tide, and lave in wantonness
As vainly striving their delight to show.
Then too th' unlucky crow with a full voice
Calls for the shower, while stalking by herself
On the lone arid sands. Not even they,
The damsel train, who card their tasks by night,
Are unapprized of storm, when they perceive
Sparks from the flickering oil in heated lamps
And foul concretions which were gathering there.

Not less by surest signs you may foresee
Bright sunny days continuing after rain.
For neither then the stars appear to shine
With blunted edge; nor does fair Luna rise
As if indebted to her brother's beams.
No clouds, like fleeces thin, at such a time
Are carried through the sky. The halcyons then,
To Thetis dear, expand not on the beach
Their glistening plumage to the tepid sun.
The swine impure forget to toss about
Bundles of straw, first loosen'd by their mouths.
Low sink the mists, and lie upon the plains;
And, where day's close from turret high she scann'd,
The owl in vain her night-song would repeat.

Aloft in open sky is Nisus view'd,
And Scylla punish'd for her purple lock ;
Where she thin ether cuts in flying speed,
Lo, Nisus there, unalterable foe,
Still with sharp cry pursues her through the air :
Where Nisus upward mounts, she for escape
Sails with fleet pinion on the buoyant wind.
The rooks with throat comprest give utterance now
To calls, redoubled thrice, distinct and clear ;
And often thrill'd, in domes of rest on high,
With pleasure keen, unwonted, undefined,
'Mid quivering leaves among themselves they raise
A rustling general stir. The rains now past,
They joy to visit their young progeny
And the lov'd nests again. Yet not, I ween,
As if superior insight into things
Were theirs by fate, or prescience learnt from heav'n :
But when the store of moisture variable,
Which floats in th' atmosphere, has chang'd its course,
When ether's King with humid southern gales
Condenses what was rarified before,
And that which had been dense attenuates,
Then alter'd images of things around
Their senses meet ; emotions new they feel,
Not such as rose within their breasts, when clouds
The wind was chasing. Hence amid the fields
The birds resume their warbling, herds rejoice,
And rooks their loud triumphant notes upsend.

Should your eye watch the rapid sun, and moons
In order following, you the morrow's rise
Will ne'er deceive, nor will ye be ensnar'd
By flattering aspect of a night serene.
When the moon first collects returning rays,

If her dim horns a dusky air enclose,
A mighty storm preparing will invade
Tillers of land and those that plough the main:
Or should a virgin blush o'erspread her face,
Wind will ensue: for still in windy skies
Red is the golden Phœbe. But again,
If after her fourth rising, (ever found
A faithful index,) she through heaven shall move
With a clear light, and not with horns obtuse,
Then shall that day entire, and all the days
Which follow in its train, throughout the month,
From rain and winds be free. Upon the shore
The mariners preserv'd shall pay the vows
To Glaucus and to Melicerta due,
Or Panopea in her Nereid cell.

Signs too the Sun will give, at coming forth,
And when he sets in waves, Unfailing signs
Wait on the Sun, whether they show themselves
At morn's return, or as the stars appear.
When spots shall checquer his emerging light,
And he in mist shall half his orb conceal,
Fear ye the showers; for, hastening from the deep
Foe to sown fields, to cattle, and to trees,
The south-wind comes; or when at dawn of day
The broken rays diverging spread themselves
Among dense clouds, or should Aurora quit
Tithonus' saffron bed with pallid cheek,
Ah! then the vine-leaf shall but ill defend
The tender grapes; so thick will horrid hail
With rattling force upon the roofs rebound.
Still more 'twill profit this to keep in mind,
When from his measur'd journey through the sky
The Sun retires; for ofttimes we behold

Colours that vary wandering o'er his face.
The azure threatens rain, the flaming, wind.
But if his spots be blent with fiery gleams,
Then shall you see a general bursting forth,
On every side, of rain and blasts combined.
Let no one counsel me on such a night
To launch into the deep, or from the shore
My cable loose. But if the solar disk,
Both at the time when day is usher'd in
And at the close of his revolving course,
Be clear and lucid, vain will be your dread
Of coming showers. The woods shall only wave
To whispers from a gentle northern wind.

Lastly the Sun by signs, what Vesper late
May oft portend, whence clouds serene are blown,
What humid Auster meditates, will tell.
Who dares of falsehood to accuse the Sun?
He oft doth e'en forewarn that o'er dark plots
Tumult is brooding, and that secret wars
By treason nurs'd are swelling into strength.
Pity for Rome at Cæsar's death he show'd;
For then it was that his refulgent head
He cover'd with a sanguine murky gloom,
And impious nations fear'd eternal night.
The earth herself, and ocean's watery plain,
Dogs with a hideous yell and shrieking birds
Of that dread epoch gave portentous signs.
How oft was seen hugh Ætna to boil o'er,
And with burst craters overwhelm the lands,
Where the gigantic Cyclops rule! How oft
To throw up molten rocks and globes of fire!
Through all the sky the German region heard
A clash of arms. By power unfelt before

The trembling Alps were shook. A voice was heard
Awful, that broke the silence of the groves.
Spectres with wondrous paleness in their looks
Were seen to wander at the dusk of eve.
Horrid to tell! the very cattle spake:
The rivers check'd their course; wide yawn'd the ground.
In temples did the mourning ivory weep,
And sweat exude from brazen images.
Eridanus, the king of streams, o'erflow'd:
His raging eddy bore the woods along,
And carried with it over all the plains
The cattle and their stalls. Nor, at this time,
In baleful entrails of the victims slain
Did threatening fibres fail to show themselves,
Or blood to flow from fountains. Loudly now
The cities rang with nightly howl of wolves.
Never did lightnings more in number fall
From sky serene; never so often blazed
The comets dire. For this Philippi saw
Rome's armies twice against each other ranged
With equal weapons. Nor to Deities
Seem'd it unfitting, that Emathia's plain
And the wide fields of Hæmus should be twice
Fatten'd with Roman gore. The days will come,
When in those confines oft a labouring swain,
While with his crooked plough he turns the ground,
Shall find the javelins which corrosive rust
Has half consum'd, or strike on empty helms
With cumbrous harrow, and gigantic bones
Dug from the tomb in mute amazement view.

Gods of my country, ye Indigetes,
Great Romulus, and thou whose watchful care
Rome's palaces and Tuscan Tiber guards,

Maternal Vesta, oh, at least forbear
This Youth to hinder, while a sinking age
He strives to save. Enough with our own blood
For Ilion's perjur'd king Laomedon
Already have we paid. Thy reign on earth
Already, Cæsar, the celestial courts
Envy to us, complaining that thou still
Deignest our mortal triumphs to regard.
For right and wrong we see perverted here:
So many wars arise, such countless forms
Of crime and evil agitate the globe.
Nought of due honour to the plough is paid.
Their owners dragg'd afar, the fields lie waste.
Now into cruel swords the pruning-hook
And the curv'd scythe are beaten. In the East
Euphrates levies war, while Germany
Is marshall'd in the West. Cities that erst
Were join'd by neighbourhood, dissolve their leagues
And rush to arms. Raging is impious Mars
Through all the nations. From the barriers thus
When four-yoked cars have started for the race,
Swifter and swifter in the ring they fly;
The drivers whirl'd in air would vainly bend
Their straining hands to rule the bridled steeds;
Deaf to their reins the chariots bound along.

GEORGIC II.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Book is devoted to the subject of trees and shrubs. The Poet explains the various modes by which plants are propagated, either by nature or art—as from seed, or by suckers, sets, layers, cuttings, pieces of the cleft wood, and grafting. He gives directions to improve the wild plant by cultivation, points out the difference between grafting and inoculating, advises to choose plants of the best species, and secure proper advantages of soil and situation. Having observed that different trees require different sorts of soil and climate, and having lauded the ebony of India, the Arabian frankincense, the cotton trees of Ethiopia, and the citron of Media, he takes occasion to digress into a noble panegyric of his native country, which—for mildness of temperature and fertility of soil, for beautiful rivers and lakes, splendid cities and works of architecture, breed of horses and cattle, warlike and hardy population—is unrivalled (he says) by any country in the world. The vine and the olive receive the most particular attention. Virgil gives minute directions for the planting and cultivating of the vine; shows how to prune and train it to the elm; to enclose the vineyard and protect it against the intrusion of noxious animals; to manure the ground and keep it clear and free from weeds. He enumerates some of the principal sorts of grape; points out the different modes of planting on a hill or in the plain; and compares a well ordered vineyard to an army drawn up in rank and file. After briefly stating the uses of the forest trees and others not requiring cultivation, he launches into a rapturous praise of the country and rural life. This passage, which runs out to some length, and forms the conclusion of the Poem, has been the admiration of all ages, and (like some other parts of the Georgics) has been imitated by Thompson in his Poem on the Seasons.

GEORGIC II.

Thus far of cultur'd fields and heavenly signs.
Now, father Bacchus, will I sing of thee,
With thee of shrubs and woodland trees, and plant
Of olive slow in growth. Hither approach:
All things are teeming with thy bounties here.
Laden with Autumn's viny store, each field
For thee has flourish'd, and with flowing vats
The vintage foams: Lenæus, hither come:
Thy buskins laid aside, prepare with me
In the new must thy naked legs to stain.

First be it known, that in producing trees
Nature has ever varied. Some are found
With no compulsive means applied by man
To grow spontaneously, spread far and wide
Over the plains, or banks of winding floods.
Such the soft osier and the limber broom,
Poplars and willows hoar with sea-green leaves.
Others from seeds deposited arise;
The chestnut tall, the Æsculus that bears
Foliage more grand than all the woods of Jove,
And oak by Grecks oracular esteem'd.
No few, as elms and cherries, from a root
With thickest shoots bud forth. Thus we behold

Under a parent tree's diffusive shade
The small Parnassian bay to raise itself.
Nature at first these ways supplied; by these
Bloom all the kinds of forests and of shrubs
And sacred groves. More ways than these in use
Practice itself has taught, and Art improv'd.
Suckers plucked off from the soft mother trunk
This man collects, in furrows to arrange;
While others bury stumps beneath the ground,
And set with cross-cleft ends, or sharpen'd points.
Trees too there are luxuriant, which expect
A layer's bent-down arches, and to see
On their own soil encircling nurseries thrive.
Some need no root. A pruner without fear
Will back to earth their sever'd tops entrust.
Nay, which is wonderful, if you shall cut
The olive's trunk in pieces, yet afresh
From the dry wood a root shall issue forth.
Oft from another's boughs a tree unharm'd
Is seen to change her own. Transmuted thus,
Engrafted apples will a pear-tree yield,
And on plum-stocks the stony cherries blush.
Then list ye husbandmen, and for each kind
Th' appropriate culture learn; that ye may tame
Wild fruits by art, and let no grounds remain
Idle and useless. It may profit you
To plant the rugged Ismarus with vines,
Or vast Taburnus with rich olives crown.

And thou, my glory, my fame's nobler part,
Attend, Mæcenas, and with me pursue
The task begun. Spread we our flying sails
Upon the sea that opes a wide expanse.
In verse of mine the spacious theme's extent

I never should comprise, although I spake
With iron voice, and from a hundred tongues,
A hundred mouths. Be present while I coast
About the nearest shore, with land in sight.
My song is void of fiction, nor will thee
With many long preambles now detain.

Trees, which to regions of the light and air
Mount of their own accord, no fruit supply;
But from intrinsic virtue in the soil
With vigour they spring up, and joyfulness.
Yet even these, if planter them engraft,
Or shall to trenches well prepar'd consign,
With change of place will doff their temper wild,
And frequent discipline, where'er it leads,
Obsequious follow. This will suckers do,
Which rise up barren from a stem's low roots,
If to the free and open field transferr'd:
Their parent's branching shade precludes them now
From bearing fruit, or withers it when borne.
That tree again, which lifts itself from seed
Given to the earth, is slower in its growth,
Forming for late posterity a shade.
The fruits themselves will oft degenerate,
Losing their native flavour, and on vines
Will sorry clusters hang, a prey for birds.
Labour, forsooth, must upon all be spent,
All to a trench remov'd, must be subdued
With cost and pains unspar'd. From truncheons used
Will olives best succeed, from layers, vines,
And Paphian myrtles, from a solid stem.
Hard hazels, and the ash of bulky size
From suckers grow; thence poplars that supply
A leafy crown for Hercules; thence tower

Chaonian oaks, the trees of Father Jove:
Thence too the stately palm, and firs that brave
Perils encounter'd on the stormy main.
The rugged arbutus you may engraft
On a young walnut stock; and sterile planes
Strong apple-trees have nurs'd. The chestnut's trunk
Upholds a beech. The mountain ash becomes
Whiten'd with snowy blossoms of the pear,
And under elms the swine on acorns feast.

But to engraft, one method is in use,
Another needful, to inoculate.
This to effect, where the protruding buds
Have burst the slender coats amid the bark,
There a small aperture is made within
The knot itself, and from a stranger tree
A germ is left enclos'd, that it may learn
To grow united with the tender rind.
But they who graft, will cut the knotless trunk,
And a deep passage in the solid wood
With wedges cleaving, will insert therein
The fertile scions. Then in no long time,
With branches flourishing, a stately tree
Will high have mounted, wond'ring to behold
The novel leaves, and fruitage not its own.

But not one class includes willow and lote,
Idæan cypresses and sturdy elms.
More than a single form fat olives take,
The radius, orchite, and the pausia known
For bitter berries. Apples vary thus,
Thy groves, Alcinous, too. The heavy pears
Volemi call'd, resemble not in shoots
Those of Crustumian and of Syrian growth.

The vintage pendent on our native trees
Is not like that which from Methymna's vines
Lesbos collects. White Mareotic grapes
Differ from Thasian. These are not unfit
For a thin mould; those need a deeper soil.
The Psythian fruit is best for use, when dried.
Draughts from the light Lageos will at length
Stagger the feet, and bind the stammering tongue.
Besides the purple, others have the name
Of early grapes: and how shall I praise thee,
O Rhætian vine? yet must not thou aspire
With the Falernian cellars to compete.
The bev'rage from Ammineán vineyards gain'd
For strength is eminent: this will receive
Honour from Tmolus, and from Phanæ's self,
A king of mountains. Though of smaller size,
No grape is equal to th' Argitis found
For copious liquid produce, which will last
Through lengthen'd years. Not thee, the grape of Rhodes,
Can I pass over, grateful to the Gods,
And in their second courses hail'd by men.
Nor must thy swelling clusters be forgot,
Bumastos famed. But in the world of plants
We cannot count their tribes and tell their names;
Nor boots it all their number to compute.
This whosoe'er would grasp, may seek to learn
What grains of sand are toss'd from Lybian seas
By the west wind; or know when sailing barks
Eurus with more than wonted rage assaults,
How many billows lash th' Ionian coast.

Not every kind of trees is every soil
Fitted to bear. O'er streams the willows bend,

On fens and miry ground the alders grow,
On rocky summits the wild barren ash.
The shores in groves of myrtle most rejoice.
Bacchus loves open hills that meet the sun;
Yews can endure the North-blast and the cold.
Scan now the farthest regions of the globe
By culture tam'd, both where Arabians hold
Their eastern homes, and where a painted race
Roam the Geloni, and you still shall find
That countries are distinguish'd by their trees.
India alone black ebony affords.
'Tis only from Sabæans we obtain
Sweet frankincense. Why should I speak to thee
Of balms distill'd from aromatic boughs,
And berries of acanthus ever-green?
Why should I tell of Ethiopian woods
Whiten'd with downy wool; or how from leaves
The Seres comb their silken fleeces fine?
Why to earth's distant limits turn thy look,
Where India rears aloft near ocean's marge
The groves whose trees with their aërial spires
No arrows in their flight can e'er surmount,
Though shot by bowmen skilful in their art?
In Media is the happy citron grown
Of bitter taste that lingers on the tongue;
Than which from limbs no surer antidote
Black venom drives, when herbs with baleful words
Stepmothers dire in poison'd cups have mix'd.
Stately the tree itself, most like a bay
In form, and, if it differ'd not in scent
Cast widely round, a bay it would be deem'd.
No leaves it loses from assault of winds;
The blossom most tenaciously is kept:
With this the Medes offensive breath correct,

And old men cure, whose chests with asthma pant.

But not the groves of Media, richest land,
Not the majestic Ganges, nor the stream
Of Hermus turbid with its golden sands
Can with our Italy in praises vie:
Not Ind, nor Bactra, nor the fragrant wealth
Of all Panchaia's incense-yielding soil.
Never did bulls with nostrils breathing fire
This region plough, nor was it ever sown
With a huge dragon's teeth, thickly to raise
A bristling crop of men, with helms and spears.
But it is fill'd with loaded stems of corn
And gift from Bacchus, juice of Massic vine:
Olives and joyous flocks possess the plains.
Hence to the battle-field with stately neck
Prances the warrior steed. Hence, often lav'd
In the pure waters of thy sacred flood,
Thy snow-white herds, Clitumnus, with the bull,
A victim noblest of them all, have led
Rome's triumphs to the temples of the Gods.
Perpetual Spring is here, and Summer reigns
In months beyond her own. The cattle twice
Are pregnant, twice the trees bear useful fruit.
But rav'ning tigers, and the savage breed
Of lions are unknown. By aconite
No luckless gatherers can be here deceiv'd,
No scaly serpent here along the ground
Drags orbs immense, nor with so vast a train
Collects himself into a spiry mass.
Further behold so many cities here
Magnificent, so many costly works
Of art elaborate, so many towns
Erected on the steep of rocky cliffs,

And rivers gliding under ancient walls.
Shall seas be nam'd that wash our country's bounds
Upon her upper and her lower coasts?
Or may I mention her extended lakes;
Thee, greatest Larius, and Benacus, thee
Swelling with noisy surges, like the deep?
Shall I describe her havens, or the moles
Join'd to the Lucrine lake; and ocean's rage
With mighty roarings, where, his waves driven back,
The Julian harbour'd waters sound afar,
And Tuscan tides go down th' Avernian straits?
Metallic veins of silver and of brass
In Latian hills are found; and here not less
Has golden ore in richest currents flow'd.
A warlike race hath this same Land produc'd,
The Marsian and the brave Sabellian youth,
Ligurians train'd to hardship and to toil,
And wielders of short spears, the Volscian tribe.
This Land the Decii and the Marii nurs'd,
This the Camilli fam'd, the Scipios
Invincible in war, and also Thee
Divinest Cæsar, who already own'd
Victor through Asia's limits most remote
Dost keep afar from citadels of Rome
Indians, now peaceful, by thy name disarm'd.
Hail Parent great of fruits, Saturnian land,
Hail thou great Parent of heroic men!
For thee I enter on a theme renown'd
Of ancient art, adventuring to unlock
The sacred fountains, and for Thee I sing
Through Roman cities an Ascræan lay.

Now of the varying qualities of soils
'Tis time to speak, their colour and their strength;

And what their several natures can produce.
First, grounds least tractable, ungenial hills
Where meagre clay and pebbles much abound,
O'erspread with bushes, these rejoicingly
Will long-liv'd olives rear, Minerva's grove;
This is betoken'd, if wild olive-trees
Spring numerous there, and the same tract be strewn
With woodland berries. But, where moisture sweet
Gladdens an unctuous loam, and where the glade
Is full of grass, with fruitful richness stor'd,
(Such as we often may look down upon
In the green hollow of a mountain glen,)
On which from lofty rocks glide falling streams,
And with them draw a fertilizing slime,
This ground, and such as rising tow'rd the South
Nourishes fern which ploughshares hate to meet,
Will in due season furnish thee with vines
Of passing strength, and plenteous in their juice.
This will abound in grapes, this in such wine
As in libations we are wont to pour
From golden goblets, when his ivory trump
The fat Etrurian has at altars blown,
And we on bending chargers offer up
A victim's smoking entrails to the Gods.

But if thou carest to preserve the breed
Of kine and calves, the progeny of sheep,
Or kids to nurseries baneful, seek the lawns
And distant glades that rich Tarentum owns,
(Plains such as wretched Mantua hath lost,)
Where milk-white swans in grassy waters feed.
Never will herbs or crystal fountains here
Be wanting to the flocks. For whatsoe'er
In a long day the cattle may consume,

Will the cool dews of one short night restore.
Earth of a sable hue, which fat appears
Beneath the coulter's pressure and has mould
Crumbling and loose, (a property which man
By ploughing imitates,) is reckon'd still
Fittest for corn; and from no other field
Will you behold slow-moving oxen draw
More loaded waggons home. Or such may be
Ground whence the ploughman has a wood remov'd,
Fell'd in his rage a copse that idle stood
For many a year, and from the roots upturn'd
An ancient habitation of the birds,
While they from nests forsaken flew on high.
Yet from the ploughshare used, hath such rude plain
Shone brightly clear'd. But in a hilly tract
The hungry gravel scarce yields humble plants
Of casia, and of rosemary for bees.
And 'tis averr'd, that for the serpent race
No spot a food more wholesome can supply,
Or give them shelter in such winding cells,
As that containing rough and rotten stones,
Or chalk corroded by black water-snakes.
The land which sends forth exhalations thin
And flying vapours, which can both imbibe
The moisture, and at will return it back,
Which ever clothes itself with verdant grass,
And hurts not steel with scurf or briny rust,
This will entwine your elms with joyous vines,
This will in oil abound, this tilling art
Will find obedient to the crooked share.
Such land rich Capua ploughs, such those that dwell
On Mount Vesuvius, and near Clanius' flood
Which did not desolate Acerræ spare.

Now will I tell you means whereby to know
Whether a soil be thin, or, in degree
More than is common, dense: for by the one
Wheat-crops are favour'd, by the other, vines.
Bacchus loves thinnest, Ceres, denser mould.
First with your eye select a fitting spot
And give command that deep in solid ground
A pit be dug, then all the earth again
Into its place return'd, and sands at top
Well trodden down. If these defective are,
The soil is loose, and best will yield support
For cattle, and the vineyard's genial growth.
But if the earthy stuff refuse to go
Into the place it left, and rise above
The pit when fill'd, the mould is thick and close.
Look there for sluggish clods and ridges stiff,
And with your stoutest bullocks tear them up.

But the salt earth, or what is bitter deem'd,
Unfit for corn, by ploughing mellow'd not,
Which rears not vines of one specific class,
Nor keeps for fruits their own appropriate names,
Such will its real character disclose
From proof like this. Take from the smoking roof
Baskets close-wov'n, and strainers which are used
When wine is made. Herein a portion put
Of this same vicious soil, and when 'tis mix'd
With fountain-water pure, let it be press'd
Strongly with feet, and to the full extent.
The liquor all will struggle for escape,
And in large drops pass through the osier twigs.
Then will the ground its savour plainly tell;
A bitterness the faces will distort
Of those that taste it, nauseous to the tongue.

What land is fat, we thus may briefly learn.
It crumbles not, when by the hand compress'd,
But clings to fingers grasping it, like pitch.
Moist land bears largest herbs, and of itself
Is too luxuriant found. Ah! let not mine
Be rank in fruitfulness, nor may it show
More than due strength in rising blades of wheat.
Soils light or heavy will betray themselves
By silent evidence in their own weight;
And each will promptly to the sight proclaim
Whether 'tis black, or mark'd by other hues.

But 'tis not easy, if the ground be cold,
A quality so baneful to detect.
And traces of it will be only given
Sometimes by pitch-trees, and the noxious yews,
Or ivy dark. These cautions ponder'd well
For a long previous time, do not forget
To dry, and bake the land; with trenches cut
The spacious hills, and to the Northern breeze
The clods upturn'd expose, before you plant
The gladsome race of vines. The fields are best
Whose earth is crumbling, an effect produc'd
By wind and gelid frost, and delver's might,
Who stirs up loosen'd acres, digging deep.

But he whom never vigilance forsakes
Will seek and will prepare some plot of ground,
Which in a kindred soil shall first receive
Cuttings from trees, and where in a brief space
They may be mov'd, and set again in rows,
Lest a new mother, suddenly exchang'd,
May seem an alien to the nursling plants.
He on their bark will even notify

The quarter of the sky to which they turn'd,
That, howsoe'er each slip was wont to stand
Or with whatever side it met the North
And bore the Southern heats, it may obtain
A like position still. Of such avail
Are habits rightly form'd in tender years.

Consider first, whether on plain or hill
'Tis better that your vineyard should be plac'd.
If in a champaign rich you lay out fields,
Plant thick; for not the less will Bacchus there
Grant fruitfulness, though vines be closely rang'd.
But if acclivities and sloping hills
You cultivate, let the vine-ranks have room;
Yet so that, trees in nicest order set,
Each space with that which crosses it may square:
As oftentimes when in a mighty war
Th' extended legion draws its cohorts forth,
The ranks are marshall'd on the open plain
In full array; throughout with gleaming brass
The wide field fluctuates, nor have they yet
Join'd in the battle's deadly shock, but Mars
Is hovering doubtful in the midst of arms.
Thus in proportions due, let all the ground
Be measur'd out, not as a view to feed
The mind with vain delight, but for this end,
That otherwise the earth will fail to give
An equal nutriment to all the growth,
And branches will lack scope to spread themselves.

Haply you also may inquire what depth
The trenches need. I venturously the vine
Even to shallow furrows would commit.
Trees must be fix'd much deeper in the earth,

And specially the æsculus, whose roots
Not less toward realms of Tartarus descend
Than rise the lofty branches up to heaven:
Hence 'tis not hurt by tempest, blast, or shower;
It stands unshaken; and through many an age
Outlasts the lives and progenies of men.
Meanwhile extending far on every side
With arms and sturdy boughs, in midst of them
The trunk upholds a weighty mass of shade.

Let not your vineyards face the setting sun,
And set no hazel there. Take not in shoots
Their highest part; nor gather from their top
Cuttings from trees; but choose the lower part;
So much they love the earth. With blunted steel
Hurt not your plants. Avoid too on the stock
Of olives wild your scions to engraft.
For often fire from careless shepherd falls
Which under unctuous bark at first conceal'd
Catches the stem, and gliding furtively
Mid leaves above, it raises in the air
A loud and crackling sound. Advancing thence
O'er all the boughs and waving tops of trees,
It reigns victoriously, in sudden blaze
Wraps the whole grove, and a black cloud sends up
Condens'd with pitchy vapour to the sky;
Then most of all, if a descending storm
Beats on the woods, and if a driving wind
In thicker volume rolls the flames along.
Grafts, which from roots their own no strength obtain'd,
When thus destroy'd, can never be restored;
Nor will their like sprout up from earth again:
But th' unblest olive bitter-leav'd survives.

Let no man's counsel, though you deem him wise,
On you prevail to stir the rigid earth
When Boreas blows. Then Winter with his frost
Shuts up the fields, nor suffers the new plants
To fix their harden'd fibres in the ground.
No time more fit for culture of the vines
Than when with blushing Spring the white bird comes
By the long snakes abhorr'd, or at th' approach
Of Autumn's coolness, when the vivid Sun
Has not yet reach'd the Winter with his steeds,
And Summer heat is gone. Spring favours most
Green leafiness in groves, and Spring the woods.
Lands in the Spring are swelling, and demand
The genial seeds. 'Tis then th' all-potent Sire
Ether descends with fructifying shower
Into the bosom of his joyful Spouse,
And great himself with her great body join'd
To all her offspring nutriment affords.
Then pathless brakes with tuneful birds resound
And herds at certain times renew their loves.
Prolific Earth is teeming; fields relax'd
Open to meet bland Zephyr's tepid breath.
A gentle moisture then abounds in all,
And herbs with safety dare entrust themselves
To the new Suns. The vine-trunk does not fear
The blowing South, or shower which from the sky
The strong North winds draw down, but puts forth buds
And all her leaves unfolds. 'Tis my belief,
None other days the origin illum'd
Of this our World, nor had its growing rise
Another season. 'Twas the reign of Spring.
The spacious globe a general Spring enjoy'd.
South winds their wintry violence forbore

When cattle first drank in the light, and men,
An iron race, had lifted up their heads
From the hard glebe: when beasts were placed in woods,
And stars throughout the sky. Created things
Could not have borne in tender infancy
Their lot of toil, unless a temper'd rest
Between the heat and cold had interven'd,
And Heaven's indulgence thus befriended Earth.

But, to resume my theme; when in the fields
You bend down layers, there spread rich manure,
Heedful to cover them with plenteous soil,
And there let rugged shells on spongy stones
Be buried round. So waters that glide o'er
Shall through them soak, while thither penetrates
A subtile vapour, whence the plants will gain
Life and fresh vigour. Men may now be found,
Who with large potsherds and a rocky weight
Would on them press the turf; this, for defence
When falls a wintry shower, this, when with drought
The sultry Dogstar cleaves the gaping fields.
When layers thus are planted, it remains
Often to bring loose earth about their roots,
And use hard drags; or with a ploughshare work
The turn'd-up ground, and e'en among the ranks
Of vines themselves the struggling bullocks guide.
Prepare you next peel'd rods of spear-like shape,
Smooth reeds, and ashen stakes, and two-prong'd forks,
By whose support the vines may learn to climb,
Contemn th' assault of winds, and rise at length
By gradual stages to the tops of elms.

'Tis right, while now their infant age sprouts forth

With new-born leaves, to spare the tender plants.
While too the branch rejoicing rises up
And with loose rein expands itself in air,
Not yet with a keen edge must you apply
The pruning knife, but with bent fingers nip
The leafy buds, culling them here and there.
When afterwards their stems are lengthened out,
And with a firmer clasp the elms embrace,
Then strip their foliage, then their branches lop.
Ere this the steel they dread. Now, therefore, now
And not before, exert severe control
To check their straggling and luxuriant boughs.

Fences around them must be also woven,
And cattle of all kinds at distance kept:
Then most, while shoots are young, nor yet have felt
An injury. For more than potent suns
And cruel winters, the wild buffaloes
And persecuting goats insultingly
Work them incessant harm. On these the sheep
And greedy heifers browse. Not cold condens'd
With hoary frost, nor heat severe, that strikes
On the parch'd rocks, can so much hurt the plants,
As herds with poison of unsparing teeth,
And scars inflicted on the stems they gnaw.
At all his altars for none other crime
Still is the goat to Bacchus sacrificed,
And th' ancient dramas on our stage appear.
Athenians erst to scenic wit proposed
This for a prize, about their villages
And the cross-ways, when jovial mid their cups,
On the soft meadows green they leap'd and danced
On goat-skin bottles which with oil were smear'd.
Ausonians too, a race that came from Troy,

In uncouth verses jest, while vent they give
To laughter boundless, wearing horrid masks
Fashion'd from bark of trees. In merry strains
On thee they call, O Bacchus, and for thee
Hang up thy little images to wave
From the tall pine; hence every vineyard teems
With increase large; and hence the hollow vales
And the deep lawns are fill'd, where'er the God
Has turn'd his comely countenance around.
We, therefore, duly in our country's lays
Will honour Bacchus, and to him present
Viands and holy cates. The victim goat
We by the horn will to his temple lead,
And roast fat entrails on the hazel spits.

In care of vines another toil remains,
Which you will ne'er exhaust. Thrice or four times
Must all the ground in every year be plough'd,
The clods be broken with incessant drags,
And the whole grove disburthen'd of its leaves.
Still in a circle husbandmen will find
Their labour to return; and on itself
In its own steps the Year is roll'd along.
When their late foliage vineyards now have shed,
And a bleak Northern wind has shaken off
Their glory from the woods, yet even then
An active swain to the next coming year
His thought extends. The naked vine he lops
And plies with Saturn's hook, till prun'd to shape.
Be first to dig the soil, and first to burn
The cast-off shoots. Be first beneath your roof
To bring the stakes. Be last your crops to reap.
Shade twice encumbers vines. Twice prickly thorns
And weeds o'errun the ground. An arduous task

In either case ensues. Commend large farms;
A small one cultivate. Deign too in woods
The rugged twigs of butcher's broom to cut
And watery reeds upon the river's bank.
Vines are now bound: now Vineyards lay aside
The pruning knife; now toil-worn Vintager
Sings o'er the last of his completed rows.
Yet Earth must be solicited; the mould
In motion put; and by the grapes, though ripe,
Still Jove, who rules the weather, must be fear'd.

Not so with Olives. No such care they need.
Tenacious harrows, and the pruner's hook
By them are wanted not, when to the soil
They once have clung, and borne assaulting blasts.
Enough of moisture Earth itself affords,
When by the drag 'tis open'd, and a weight
Of plenteous fruit, when ploughshare is applied.
Then nurture thus the Olive, dear to Peace.

Fruit-trees of other kinds, when they have felt
Vigour in grafted trunks, and their full strength,
Quickly shoot up; and tow'rd the heaven ascend
By their own force, nor human aid require.
Nor less meantime with fruitful growth bend down
The copses wild. Neglected haunts of birds
With crimson berries glow. The Cytisus
Is brows'd upon. The tall woods larches give
To feed nocturnal fires, and spread their light.
Shall we then hesitate to plough and sow?
Wherefore on greater things should I dilate?
The willows e'en and lowly broom supply
Cattle with leaves, the shepherds with a shade,
Food for the honey-bee, and to sown lands

The needful hedge. 'Tis a delight to view
Cytorus wave with box, Narycian groves
With the pitch-yielding pines. Delight is felt
In gazing upon plains indebted not
To tilling implements or care of man.
Forests themselves, which on the barren top
Of Caucasus the churlish Eastern winds
Cease not to rend and tear, can each present
Useful yet differing produce. Pines they give,
A timber fit for ships ; houses to build,
Cedars and Cypresses. Hence husbandmen
Have wrought out spokes for wheels ; hence for their wains
Are coverings made, and keels for sailing barks.
Osiers in twigs abound, and elms in leaves.
The myrtle and the cornel furnish war
With tough strong spears. From Ituræan yews
Te bows are bent. Nor will smooth limes, or box
Polish'd by turner's lathe, refuse to take
A shape and fashion from the sharpen'd steel.
An alder light on Padus oft is launch'd,
And swims the torrent flood. Full oft the bees
Within a holm-oak's rotten trunk, or else
Beneath the hollow bark, their swarms conceal.
From gifts of Bacchus, what results have come
So worthy to record ? He Centaurs quell'd
Pholus and Rhœtus, when in deadly feud
They raged, and fierce Hylæus, while he aim'd
With goblet huge to strike the Lapithæ.

Too happy they, the tillers of the fields,
If their own bliss they knew ! to whom herself,
Far from the strife of arms, the grateful Earth
Yields from her lap an easy sustenance.

If theirs no lofty dome, whose crowded halls
Pour a broad stream of visitants at morn
Through its proud gates ; if theirs no doting gaze
On pillars bright, with beauteous shells adorn'd,
On vestures trick'd with gold, or works of art
In Ephyrean brass ; though not for them
White wool is darken'd with Assyrian drugs,
Or the pure oil with spice of cassia mix'd,
Yet peace secure, a life that knows not guile,
And rich in varied sources of delight,
To them belongs : Theirs, with the spacious plains,
Are still retreats, and caves, and living lakes :
Theirs, a cool Tempé's vale; and lowing kine,
And the soft slumbers under leafy shade.
With them are lawns, and dens for beasts of chase,
Youth with a little pleas'd, enured to toil,
Gods duly worshipp'd, Sires in reverence held.
'Tis said that Justice when she left the earth
Took among them her last and lingering steps.

But first and more than all things else desired,
May the sweet Muses deign to favour me,
Who smitten with great love their symbols bear.
Me let them show the starry orbs that shine
And move in heav'n, Eclipses of the Sun,
And Labours of the Moon ; what is the cause
Of the Earth's trembling, what the force whereby
Deep Seas are made to swell, with barriers burst,
And then fall back upon themselves again.
Why Winter Suns so hasten to be dipp'd
Beneath the Ocean waves, or what delay
Obstructs the movement of the slow-pac'd Nights.
But if cold blood around my heart prevents
Such an approach to Nature's sacred Laws,

May fields, and streams that in the valleys glide
Be my delight! May I inglorious court
Rivers and woods! Oh! may I in the plains
Near to Sperchīus, or where Spartan maids
On high Taÿgetus their revels held,
Or in deep glen of Hæmus, lay me down,
And cover me with mighty mass of shade!

Happy the man who in the things around
Could learn their causes, who beneath his feet
Has cast all Fears, relentless Destiny,
And greedy Acheron's infernal roar.
Blest too is he who knows the rural Gods,
Pan, old Sylvanus, and the sister Nymphs.
Him have the people's Fasces never mov'd,
Nor purple pomp of Kings, nor Discord foul
Dividing faithless brothers, nor the march
Of Dacians from conspiring Ister's banks,
Nor Rome's affairs, and kingdoms doom'd to fall.
He in his pity ne'er was wont to pine
O'er poor men's lot, nor envied he the rich.
Plucking the fruits which fields spontaneous gave,
Stranger was he to hardships of the Law,
The maddening Forum, and the public Courts.
Some tempt with oars the perils of the sea,
Or rush to join in wars, and penetrate
Into the halls and palaces of kings.
One man would ruin cities, and destroy
The peace of private homes, striving himself
In gems to drink, on Tyrian purple sleep.
Another hoarding broods o'er buried gold.
This all astounded near the rostra stands,
And that in rapture gapes, while loud applause
Rings through the theatre in doubled peals

From Senatorial and Plebeian ranks.
There are who joy to shed a brother's blood,
And changing dear abodes for banishment,
Seek lands that lie in other climes remote.

Still with his crooked plough the husbandman
Goes on to cleave the ground. His labour hence
In annual course returns. Hence he sustains
His country's weal, and his own household small,
Hence herds of kine, and the deserving steers.
Nor finds he in his welcom'd tasks a pause;
For each advancing season still abounds
With fruits, or new-born flocks, or harvest-sheaves,
And loads from furrows more than fill his barns.
Winter arrives. In presses then are bruis'd
The Sicyonian-berries, for their oil.
Swine to the sheds return, with acorns fill'd:
The woods their arbutes yield. Autumn for him
Lays down a varied growth, and grapes are seen
In clusters ripen'd on the sunny hills.
His house meanwhile chaste Modesty preserves,
And Children sweet around his kisses hang.
His cows their udders drag, weigh'd down with milk;
While on the grass fat goats in frisking glee
Assail each other with their butting horns.
He keeps the Festal Days. Stretch'd on the turf
Where comrades crown the bowl, while in the midst
A fire is blazing with libations pour'd,
Thee, Bacchus, he invokes, and on the elm
Erects a mark, at which the herdsmen aim
Swift rival javelins. Then their sturdy frames
Are stripp'd for wrestling in the rustic ring.

This life of yore the ancient Sabines led,

This Remus and his brother. So in strength
Etruria grew. So Rome herself became
The beauty and the glory of the world,
And singly her seven hills and citadels
Encompass'd with a wall. Before the reign
Of the Dictæan king, before the days
When on slain bullocks fed an impious race,
This golden life did Saturn pass on earth.
Not yet was heard the trumpet's blast, not yet
The noise of clattering swords on anvils laid.

But o'er a spacious plain our steeds have run,
And now 'tis time their smoking necks to loose.

GEORGIC III.

THE ARGUMENT.

In this book Virgil rises from the consideration of the vegetable to that of the animal world, and takes for his theme the nurture of horses, cattle, and flocks. He ascribes the choice of his argument to his desire of leaving the beaten track of former poets; but intimates a resolution at some future time to undertake a work of a higher character. He predicts his own success in this projected enterprise, under the allegory of a triumph, which he promises to commemorate by the erection of a temple dedicated to Cæsar, and to the celebration of his glories. In effect, the Poet prefigures in this exordium his intention to compose the Æneid. He then breaks into his immediate subject. He explains the marks and characteristics of the best horses and cattle; the means to secure and preserve a good breed; what pains should be taken in the selection of the dams, and what care bestowed on them during the period of gestation. He advises in what manner the young animals should be trained, whether for rustic purposes, for war, or for the race. From the larger cattle he passes to sheep and goats; and gives instructions as to the stalling, feeding, and protecting of these animals against cold and other injuries; and as to the best way to obtain wool and milk of good quality. He digresses into an account of the African Nomads, who wander with their flocks over the desert; and contrasts their life with that of the Northern shepherds of a cold climate. He makes short mention of dogs; advises precautionary measures against the noxious tribe of serpents, and the diseases to which flocks are subject; and concludes with the history of a cattle-plague which devastated the Alpine region about Noricum. Among other beautiful passages which distinguish this book may be mentioned, the description of a chariot-race, the passion of love in animals, the bull-fight, and the Scythian winter.

GEORGIC III.

Of thee, great Pales also will I sing,
Of thee, Amphrysian Shepherd, high in name,
Nor you forget, Arcadian streams and woods!
All other themes, which might in song have charm'd
Minds disengag'd, are common now and trite.
Who of Eurystheus stern has fail'd to hear?
Who of Busiris and his altars dire?
Who ne'er has told of Hylas, luckless boy?
Who ne'er of Delos, the Latonian isle?
Who has not spoken of Hippodame
And Pelops, for his ivory shoulder fam'd,
Bold in the chariot-race? A way by me
Must yet be tried, whereby myself to lift
From the low ground, and cause my spreading fame
To fly victorious through the mouths of men.

I first, returning from th' Aonian mount,
(If life remain,) will to my native shore
The Muses lead. I, Mantua, first to thee
Will bear away the Idumean palms;
And of pure marble on the verdant plains
A Temple will I raise, beside the stream
Where, through his channels fring'd with tender reeds
Great Mincius wanders in slow winding course.
There in the midst, possessor of the fane

Shall Cæsar stand. In honour of himself
I, as a conqueror clad in purple dress,
A hundred four-yoked chariots will impel
Along the river-banks. For me all Greece
Leaving Alpheus, and Molorchus' groves,
Shall with hard gauntlets, and in races vie.
Wearing myself a leafy olive crown
I will present the prizes to be won.
Already now I feel inspiring joy
Before the shrines the solemn pomps to lead,
View the slain bulls, or how the scene retires
With shifting front, and how inwoven there
Britons the crimson tapestry uplift.
In gold and solid ivory will I
Upon its doors the battle represent
Of the Gangarides, and conquering arms
Of great Quirinus. In majestic flow
Waving with war, the Nile shall here be seen,
And columns rising high of naval brass.
The vanquish'd towns of Asia will I add,
Subdued Niphates, Parthians put to flight
Yet trusting in their arrows backward shot:
And chief two trophies with his own hand snatch'd
From two far distant foes, nations that twice
Were triumph'd over, upon either shore.
There too in Parian marble shall appear
The breathing statues of Assaracus
And of his progeny, in long descent
From Jupiter, the parent Tros, and He,
The Cynthian God, as Ilion's founder claim'd.
Envy shall fear Cocytus' dismal flood,
The Furies, and Ixion's twisted snakes,
The racking wheel, and stone for ever roll'd.

To lawns and woods of Dryads unexplor'd
Meanwhile we turn, Mecænas, and a task
Not easy, at thy bidding will pursue.
Nothing of lofty import without thee
My mind essays. Come, then, let dull delay
Be broken off. And hark! with clamorous din
Cithæron calls aloud. 'Tis heard from hounds
On mount Taygetus, and from the top
Of Epidaurus, taming nurse of steeds.
The sound is doubled by re-echoing groves.
Yet shall I gird myself ere long to sing
Of Cæsar's glorious battles, and his name
Transmit through years not fewer than to him
Pass'd from Tithonus' earliest origin.

Whoe'er ambitious of th' Olympic palm
Would horses breed, or he who seeks to rear
Stout bullocks for the plough, must careful be
The bodies of their mothers to select.
The cow is best that hath an aspect grim,
A rough huge head, a fulness in her neck,
And dew-laps hanging down from chin to legs,
No measure in her sides, but all parts large,
Even her foot; her ears should hairy be
Under the crankled horns. Nor will she less
My judgment please, if mark'd with spots of white,
Or if she spurn the yoke, and with her horn
Be sometimes fierce, near to a bull in look,
With stateliness throughout; and if her tail
The ground be sweeping as she moves along.

The time for Hymen and Lucina's rites
Ends ere the tenth year, in the fourth begins.
Not fit for pregnancy are other years,

Nor strength afford for ploughs. While herds meantime
The flower of youth possess, let loose the males:
Admit them early to the joys of love;
And in succession thus support the breed.
From wretched mortals each best day of life
First takes its flight. Diseases follow next,
Old age disconsolate, and weary Toil,
And Death relentless, snatching them away.
Some cattle ever you will wish to change;
Still then the need supply. Shun vain regret
For losses past, and with preventive heed
Allot, each year, new offspring to your flock.

The choice of horses no less care demands—
But chief on those, which of a valued race
Are deem'd the hope, bestow most watchful pains,
At youngest age. The colt of generous stock,
Ev'n from his birth walks lofty in the field,
With ease replacing his yet tender limbs.
First of his troop he dares to lead the way,
First tempts the threat'ning flood, first trusts himself
To bridge unknown, nor starts at vain alarms.
Short in his paunch, with plumpness in his back,
A slender head, a towering neck he shows,
And proud luxuriance in his brawny chest.
The bay-brown and the grey are honour'd most;
The worst of colours are the white and dun.
Then if he catch the distant sound of arms,
For moments in one place he cannot stand;
His ears he lifts, quivers in all his frame,
And from press'd nostrils rolls collected fire.
On the right shoulder lies his bushy mane
Full often toss'd. Between his loins runs down
A double spine. His hoof scoops up the earth,

That deeply with its solid horn resounds.
The like by Amyclæan Pollux tam'd
Was Cyllarus; the like, a harness'd pair
(As Grecian bards have told) were own'd by Mars.
Such great Achilles in his chariot bore.
Saturn himself was such, when he, transform'd,
Cloth'd with a mane his horse-resembling neck,
While, at his wife's approach, he swiftly fled
And lofty Pelion fill'd with neighings loud.

Yet such, when failing, by disease oppress'd,
Or sluggish from his years, conceal at home,
And grateful spare his not inglorious age.
The horse grown old retains not warmth for love,
Whose tasks to him are toilsome, unenjoy'd:
And, if he e'er to Venus' battles come,
His rage is fruitless, as a fire at times
Among the stubble flashes without strength.
Then specially their age and spirit note,
The progeny and qualities of each,
What signs they give, in rival contests join'd;
What grief, to lose, what proud delight, to win.
Have you not mark'd, how in the rapid race
Pour'd from the barriers, chariots seize the plain,
And onward rush, when eager hopes rise high
In the young drivers; yet with throbbing fear
Their bosoms pant: they ply the twisted lash,
And o'er the reins let loose they forward bend,
While hot with motion the swift axle flies:
Now low they seem, and now aloft borne up
Through plains of air, and mounting to the sky.
No stop, no pause: the yellow sand is rais'd,
Thickly in clouds. The foremost are seen wet
With foam and breath from those that follow near.

So sweet is praise, so victory inspires.

First in the chariot Ericthonius dar'd
Four horses join, and o'er the rolling wheels
A conqueror sit. When mounting on their backs,
The Pelethronian Lapithæ first gave
Bridles to steeds, with practice in the ring
To wheel, to turn; and taught them under arms
To paw the earth, and prancingly to bound
With thick proud steps. These were alike great feats:
Alike for both, presiding skill would seek
A fiery horse, all eager for the race,
In youthful prime, none other, though he oft
May in their flight the routed foes have driven,
Boasting Epirus for his native place,
Or warlike Argolis, and though he draw
Even from Neptune's stock his own descent.

These points observ'd, when breeding times arrive,
Great carefulness is used, with a dense fat
To plump the chosen husband of the herd.
He is supplied with fresh-cut tender grass,
With water from the flood, and plenteous corn,
Lest he should fail in the bland acts of love,
And lest the puny progenies betray
A meagreness transmitted from their sires.
Females themselves are purposely made lean;
Hence when, now felt, the well-known keen desire
A new embrace is courting, some are wont
To drive them from the springs, deny them herbs,
Their frames with running shake, and in the sun
Fatigue them oft, what time the threshing floors
Heavily groan beneath the beaten grain,
And the light chaff is toss'd, while Zephyr blows.

These means are us'd, that nature's genial soil
Indulgence may not by repletion blunt,
Nor close the sluggish pores; but that with thirst
May be imbibed whatever love can give,
And, with its due effect, retain'd within.

Care for the sires now ceases, and the dams
Claim it in turn. When, as their months elapse,
Pregnant they roam, let none allow them yok'd
The loaded wains to draw, or with a leap
The road spring over. Never let them run
Fleet o'er the meads, or swim the rapid flood.
Let them be fed in open lawns, and near
Full streams, where banks are mossy, grass most green;
Mid shelt'ring caves, and overshadowing rocks.

Round groves of Silarus, and oaks that crown
Verdant Alburnus, still an insect tribe
Hovers abundant, in the Roman tongue
Asilus call'd, and Œstros by the Greeks.
It stings, and utters a sharp whizzing noise,
Frighten'd at which, whole herds from thickets fly
On every side; their bellowing plaints have shook
The madden'd air, Tanager's arid banks
And circling woods. With this same monster once,
Sent as th' Inachian heifer's destin'd plague,
Juno contriv'd to vent her dreadful ire.
This then, which most at fervid noon infests,
Drive from the cows with young, and cattle feed
When the day dawns, or stars lead up the night.

After their birth, the Calves all care engross.
Early their owners stamp with iron hot
Marks upon all, and names to tell their race,

Which for an increase of the flock are chos'n,
Which are reserv'd as victims to the Gods,
Or which to plough the land, and sturdily
Turn up the soil rugged with broken clods.
All others of the herd, in pastures green
May graze at large. But those which you design
For rustic labours, and the tiller's use,
Train while yet calves, and taming means employ
While tractable in temper they are found,
And have the pliancy of youthful age.
Give them at first collars that loosely hang,
Of slender twigs; next, when to servitude
Their free necks yield, by gradual custom taught,
Fasten'd by collars more compact, conjoin
Bullocks in pairs, well-match'd for equal strength,
And make them step together. Let them now
Oft draw an empty wain, and let them print
With footsteps light the surface of the ground.
The beechen axle afterward should groan
Beneath a ponderous load, while the wheels join'd
By brazen pole are slowly dragg'd along.
Meanwhile for th' untam'd steers crop with your hand,
Not grass alone, nor tender willow leaves
Nor marshy sedge, but the new blades of corn.
Nor let (as pleas'd our sires) the nursing cows
Fill up for you the pails with snowy milk,
But each on offspring lov'd her udder spend.

Should war and martial troops attract thee most,
Eager to whirl beside Alphean streams,
And in the grove of Jupiter to drive
The flying cars, remember, for a colt
'Tis the first task, that in their shining arms
Fierce warriors he behold, endure and court

The trumpet's blast, the din of clattering wheels,
And in his stall the rattling bridles hear.
Then, more and more delighted, he should catch
Plaudits to soothe him in a master's voice,
And sounds to cheer, from clapping of his neck.
Oft hearing these, when from maternal teats
He first is wean'd, let him at times put on
The head-stall soft, while now his infant age
Is feeble, trembling, all untutor'd yet.
But, summers three gone by, when the fourth comes,
Soon let him pace the ring, with measur'd step,
And tread that makes a sound, alternately
Bending the pliant sinews of his legs,
Like one that labours. Let him challenge then
The winds for swiftness, and through open plains
Flying, as loosen'd from the rein, scarce leave
Marks of his feet on level of the sands.
As when from Hyperborean coasts hath rush'd
In all his mightiness the Northern wind,
Driving, on each side round him, Scythian storms
And arid clouds ; then the high fields of corn
And waving plains with gentler motion first
Quiver, while forests rustle in their tops,
And lengthen'd waves are pressing to the shore :
Onward he comes, and in his swift career
He sweeps at once the lands and rolling seas.
Such courser on the great Elean plain
Will sweat around the goals, and from his mouth
Send bloody foam, or better will sustain
The Belgic cars on his obsequious neck.
Only, when train'd, let plenteous provender
Distend his growing frame. Full fed before,
And yet untam'd, he swells his mettle high,
Not prone, when seiz'd, to bear the flexile whip

Or yield obedience to the biting curb.

But whether steeds or bullocks most are priz'd,
No means exerted more preserve their strength,
Than if blind love's excitements you avert.
Men therefore oft to distant lonely glades
Beyond broad floods and intervening hills
Remove the bull, or else beneath a roof
At the full crib confine. For by degrees
The female, while remaining in his view,
Consumes his vigour, and so fires his blood,
That he forgets his pasture and the groves.
Full oft by charms attractive she impels
Two haughty lovers to contend with horns.
In a large wood the beauteous heifer feeds,
While they by turns engage with mighty force
And frequent wounds. Black gore their bodies laves.
Against each other furiously are dash'd
Their adverse horns, and with a roaring vast
Rocks and Olympus high prolong the sounds.
Such battle wag'd, no longer are they wont
One pasture to retain. The vanquish'd Bull
An exile goes to distant coast unknown,
Much moaning for his shame, his cruel wounds,
His lost loves unaveng'd, and turning still
A wistful look upon his native realms.
Then labours he to discipline his might,
Upon hard stones persists to make his bed,
On rugged leaves, and pointed sedge to feed;
He tries himself; and while he butts a tree,
Learns on his horns to gather all his rage.
He buffets air with blows, and with his foot
Scatters the sand,—a prelude to the fight.
His vigour now regain'd, he sallies forth,

And headlong rushes on th' unguarded foe.
Thus, when a wave at distance, 'mid the sea,
Begins to whiten, with a swelling train
Tow'rds land it rolls, sends up a dreadful roar
Among the cliffs, till, as a mountain huge,
It falls: the waters from their lowest depth
In eddies boil, and toss black sands on high.

So likewise all the living things on earth,
Of every tribe and order, men and brutes,
The scaly race, cattle, and painted birds
Love's fiery passion feel: it burns in all.
'Tis at none other time the lioness,
Her whelps forgetting, traverses the plains
In mood so fierce, nor wont th' unsightly bears
To spread such murd'rous havoc through the woods.
Then savage is the boar, tigers most fell.
Ah! then in Lybia's desert wilderness
How perilous to stray! Have you not seen
What tremor thrills the steeds in all their frame,
When they have snuff'd the well-known scented gales?
Nor bridles now, nor stripes severe from men,
Nor cliffs nor rocks, nor rivers interpos'd,
That whirl down mountains with resistless force,
Can them retard. Ev'n the Sabellian boar
Now restless moves, with whetting of his tusks.
He strikes, he tears the ground; at trunk of tree
Backward and forward rubs his flanks, and thus
Ready for wounds each harden'd shoulder makes.
What does the youth, in whose bones cruel love
Stirs up the mighty fire? In dead of night
He swims the frith troubled with bursting storms,
Though heav'n's vast gate is thund'ring o'er his head,
And billows with loud warning lash the rocks.

No wretched parents, thought of, bring him back,
Nor maiden sure to die, if he is lost.
What does the spotted lynx that Bacchus owns?
What does the race of rav'ning wolves, and dogs?
What battles wage the timid stags themselves?
Yet far most wond'rous is the rage of mares.
Venus herself in them this spirit rais'd,
What time the Potnian four, by Glaucus yok'd,
In pieces tore his limbs with madden'd jaws.
Beyond the top of Gargarus, beyond
Ascanius' noisy stream, lust leads them on;
They climb the mountains, and the floods they swim.
Into their craving marrow steals the flame;
Most in the Spring, (for in the Spring returns
Heat to their bones,) and from that moment, all,
Turning their faces to the Western wind
Stand on high rocks, to catch the gentle breeze;
And often then, miraculous to tell,
Impregnated by air, without a male,
O'er cliffs, and crags, and hollow vales they scour,
Not tow'rd thy rising, Eurus, nor the Sun's,
Nor yet tow'rd Boreas, or where Caurus blows,
Or whence the blacken'd Auster springing up
Saddens with rainy chilness all the sky.
Hence at the last, (what shepherds designate
By its correctest name, Hippomanes,)
A clammy poison from their groins distils;
Hippomanes, which wicked stepdames oft
Gather, to mix with herbs and noxious spells.
But time, irreparable time flies fast
While we details of love minutely trace.

Of herds enough—another care remains,
To manage fleecy sheep, and shaggy goats:

A labour this: yet hence, ye sturdy swains,
Look for your praise by merit; nor can I
Be doubtful in my mind, how difficult
Such things as these to elevate by words
And give to lowly themes poetic grace.
But through Parnassian wilds and arduous paths,
Rapt by sweet love of song, I joy to climb
Hills where no ancient wheel has mark'd a track
With easy slope to the Castalian fount.
And now, O venerable Pales, now
It must be mine to speak in lofty strain.
First I direct, ere leafy Summer comes,
In shelter of soft cotes to feed the sheep,
And the hard ground beneath them overspread
With plenteous straw, and with collected fern;
Lest a keen frost should hurt the tender flock,
And with disease their feet or frames afflict.
From sheep digressing I will next enjoin
With leaves of arbutes to provide the goats,
Bringing them still fresh bev'rage from the stream;
Then screen'd from winds to make their stalls keep off
A winter sun, and face the noon-day south,
While pouring now the waters from his urn
At the year's close the cold Aquarius sets.
These also need not less of tending care,
Nor is their value less, though a great price
Milesian fleeces gain, when they are dyed
With Tyrian blushing hues. This race teems most
With numerous progeny; this best supplies
Abundant milk. The more your pails shall froth
With their exhausted udders, so much more
From their press'd dugs will joyous currents flow.
Meanwhile the beards of male Ciniphyan goats,
Their hoary chins, their bushy waving hairs,

Are shorn for use of camps, and to protect
The wretched sailors, braving winds and waves.
They too o'er summits of Lycæus range
And pasture find: they feed on forests green,
On prickly brambles, on the brakes that love
Rocks and high places. Of their own accord
The females mindful to their cotes return,
Leading their offspring, and with udders full
Scarce o'er the threshold can they lift their steps.
Wherefore the less of providence they show
To meet successive wants, you with more heed
Should them from ice and snowy blasts defend,
Rememb'ring cheerfully to bring them food
And browse of twigs; nor while the winter lasts
Should you exclude them from your stores of hay.

But when by Zephyrs call'd, a season warm
Gladsome arrives, then both the sheep and goats
Forth to the glades and pastures will you send.
At the first rise of Lucifer, repair
To fields yet cold, while hoary is the grass
While new the morn, and on the tender herbs
Most grateful to the cattle is the dew.
Yet when the Day's fourth hour shall thirst produce,
And querulous cicalas rend the groves
With their shrill song, let flocks by your command
At fountains, or deep pools, in wooden troughs
Drink running waters, and in heat of noon
Make an umbrageous valley their resort,
Where some old oak, Jove's tree, is stretching out
Gigantic boughs, or many an ilex dims
With sacred gloom the grove's projecting shade.
Again at sunset feed them, and again
Give them clear streams, when Vesper cools the air,

When dewy moonbeams the green lawns refresh,
And now is heard upon the vocal shore
Halcyone, in brakes the linnet sweet.

Why should my verse of Libyan shepherds tell,
Their scatter'd huts, and thinly peopled roofs?
Oft for a live-long month, through days and nights
Their cattle graze, and o'er wide deserts pass
With no fixt home; so far the plains extend.
All that he owns an Afric herdsman takes
Where'er he roves, his house, his Gods, his arms,
His Cretan quiver, his Laconian dog;
Like Roman fierce, arm'd in his country's cause,
When on he marches, with a heavy load,
Till unexpectedly before the foe
Pitching his camp, he stands prepar'd for fight.
It is not so, where Scythian nations dwell,
Near the Mæotic waves, and in the tract
Where turbid Ister rolls his yellow sands,
Nor yet where Rhodope's long winding hills
Tow'rds the north pole return. There herds they keep
In stalls enclos'd. Nor herbage on the plain
Nor leaf on tree appears. But far and wide
The region deeply frozen is deform'd
With mounts of snow, seven cubits in their height.
There Winter always reigns; cold northern winds
There always breathe. The Sun dispels not there
The pallid shades, nor when he climbs on steeds
The lofty heav'n, nor when with downward course
He laves his chariot in the redden'd sea.
A sudden crust of ice the running flood
Congeals; the water on its back sustains
The iron wheels, and service now can lend
To waggons, as before to sailing barks.

Brass often bursts asunder; clothes become
Stiff on the wearer: men with axes cut
The liquid wine. Whole pools are turn'd at once
Into a solid mass; and icicles
From uncomb'd beards in rigid hardness hang.
Ceaseless meantime it snows through all the air.
Cattle expire; the oxen, as they stand,
Show their large bodies cover'd o'er with frost;
And herds of deer together crowded lie
Under a new unwonted load benumb'd,
Tips of their horns scarce lifting to the view.
These are pursued not with fierce dogs let loose,
Nor scar'd with terror of the crimson plume,
Nor tangled in a net; but close at hand
Are pierc'd with steel, while vainly from their breasts
They strive to push th' incumbent heaps of snow,
And when thus slain, mid piteous braying cries,
The booty is borne off with loud acclaim.
Leisure secure the dwellers there enjoy
In caverns which they dig deep under ground;
And rolling to their hearths whole elms at once,
With pil'd-up oaks, consign them to the flames.
Here joyously they pass in sport the night
While the grape's juice they mimic, quaffing drinks
Which acid fruits and grain fermented yield.
Such is th' indomitable race of men
Who dwell beneath the Hyperborean wain,
And by Riphæan Eurus buffeted
With skins of tawny beasts the body clothe.

If wool be priz'd, first let each prickly bush
The caltrop and the bur be far away.
Shun the rich pastures, make your earliest choice
Of the white flocks with fleeces which are soft;

The ram himself reject, however white,
If you but find beneath his palate moist
A darksome tongue, lest he the colour fair
Of new-born lambs should mar with dusky spots:
Seek, then, another o'er the well-stock'd field.
Thus, Luna, (if the tale our credit claim,)
Charm'd with his offer'd gift of snowy wool,
Wert thou beguil'd by Pan, Arcadia's god,
To the deep groves inviting thy approach;
Nor didst thou listen to his call with scorn.
But whoso covets milk, with his own hand
The cytisus and lotus must supply
Unsparingly, and on the cribs must lay
Salt herbs. Thence flowing streams are more desir'd;
Thence udders more distended; thence their milk
A secret relish from the salt derives.
Many there are who from the dams keep off
The grown-up kids, and fasten round their mouths
Muzzles with iron spikes. The milk obtain'd
At sunrise, or by day, is press'd at night,
And what the shepherds get at eventide
Or in the dusky hours, they take at morn
In baskets to the town, or lay it up,
When somewhat salted, for the winter's use.

Nor let the care of dogs engage you last;
But the swift hounds of Sparta, and the fierce
Molossian mastiff, feed with fattening whey.
With guards like these at hand, you never need
To dread nocturnal robber in your stalls,
Nor prowling wolves, nor, stealthy in attack,
Restless Iberians. You will often chase
The timorous wild asses, and with hounds
Will often hunt the hare, with hounds the deer.

Rous'd from his miry wallowing-place in woods
Oft will your barking dogs the wild boar drive,
And, in full cry, over the lofty hills,
Into the nets will urge the stately stag.

Be taught, moreover, in your folds to burn
The fragrant cedar, and to drive away
With scent of galbanum rank water-snakes.
Beneath neglected mangers oft lies hid,
Deadly to touch, the viper, who in fear
Avoids the light: or here that snake, to kine
A direful pest, which under roof and shade
Is wont to creep and venom shed on flocks,
Close to the ground adheres. Snatch up the stones,
O shepherd, snatch up clubs; and him, as now
Threats he uprears, and swells his hissing neck,
Strike, to destroy; for lo! his timid head
He deeply hides in flight: his middle knots
And his tail's utmost wreaths are loosen'd seen,
While his last tortuous spires he slowly drags.
Another snake infests Calabrian dells,
Baleful, that with erected front rolls up
His scaly back, and shows a lengthen'd paunch
With broad spots mark'd. While rivers bursting forth
Pour from their fountains, while the lands are moist
With rainy Auster, and the dews of Spring,
The pools he haunts, and lodging in the banks,
With fish and croaking frogs his horrid maw
Greedily crams. But when the fens are parch'd
And while the earth is gaping with the drought,
On the dry soil he leaps. He rolls around
His flaming eyes; he rages in the fields,
Fierce from keen thirst, and terrified by heat.
Let me not venture then to court soft sleep

In open air, or on the grass recline
Behind a forest, when, from slough cast off,
Restored to youthful brightness, in a den
Leaving perchance young progeny or eggs,
That snake glides forth, and to the Sun uprear'd
Waves in his fiery mouth a three-fork'd tongue.

My verse at last diseases shall relate,
Their signs and causes. With the filthy scab
Are sheep infected, when a raw bleak shower
Chills them, and winter with a frost severe
Has pierc'd them to the quick, or when the sweat
Unwash'd away clings to their new-shorn skins,
And prickly briers have their bodies torn.
The shepherds therefore in the rivers pure
Lave all their cattle, and the ram they plunge
Into the waters with his humid fleece,
To float adown the stream; or they anoint
Their frames, first clipp'd, with bitter lees of oil,
Wherewith they litharge and live sulphur mix.
Some use Idæan pitch, or unctuous wax,
Squills, and rank hellebore, bitumen black.
Yet 'tis the surest cure for their distress
Open to lay each ulcer's head with steel.
The sore gains strength, and by concealment lives,
While for the wound a shepherd fails to bring
The skill that heals, or with an idle prayer
Leaves the result to kindness of the Gods.
When too the pain has reach'd the very bones
Of bleating sheep, and with its raging force
A fever wastes their limbs, it has avail'd
The kindled heat to lessen or remove,
And pierce a vein in the foot's lowest part,
Whence blood shall spout;—a practice that was us'd,

By fierce Bisaltæ, and Gelonian tribes,
Who fly to Rhodope and Scythian wilds,
Mixing their cups of milk with horse's blood.
If you perceive a sheep at distance stand,
Or to the shade's mild shelter often creep,
Or listless browse upon the tops of grass
And lag behind the rest, or late at night
Return alone, that faulty sheep cut off
Without delay, lest dire contagion spread
Insidiously through all th' unwary flock.
Whirlwinds that from the ocean bring up storms
Rush not more frequent, than the numerous plagues
Which herds infest; nor are their bodies thus
Singly attack'd; but sudden maladies
Sweep off at once whate'er the folds contain,
Sheep and their lambs, the whole collective stock.

This he may know, whoever will survey
Th' aërial Alps, the Noric castled hills,
The fields around Timavus, realms of yore
By shepherds claim'd, deserted long ago,
And lawns which now are vacant far and wide.
'Twas here, from air infected, erst uprose
A Pestilence, which miserably rag'd
Through all th' autumnal heat. To death it whirl'd
All kinds of cattle, all the tribes of beasts:
Tainted were pastures, poison'd were the lakes.
Nor was life clos'd in simple wonted ways;
But when, each vein pervading, fiery drought
The shrivell'd limbs had burn'd, moisture again
Incessant flow'd, till piecemeal all the bones
Ooz'd like a fluid, by disease consum'd.
At sacrificial off'rings to the Gods,
Oft while the fillet round his head is twin'd

With snowy wreath, a Victim at the shrines
Mid lingering Flamens drops in dying pangs.
(Or if the priest such victim first have stabb'd,
His entrails laid on altars will not burn,)
Nor can the Augur when consulted give
Responses thence; and scarce with blood are ting'd
The knives applied: the surface of the sand
Is hardly stain'd with a thin meagre gore.
Hence in rich pastures calves on all sides die
And their sweet lives at the full cribs resign.
Hence madness comes upon the gentle dogs;
A panting cough shakes the disorder'd swine
And suffocates with tumours in their throats.
Forgetful of exploits and of his food
Wretched and drooping is the victor horse.
He loathes the fountain; with his hoof the ground
Often he beats; his ears hang down; a sweat
Fitful breaks out, and cold, if death is nigh.
The dry and harden'd skin resists the touch.
In each the malady these symptoms gives
At its first stage; but when it has begun
To rankle more and more, then are their eyes
Inflam'd; from bottom of the breast is drawn,
And sometimes heavily with groans, their breath.
With lengthen'd sobs distended are their flanks.
(Blood from their nostrils flows of darkest hue,
While a rough tongue cleaves to their clotted jaws.)
With wine to drench them was the first resource,
To save from death it seem'd the only hope.
Yet this soon after their destruction wrought.
For thus recruited with more rage they burn'd,
And in the very agonies of death
(May heaven still give thoughts better to the good,
To foes alone such phrenzy!) they themselves

Tore their own mangled flesh with gnashing teeth.
Lo, too ; as at the heavy plough he smokes,
The bull sinks down ; he vomits from his mouth
Blood mix'd with foam, and utters his last groans.
The melancholy ploughman moves away
From half-completed task, with coulter left
Fix'd in the ground, when he has first unyok'd
The steer that sorrows at a brother's fate.
Him can no meadow soft, no deepen'd shade
Of groves delight, no rill that down the rock
Slips, and more pure than amber, cleaves the plain.
His flanks grow flabby ; stupor hath oppress'd
His languid eyes ; and dropping to the ground
With its own weight, hangs his unwieldy neck.
What now avail his services and toil?
What to have turn'd with share the sluggish glebe?
Yet never by Lenæus' Massic gifts,
Nor by luxurious banquets was he harm'd;
On leaves he fed, and on the simple herbs,
His drink the crystal spring, the flowing stream,
And care his healthful slumbers ne'er disturb'd.

Then, it is said, and at none other time,
Were wanted kine for Juno's sacred rites;
And, in those regions, to the stately fanes
Chariots by ill-match'd buffaloes were drawn.
With painful effort, therefore, was the soil
Harrow'd and till'd. Men us'd their very nails
To set the grain ; and over uplands high
The creaking waggons with strain'd necks they dragg'd.
Plotting at night against the flocks, no wolf
Prowls round the folds, by sharper care subdued.
The timid deer, the flying stags now roam
About the houses and among the dogs.

Vast ocean's scaly breed of every tribe
Waves to the shore, like shipwreck'd bodies, cast.
Sea-calves to rivers fly, unwonted haunts.
Vainly protected by his winding den
The viper dies, and die the water-snakes,
While in astonishment their scales they rear.
The air itself is baneful to the birds,
And, life there left, headlong from clouds they fall.
Now too no change of pasture aught avails,
And medicine's boasted art is noxious found.
E'en Chiron and Melampus, sages fam'd,
Proclaim the failure. Pale Tisiphone
Let loose from Stygian darkness to the light,
With Terror and Disease before her sent,
Rages, and higher in the air each day
Uplifts her baleful head. With bleat of flocks
And ceaseless lowings ring the wither'd banks,
Rivers and sloping hills. Destruction now
She deals in heaps around. At stalls themselves
Pale carcasses in foul contagion rot:
Till man is forc'd to cover them with earth,
In pits to hide. Useless their skins: their flesh
No waters cleans'd, no flames could purify.
The wool corrupt with filth, none shear'd the fleece,
None touch'd the putrid web. For whoso tried
Loathing apparel thence obtain'd, on him
Rose burning blains, and noisome sweat o'erspread
His fetid limbs. In no long time the Pest,
Like fire, his whole infected frame consum'd.

GEORGIC IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject of this Georgic rises still higher than the last. For although bees are not such beautiful creatures to look upon, nor so useful to man, as horses and cattle, yet in relation to their industrious habits, and the social economy of their life, they may be regarded as far more interesting and wonderful. In Virgil's time honey was (no doubt) a more important article both for food and medicine than it is now. It will be observed, that he calls honey *aërial*, and *gift of heaven*, according to the opinion of old philosophers, who believed that it was derived from the dew. Throughout the poem he exalts the character of bees, by ascribing to them the feelings, passions, and impulses of men; and represents them as living in a sort of republic, with laws and political regulations. The didactic part is occupied with directions how to construct and choose a proper situation for the hives; how to swarm the bees, provide them with suitable herbs and flowers, and protect them against noxious birds and insects. Here Virgil touches on the subject of horticulture, and makes short but pleasing mention of a skilful old gardener, whom he once knew in the neighbourhood of Tarentum. The mode of taking the honey, the diseases of bees, and their remedies, are noticed; after which he proceeds to show how the loss of a swarm may be repaired. Here adopting the general opinion of the ancients, that bees were produced from the putrid bodies of cattle, he relates the fable of Aristæus, to whom this method was revealed; and in the course of the same digression introduces the pathetic story of Orpheus and Eurydice. The reader should bear in mind, that Virgil, in his whole account of the generation of bees, as well as in some other matters, has fallen into errors, which have been cleared up by modern discovery.

GEORGIC IV.

Aërial honey next, a gift from heaven,
Shall prompt my song. To this theme likewise turn
Thy fav'ring eye, Mecænas, while it shows
A spectacle, although of things minute,
Thy wonder claiming—customs, laws, and deeds
Of a whole insect race, in order rang'd;
Their tribes, their battles, their heroic chiefs.
Slight may the topic be, not slight the praise,
And glory gain'd, if adverse powers allow,
And Phœbus listen, when the bard invokes.

A station fit for bees must first be sought,
A seat where blustering winds have no access,
Winds that obstruct them carrying home their food:
Where no rude kids may trample on the flowers,
Nor sheep nor heifer wa[illegible]ing in the plain
May brush off dews, or w[illegible]ound the rising herb.
The scaly speckled lizards must be far
From the rich hives. Procne, that on her breast
The likeness of a bloody hand retains,
Must not fly near; and distant should be kept
The Merops, with each other hostile bird.
For these on all sides widest havoc make,
And bees themselves, while on the wing, they bear
As a sweet morsel for their ruthless young.

Pools green with moss, clear fountains, should be nigh,
With a small rivulet running through the mead;
And let a Palm or a wild Olive large
O'ershade the vestibule, that, in lov'd Spring,
When the first swarms appear, by new kings led,
And the young nation, from the hive let loose,
Indulge their sportiveness, a neighb'ring bank
May lure them to retirement from the heat,
And trees with leafy shelter meet their want.
Whether the water near flows in a stream
Or stagnant lies, crossways upon it fling
Willows, or bulky stones, that bees may there
Have many a bridge whereon to rest themselves,
And to the summer sun their wings expand,
If chance a boisterous gale have some dispers'd
That lagg'd behind, or plung'd them in the wave.
Let casia green, far-smelling thyme, with store
Of scented savoury, flourish round their seats,
And beds of violets drink th' irriguous fount.

But let your bee-hives, whether fram'd of bark
Closely conjoin'd, or wov'n with limber twigs,
Have inlets narrow; for in winter's cold
The honey is congeal'd, while summer heat
Melts and dissolves it. By the bees alike
Must each extreme be fear'd. In their abodes
'Tis not in vain the smallest vents with wax
Heedful they smear, and apertures fill up
With flowers and fucus, keeping for these ends
A glue they gather, more tenacious found
Than bird-lime, or the Phrygian Ida's pitch.
Not seldom also, if report be true,
Their households have been nurs'd in cells they make
Under the ground, and have been known to dwell

Remote from view in hollow pumice-stones,
Or in the cavern of some tree decay'd.
Nor should you not with coverings of smooth mud
O'erlay their chinky rooms on every side,
For sake of warmth, and strew with scatter'd leaves
About their lodges let no yew-trees grow;
Commit not there to flames the redd'ning crabs;
Trust not your bees beside a swampy marsh,
Nor where from miry land a strong smell comes,
Nor yet where echoes roll from concave rocks,
And the struck image of the voice rebounds.

Now be it mark'd, that when the golden Sun
Beneath the earth has banish'd Winter driven,
And open'd wide with Summer light the Heavens,
Delaying not, the bees o'er wood and lawn
Wander abroad, to crop the purple flowers
And lightly skim the surface of the floods.
Hence with unknown sensations of delight,
Fondly they tend their offspring and their nests.
Hence pillars of new wax they nicely build,
And honey, with its clammy sweetness, form.
Hence when a troop that sallies forth you see
Floating through liquid Summer tow'rds the sky,
And wonder, as a darksome cloud they seem
Toss'd by the wind, note them with watchful heed;
They never fail to seek the waters pure
And green-wood shades. Then quickly scatter there
The well-known herbs prescribed, of odorous juice,
Bruis'd baum, with common stems of honey-wort.
Raise up a tinkling noise, and all around
The cymbals beat of Mother Cybele.
They of themselves on medicated seats
Ere long will settle, of themselves will they

Into their secret inmost courts retire.

But if (since Discord with commotion huge
Has often visited two rival kings)
They shall go out to battle, from the first
And long beforehand, you may learn the will
That animates the stirring populace,
Whose hearts are tremulous, in haste for war.
Hoarser than brass, a martial clangor chides
The sluggish loiterers, a voice is heard
Resembling trumpets in their broken sounds.
In hurry, then, with brandish'd wings they meet:
They fit their claws, they sharpen stings with beaks:
Around their king, close to his tent, they crowd,
And foes with loudest hummings they defy.
Soon, therefore, as the weather clear they find
And open plains of air, they from the gates
Rush forth: the fight begins; in ether high
Buzzing is heard: together they are mix'd
In one vast orb, whence headlong down they drop,
Thickly as hail descending from the clouds
Or acorns falling from a shaken oak.
The kings themselves their pinions bright expand,
As through their armies eagerly they move,
With mighty souls in little breasts contain'd.
Resolv'd they are to combat, not to yield
Till the resistless victor shall compel
Or these or those, to turn their backs in flight.
Yet will these conflicts, this fierce tumult cease,
If you but throw a handful small of dust.

When both the kings from battle you recal,
Him that appears inferior put to death,
Lest he, a prodigal, do wasteful harm.

Two sorts there are. Distinguish'd by their make:
One, the superior, is with gold bedropp'd,
And shines in beauty with refulgent scales.
The other is deform'd with horrid sloth,
Dragging, inglorious, a broad paunch along.
Thus, like the kings themselves, the subjects too
Differ in shape and look. Hideous are some,
As when parch'd traveller in a dusty road
Dirt with saliva from his mouth ejects.
The others with a golden radiance gleam,
And equal spots their spangled bodies mark.
These are the better breed; from these will you
At stated seasons luscious honey press;
Yet still more pure than luscious, it will tame
Austerest flavour in the juice of grapes.

But when, on dubious wing, swarms fly about
And sport in air, when they despise the combs,
Leaving their mansions tenantless and cold,
From such vain play their wavering minds restrain;
Nor will restraint much art or toil require.
You need but clip the pinions of their kings.
These kept at home, none will high journeys take,
Or dare to pluck the standard from their camp.
Let gardens draw them with inviting breath
Of saffron flowers; and with his willow hook
Deterring thieves and birds be ever nigh
Guardian Priapus, Hellespontic God.
Let him who values bees, from lofty hills
Bring thyme and pines, to grow in nurseries wide
Around their hives. Let his own hand be worn
With labour hard, while fruitful plants he sets,
And irrigates the soil with kindly showers.

And were I not my task about to close
And furl my sails, now hast'ning to the land
With prow turn'd thither, haply should I sing
Of gardens rich adorn'd by skilful care,
Of Pæstum's rose-buds, twice a year in bloom ;
How endive and green banks with parsley cloth'd
Rejoice to drink the rill, how swells to bulk
The cucumber while creeping through the grass :
Flexile acanthus would my notice gain,
Late-flowering daffodils, and ivy pale,
And myrtles loving most the sea-beat shore.
For once beheld beneath Œbalian towers,
Where dark Galesus laves the yellow'd fields,
I call to mind an old Corycian man,
Who some few acres of forsaken ground
Claim'd as his own. Not rich enough to plough,
It was not fit for cattle or the vines.
Yet, scatter'd amid bushes, on this soil
Pot-herbs he rear'd ; and planting round about
Esculent poppies, vervain, lilies white,
With mind content he rivall'd kingly wealth.
He at the close of day returning home
Could still with unbought dainties load his board.
Roses in Spring he was the first to pluck,
Fruit in the Autumn ; or should Winter grim
Split rocks with cold, and stay with icy curb
Floods in their current, ev'n at such a time
Leaves of the soft acanthus would he crop,
Chiding slow Summer, and the Western winds
For late approach. He therefore was the first
Whose pregnant bees full many a swarm sent forth,
And gave him plenteous honey to collect
From their press'd combs. Lindens and numerous pines
Grew near his dwelling ; and whatever fruits

A fertile tree with early blossom show'd,
All these ripe Autumn for his use preserv'd.
He into rows transplanted far-grown elms,
Pear-trees when hard in stem, engrafted sloes
Now seen producing plums, and planes that now
Could yield wine-quaffers not unwelcome shade.
But by my own lay's narrow bounds confin'd,
Such topic I pass o'er, and others leave
To trace and to record it after me.

Now will I state the qualities wherewith
Great Jupiter himself has bees endow'd,
A boon they gain'd, when, led by tuneful clang
Which the Curetes with brass cymbals rais'd,
They fed heav'n's king in the Dictæan cave.
They only make their young the public care,
A city's buildings, one collective home.
By strict unchanging laws their lives they shape;
They only have a country of their own
And habitations fix'd. Forgetful not
Of coming winter, they in summer time
Toil undergo, and as a common stock
Their gather'd wealth they providently hoard.
Some with a wakeful search look out for food
And by agreement labour in the fields.
Some, for the first foundation of the combs,
Within the precincts of their mansion lay
Tears of the daffodil, and viscid wax
Build into arches. Others to full growth
Train up their progeny, the nation's hope:
A part make purest honey, and their cells
Distend with liquid nectar. Those there are
To whose lot falls the guarding of the gates.
They scan by turns the waters, and observe

The clouds of heav'n. They still in readiness
The loads receive from bees returning home,
Or form a troop, and from the hive expel
The drones, a sluggish race. Their busy work
Glows, and the fragrant honey smells of thyme.
As when the Cyclops from a stubborn mass
Forge thunderbolts in haste, while these the wind
With bull-hide bellows catch and render back,
Those in a lake plunge hissing bars of brass;
Beneath their heavy anvils Ætna groans:
Their arms gigantic with a mighty force
Alternately they lift, in measur'd time,
And iron with the griping forceps turn.
Not otherwise, if small things to the vast
May be compar'd, an innate love of gain
Prompts, in their several spheres, Cecropian bees.
Care of their towns to elders is consign'd,
The combs to fortify, and with nice art
Their dwellings frame. But late at night come home
The younger band, fatigued, and having thighs
Laden with thyme. Arbutes and willows grey,
The glowing crocus, and the gummy limes,
Casia, and purple hyacinths are search'd,
In their wide roaming, for supplies they need.
All have one time to labour, all one time
To take repose. Without delay at morn
They issue from their gates. Again when Eve
Gives them at length monition to return
From feeding in the fields, their cells they seek,
Their bodies they refresh. Murmurs are heard;
About the sides and thresholds of their courts
A drowsy hum continues. Afterward,
When they at last are settled on their beds,
They all are hush'd to silence for the night,

And in a sleep their weary limbs are wrapt.
While rain impends, they do not wander far
From sheltering homes, nor will they trust the sky
If an East wind comes on; but water then
They drink in safety round their city-walls;
Or short excursions try, and oftentimes,
As boats unstable in a tossing sea
Ballast employ, they take up little stones,
Wherewith, mid airy clouds, to poise themselves.

But this the greatest wonder will be deem'd
In habits of the bees, that, knowing not
A conjugal embrace, they ne'er by lust
Their strength dissolve, nor feel parturient throes,
But with their mouths from leaves and fragrant herbs
A progeny collect. They of themselves
A king, and little citizens produce,
Raising new palaces and waxen realms.
Oft too in wandering over flinty rocks
Their wings they bruise, and under burdens borne
Their lives, a willing sacrifice, give up:
So great their love of flowers: so much they feel,
Honey to generate, a glorious work.
Hence, though their life a narrow limit bounds,
Nor more than seven fleet summers can include,
Yet does their race immortally subsist:
Through many an age their kingdom's fortune lasts,
And numbers grandsires in an endless line.

Ne'er too did Egypt, or the Lydian land,
Never did Parthia's nation, or the Medes,
Equal the bees in homage to their king.
Their sovereign safe, one mind inspires them all:
Their union hath an end when he is dead:

Their pil'd-up stores, the fabric of the combs,
Their own rich labours they themselves destroy.
'Tis he protects their works: him they admire;
With hummings thick they all encircle him,
Forming a crowded phalanx as his guard;
Him on their shoulders often they sustain,
Their bodies for his sake expose in war,
And even seek by wounds a glorious death.

These signs, these facts, their clue, some have maintain'd,
That, with ethereal influence imbibed
Bees have a portion of the Mind divine;
That Deity pervades creation's frame,
Earth, and the tracts of sea, and heav'nly heights;
That flocks, and herds, and men, and savage beasts,
All things at birth draw hence their slender lives;
That, when dissolv'd, all hither are return'd,
And, leaving death no place, they mount alive
Each to some star, its destin'd place on high.

But whensoe'er their narrow dome you wish
To rifle, and obtain their treasur'd sweets,
First in your mouth a draught of water take
And thence eject it on them, while your hand
Holds up before you persecuting smoke.
Their plenteous produce is collected twice;
The harvest times are two, when first to earth
Taÿgete the Pleiad has display'd
Her beauteous face, while spurning with her foot
The ocean waves, and when, beyond the Fish,
A rainy Sign, the same Star passes on
Descending mournful to the wintry seas.
Fierce, beyond measure, are the bees in wrath:

Venom, if injur'd, on their stings they pour,
When fix'd in veins they leave their secret darts
And with imparted wounds their lives lay down.

But if, hard winter fearing, you would spare
Their future nutriment, and pitying view
Their broken spirits and afflicted state;
Yet who will pause to fumigate their hives
With thyme, and cut away the empty wax?
For oft their combs the lizard eats unseen;
Beetles, that shun the light, their chambers fill:
Exempt from labour, at another's feast
The drone is sitting; or the hornet fierce
Has given them battle with unequal arms.
There also moths, a noxious race, intrude;
Or, hateful to Minerva, at their gates
The spider oft has hung her net-work loose.
The lower they are fall'n, the more will all
Exert a dauntless vigour to repair
The nation's ruin, and, to stock the cells,
Will fabricate new stores with flowery spoils.

But since man's woes life hath on bees entail'd,
Should their frames languish with a sore disease,
This, from no dubious signs you soon may learn;
At once the colour of the sick is changed;
Their looks a horrid leanness has deform'd.
Now from their rooms they carry forth the dead,
Leading processions with a mournful pomp:
Or else about their entrances they hang,
And there together by the feet adhere,
Or loiter all within the clos'd-up doors,
Listless from hunger, and benumb'd with cold.
Then a deep sound, a drawling hum is heard,

Like a bleak wind that murmurs in the woods,
Like voice of troubled sea, with refluent waves,
Like fire that in a pent-up furnace roars.
At such a time I would advise to burn
Odours of galbanum, through pipes of reed
Honey to pour, and with temptation kind
Allure them drooping to a known repast.
'Twill further benefit to mix the juice
Of pounded galls and roses dried with wine
By much heat thicken'd, or the raisins use
From Psythian vines, strong-smelling savoury,
Cecropian thyme. There is too in the meads
A flower, by husbandmen Amellus call'd;
Easy to find, since from a single root
The herb sends up a clust'ring grove of stalks:
Of golden hue the blossom; but in leaves
Which copiously envelope it around
Gleams through dark violet a purple tint.
Wreaths woven from it are in frequent use
To beautify the altars of the Gods.
'Tis bitter on the tongue. In pastur'd vales
And on the banks of Mella's winding stream
The shepherds gather it. Roots of this herb
Boil thou in fragrant wine, as food for bees,
And in full baskets place before their hives.

But if some owner suddenly should find
His whole stock fail, and he no means possess
Another breed to raise, 'tis time to tell
Th' Arcadian master's plan; invention fam'd;
How from slain bullocks the corrupted gore
Has often sent forth bees. The legend trac'd
From its first source, I will at large relate.
For where the people of Canopus blest

Dwell near the Nile, whose overflowing waves
Become a stagnant lake, on which they sail
Round their own fields, in painted galleys borne ;
And where from far the river that has left
The land of swarthy Indians presses close
On quiver'd Persia's bounds, whence roll'd along,
And with black mire enriching Egypt green,
Into sev'n mouths 'tis parted at the last,
There all the country on this art relies
For sure relief. They first a space of ground,
Small, and contracted for the purpose, choose.
This they enclose with narrow roof of tiles
And walls confin'd, wherein four windows made
From quarters four receive a slanting light.
A steer is then provided, whose young horns
Are bending o'er his forehead, two years old.
While much he struggles, they his breathing mouth
And both his nostrils close. When many a blow
Has beaten him to death, though yet his skin
Remains entire, his batter'd entrails burst.
They leave him thus immur'd, beneath his sides
Placing fresh casia, thyme, and leafy sprigs.
This do they, when the Zephyrs have begun
To stir the waters, ere with colours new
The meadows blush, and ere on rafter thatch'd
The chatt'ring swallow builds her pendent nest.
The moisture heated in his tender bones
Meantime ferments, and (wondrous to behold !)
Thence animals are form'd, first wanting feet,
But in a little while they buzz with wings,
And mix in swarms together, more and more
Fanning thin air, until they soar away
Like shower that from the summer cloud is pour'd.
Or like the shafts that fly from whizzing strings

When Parthian bowmen usher in the fight.

What God, ye Nine, this art for us devis'd?
Or how by man's experience was it learnt?

The shepherd Aristæus, when his bees
By malady and famine had been lost,
Fled from Peneian Tempe, as fame tells,
And at the river's hallow'd source arriv'd,
Stood wrapt in sorrow, with a plaintive voice
These words addressing to parental ears:
Mother Cyrene, dweller in the depths
Beneath this flood, why from the race of Gods
Have I through thee deriv'd a glorious birth,
Yet with the Fates against me, if indeed
Thymbræan Phœbus is my boasted sire,
Whom thou hast so proclaim'd? Or whither now
Is fled thy love for me? Why was I taught
To hope for heav'n? Lo! I, thine offspring, lose
This very glory of the mortal life,
Which, arduously, with all expedients tried,
My skilful care of fruits and herds achiev'd.
Proceed then to root up with thine own hand
My happy groves, my harvests to destroy,
And bring upon my stalls the hostile flames.
Burn my sown fields, and wield against my vines
The sturdy axe, if thou thyself art seiz'd
With such aversion to my just renown.
From her abode beneath the waters deep
His mother heard the sound. The Nymphs meanwhile,
Milesian wool, with sea-green colours dyed,
Were carding near, Xantho, Phyllodoce,
Ligea, Drymo, round whose snowy necks
Their shining tresses flow'd. With them were seen,

Nesæe, Spio, and Thalia too,
Cydippe, and Lycorias golden-hair'd,
The one a virgin, but the other now
For the first time had known Lucina's pains.
Clio and Beroë, two sisters they,
And daughters of Oceanus, were there,
Both clad in gold, both girt with painted skins.
Opis and Ephyre were nigh at hand
And Arethusa swift, who then her darts
Had laid aside. Among them Clymene
Vulcan's vain care related at the time,
Telling the wiles and pleasant thefts of Mars,
And, down from Chaos, numerous loves of Gods.
Charm'd with the song, while they from spindles wind
Their fleecy tasks, the Mother's ear again
The wailing cry of Aristæus caught.
All were astonish'd on their crystal seats;
But looking forward, and beyond the rest,
Her yellow head did Arethusa raise
Over the waves, exclaiming from afar:
Sister, not vainly by such piteous moans
Art thou alarm'd. Himself, thy darling care,
Thy Aristæus now lamenting stands
Beside the fount of Peneus thy own Sire,
And charges thee with cruelty by name.
To her the parent, struck with fear, replies:
Bring him to us; oh! bring without delay:
He lawfully may tread the courts of Gods.
She bids at th' instant massy floods to part
And open wide a passage for the youth;
When lo! the waters, like a mountain shaped,
Around him stood, and in their bosom vast
Receiving, sent him down the tide below.
His Mother's palace now, and humid realms,

The lakes enclosed in caves, the sounding groves,
Fill'd him with wonder as he mov'd along,
Astounded at the boundless stir of waves;
For under the great earth his eyes beheld
The rivers all in various courses glide,
Phasis and Lycus, and the fountain-head
Whence deep Enipeus first emerges forth,
Whence father Tiber, and whence Anio's stream,
Whence Hypanis that roars among the rocks,
Mysian Caicus, and Eridanus
Whose bull-like front has horns that shine with gold,
Than whom no river through luxuriant plains
Runs more impetuous to the purple sea.

When to her chamber hung with pumice-stones
The youth had come, and his vain cause for grief
Cyrene learnt, the sisters for his hands
Pure water give, and smoothest napkins bring.
Some load the board with viands, and full cups
They place in order. With Panchæan fires
Altars are blazing, and the Mother speaks:
Receive these goblets of Mæonian wine,
And let us make, my Son, libations due
To great Oceanus. Then she herself
Prays to Oceanus, parent of things.
She prays to Nymphs, who guard with ruling care
A hundred rivers and a hundred groves.
Thrice did she cast upon the glowing fire
The liquid nectar; thrice the flame rose high
Brightly reflected by the roof above.
With such glad omen cheer'd, she thus begins:

Neptune's Carpathian gulph contains the Seer
Cærulean Proteus, who with fishes yok'd,

And in a chariot drawn by two-legg'd steeds,
Is wont to traverse the great ocean plains.
He now is visiting Emathian ports
And lov'd Pallene, his own native place.
On him the Nymphs with veneration look,
On him so looks the hoary Nereus' self:
To his prophetic mind are all things known,
What is, what was, what shall hereafter be.
So Neptune will'd, whose monster droves he feeds,
And sea-calves hideous underneath the gulph.
He first, my Son, must be surpris'd with chains,
That he the malady may fully trace
To its true cause, and prosper the result.
For without force no counsel does he give,
Nor can you by entreaties turn his will.
Against him seiz'd, use violence and bonds.
These to evade shall all his wiles at last
Be foil'd and unavailing. When the Sun
Has kindled up the noontide scorching heat,
When herbs are parch'd, and cattle court the shade,
I will conduct you to the Sire's recess,
Whither, if wearied, he withdraws himself
From the blue waters, that you may with ease
Attack him as he lies, o'ercome by sleep.
But though by hands and manacles held fast,
He yet will mock your grasp with many a form
And many a feature of wild beasts assum'd.
For he will quick a bristly boar become,
A scaly dragon and a tiger fell,
Or else a lion huge with tawny mane.
Next, as a roaring flame, he will evade
Fetters, or glidingly will move away
Like flowing water. But the more he thus
In every varied aspect shall appear,

Still closer draw, my Son, the binding chains,
Till, with changed body, he again shall be
What you beheld him, when commencing sleep
Had clos'd his eyes. Thus speaking, she diffus'd
The liquid odour of ambrosia round,
Sprinkling therewith her Son, o'er all his frame.
From his trimm'd locks a gale of fragrance breath'd,
And a fresh vigour brac'd his active limbs.

There is within a mountain's hollow side
A spacious cave, where gather numerous waves
Roll'd by the blast, and into winding bays
Divide themselves, at times a station safe
For mariners distress'd. In this retreat
Proteus is hid by a vast jutting rock.
Turn'd from the light, his Mother places here
The youth in ambush. She herself the while
Distant remains, envelop'd in a cloud.
'Twas now in heav'n the sultry Dog-star blaz'd
Scorching the thirsty Indians with his heat,
And fiery Sol had finish'd half his course.
Parch'd were the herbs, and rays the rivers boil'd,
Till empty channels to the mud were drain'd.
Then Proteus seeking his accustom'd haunt
Went from the deep. Great Ocean's watery race
Gamboling round him, scatter'd far and wide
The briny spray. Sea-calves apart are spread
In sleep along the shore: he in the midst
Sits on the cliff, and views the counted droves,
As oftentimes is seen upon the hills
The keeper of a fold, when Eve brings home
Bullocks from pasture, and with bleatings heard
Lambs whet the hunger of surrounding wolves.
When such occasion Aristæus mark'd,

He scarce allow'd the Senior to compose
His weary limbs, but raising a great shout
Upon him rush'd, and as he lay reclin'd
Bound him with shackles. He, on th' other side
Forgetting not his art, transform'd himself
Into all shapes, most wonderful to view,
A fire, a savage beast, a running stream.
But when his wiles procur'd him no escape,
He overcome, to his own form returns,
And thus at length in human accent speaks:

Youth most presumptuous, who has counsell'd thee
To visit my abode? Here what demand
Hast thou to make? To whom it was replied:
Thou knowest, Proteus, knowest of thyself
For thee is no one able to deceive.
No longer let evasion be thy aim.
Hither commanded by the Gods I come
Answers oracular from thee to gain,
Concerning my affairs, in ruin sunk.
Such words he us'd. At last the prophet sire
In vehement emotion roll'd his eyes,
That flash'd with azure light, and while his teeth
He gnash'd, thus solemnly disclos'd the fates.

'Tis not without some Deity that wrath
Chastises thee; and for a great offence
Dost thou atone. Orpheus involv'd in woes
Not merited by him, on thee calls down
These punishments, if destiny permits;
For his lost wife his grievous rage is felt.
'Twas when in haste precipitate she fled
From thy pursuit along the river side,
The maiden, doom'd to death, did not perceive

Before her feet the frightful water-snake
Hid in the grass, and guarding there the banks.
For her the choir of sister Dryads fill'd
With piteous cry the highest tops of hills.
For her wept all the Rhodopeian rocks.
Lofty Pangæa, and the martial land
Of Rhesus, with the Getæ, wept for her.
Hebrus, and Attic Orithyia wept.
Orpheus himself to soothe his love-sick mind,
With concave lyre still sang, sweet wife, of thee,
Of thee he sang upon the lonely shore,
Thee at the dawning, thee at close of day.
He enter'd even Pluto's gates profound,
The jaws of Tænarus, the groves o'ercast
With horror black. The Manes he approach'd,
And their tremendous King, hearts that know not
How to relent at voice of human prayer.
But from the lowest cells of Erebus,
Mov'd by his strain, the Phantoms of the Dead,
And airy Shades advanc'd, thickly as birds
That hide by thousands in the leafy woods
When night or tempest brings them from the hills;
Matrons, and men, bodies of mighty Chiefs
Depriv'd of life, boys, and unmarried maids,
And youths that on the funeral pile were laid
Before parental eyes, all now confin'd
By dark Cocytus' mud, and squalid reeds,
All by th' unlovely, never-stirring lake,
All by the Styx, that nine times intervenes.
Yet had amazement fill'd Death's own abodes
And inmost dungeon-holds. Amazement seiz'd
The Furies, in whose hair blue snakes were twined.
The yawning Cerberus his triple mouths
Restrained. The rolling of Ixion's wheel

Stopp'd, at the charm of song. And Orpheus now
Returning, all his dangers had escap'd.
Restor'd Eurydice was drawing near
The upper world, and follow'd close behind.
When lo! upon the unwary lover came
A sudden madness, which might pardon gain,
If pardon to confer the Manes knew.
Thoughtless alas! nor master of himself,
He stood, and, on the very verge of light,
Turn'd, to look back on his Eurydice.
Then lost was all his labour, and the league
Made with Hell's ruthless Tyrant was dissolv'd.
Thrice on th' Avernian lake a groan was heard.
What, she then cries, Orpheus, what phrenzy wild
Has ruin'd both my wretched self and thee?
Me back again the cruel Fates demand.
Sleep has begun to close my swimming eyes.
And now farewell! I wrapt in night's thick shade
Am hurried off; yet still my feeble hands
To thee I stretch; alas! no longer thine!
She spake, and suddenly, a different way,
Like smoke with thin air blending, from his sight
Vanish'd; nor more beheld him, as in vain
He caught at shadows, and yet many things
Would fain have utter'd. But Hell's ferryman
Allow'd him not a second time to pass
The intervening lake. What could he do?
Whither betake himself, his wife twice lost?
With what pathetic sorrow could he move
The Manes, with what plea th' infernal Gods?
Death-cold again, she in the Stygian boat
Already sail'd: he seven whole months ('tis told)
Unfailingly beneath aërial rocks
Took up a weeping on lone Strymon's bank,

And through cold caverns gave his woe such voice
As tigers calm'd, and drew the oaks around.
Thus Philomel, amid the poplar shade,
With mournful note, of her lost young complains,
Which callous-hearted ploughman had espied,
And torn, while yet unfeather'd, from the nest.
She, sitting on a bough, the live-long night
Wails, and renews her melancholy strain,
With lamentation filling all the glade.
Him living loves and nuptial joys could sway
No more. He roam'd by snowy Tanaïs
O'er lands which frosts Rhiphæan never leave.
He travell'd over Hyperborean ice,
In solitude, his lost Eurydice
Bemoaning still, and Plato's useless boon.
For slight thus cast on marriage and themselves,
Mid sacrificial off'rings to the Gods,
And Bacchus' nightly orgies, fill'd with rage
Ciconian dames in pieces tore the youth,
And widely scatter'd o'er the plain his limbs.
Yet, as Œagrian Hebrus roll'd along
His head dissever'd from the marble neck,
Ev'n then, his voice and the cold tongue itself
Call'd on Eurydice, and faintly cried,
Ah! poor Eurydice, with fleeting breath:
Eurydice was echoed down the flood.

So Proteus spake; then, with a bound, he plung'd
Into the deep; and where he plung'd, the waves
Rose up in foaming eddy from below.
Meanwhile Cyrene had not mov'd. She came,
And with these words address'd her trembling Son:

'Tis lawful now to banish gloomy cares,

In its whole course is your disaster known.
'Tis hence the Nymphs, with whom among the groves
Eurydice in choral dances join'd,
Have brought such woful ruin on your bees,
Sue then for peace; and with presented gifts
Your homage to the gentle Dryads pay.
For prayers will win them to remit their ire.
But first I will explain the mode whereby
In order due their favour must be sought.
Choose out four bulls most beauteous in their form,
Which now for you are grazing on the top
Of green Lycæus: heifers four select,
That never felt the yoke upon their necks.
Four altars for the Goddesses erect
At their high fanes. There from each victim's throat
Emit the sacred blood. When slaughter'd thus,
Each carcase leave within th' umbrageous grove.
When the ninth morn that follows shall have risen
Soothe with Lethæan poppies Orpheus' ghost
And venerate appeas'd Eurydice
With a slain calf, and with a sable ewe:
Then pay a visit to the grove again.

Forthwith his Mother's mandate he obeys:
Repairing to the temples, he erects
Th' appointed altars. Four selected bulls
Join'd with as many heifers, which no yoke
Had ever touch'd, he leads to sacrifice.
The ninth succeeding morn had shown her light;
When he, with obsequies to Orpheus paid
The grove revisits. But a marvel great,
A sudden prodigy is here beheld:
The cattle's putrid entrails all are fill'd
With buzzing bees, which through their broken sides

Rise up, and form a spacious floating cloud.
Ere long they settle on a tree's high top,
Like grapes in clusters bending pliant boughs.

Thus was I singing of the cultur'd fields,
Of kine, of trees, while on Euphrates' shore
Cæsar was thund'ring in resistless war,
And while, a mighty conqueror, he gave
Laws to the willing nations, urging on
His progress to Olympus and the Gods.
Meanwhile in sweet Parthenope I found
A nursing home, and such pursuits enjoy'd
As love inglorious leisure's quiet shade:
I Virgil sported then in pastoral lays,
And bold in youth, sang, Tityrus, of thee
Beneath a beech-tree's canopy reclin'd.

THE ÆNEID.

ÆNEID I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Virgil briefly states the subject of the poem, viz., the settlement of the Trojan colony under Æneas in Italy. From him sprang the future founders of Alba and Rome, whose greatness it is the Poet's principal intention to celebrate. But before Æneas could establish himself in Italy, he was doomed to suffer many toils and hardships inflicted by Juno. The causes of Juno's persecution are explained; among others, her attachment to the city of Carthage, which had just been founded by Dido, and which (she had heard) was destined to be overthrown by a Trojan race. The story begins seven years after the fall of Troy, when Æneas is sailing from Sicily for the Italian coast. Æolus, at Juno's request, raises a storm, which scatters the Trojan fleet, sinks one of the ships, and drives the rest on the coast of Africa. Æneas, with seven out of twenty vessels, lands in a bay near Carthage. Venus complains of her Son's misfortunes to Jupiter, who consoles her, and predicts the future glories of his posterity. Mercury is sent to secure a kind reception of the Trojans among the people of Carthage; and Venus, in the disguise of a huntress, presents herself before Æneas, informs him that the rest of his ships are preserved, and acquaints him with the circumstances of the country. Dido's adventures, her flight from Tyre, and foundation of Carthage, are related. Æneas, enveloped in a cloud by Venus, and accompanied by Achates, enters the city, and sees the Queen advancing to the temple of Juno. There also he recognizes his lost companions, who come to implore the protection of Dido, and are by her kindly received. Æneas discovers himself, and is invited by her to the palace, where a sumptuous entertainment is prepared. Venus instigates her son Cupid to assume the disguise of Ascanius, and inspire the Queen with a passion for Æneas. After the banquet, amid various discourse about the wars of Troy, Dido requests Æneas to relate the whole of his adventures. He does so; and they form the subject of the two following books.

ÆNEID I.

Arms and the Man I sing, who first by fate
From Troy to Italy an exile came,
And reach'd Lavinian shores. Much was he tost
O'er land and wave, by powers divine, as will'd
Relentless Juno; much in wars endur'd,
Ere he a city founded, and his Gods
Brought into Latium; whence the Latin race,
The Alban Sires, and walls of lofty Rome.

The causes tell, O Muse, for what offence
Against her Deity, or why aggriev'd,
Did she, Heaven's Queen, to such disasters doom
And force to undergo so many toils
The Man renown'd for piety on earth.
Dwell such resentments in celestial minds?

Afar from Italy, yet opposite
Channels of Tiber opening to the sea,
Peopled from Tyre an ancient city stood,
Carthage, in wealth abundant, and en
To roughest arts of war.
This Juno favour'd, eve
Tha
He

Already had she plann'd, and hop'd to make
A seat of empire to the nations round.
Yet she had heard that sprung from Trojan blood
A future progeny should overthrow
The Tyrian towers; that hence in battle proud
A people ruling far and wide should come
For Lybia's fall; so Destiny ordain'd.
Of this afraid, her thoughts recall'd the war
Kindled at first by her, and waged at Troy
For her lov'd Argives. Still her mind retain'd
All which before had wak'd her vengeful wrath:
Deep in her memory lay the insult given
By Paris' judgment to her slighted form,
And honours on stol'n Ganymede conferr'd.
O'er these things Juno brooding was inflam'd
Against all Trojans; and the remnant band,
By murderous Greeks and fierce Achilles left,
She made the sport of billows, push'd away
Far from Italian plains. Driv'n by the Fates
They round all seas were wanderers many a year.
To build Rome's nation was a work so vast.

Scarce borne from sight of Sicily, in joy
Their sails they spread. Each vessel o'er the deep
Was ploughing with its keel the briny foam;
When nursing in her breast th' eternal wound
[illegible] herself Saturnian Juno spake:
[illegible]ose, then, in part achiev'd,
[illegible] I not Latium bar
[illegible]an king?
[illegible] Pallas burn

Ajax, Oileus' Son? Yes, she from clouds
Could dart Jove's lightning, chafe the upturn'd sea,
Scatter his ships, and, while from his gor'd breast
He breath'd out flames, could fix the guilty chief,
Dash'd in a whirlwind, on the pointed rock.
Yet I, Jove's Wife and Sister both, who move
The Queen of Gods, I with one mortal tribe
A warfare must prolong so many years.
Who will henceforth my power divine adore?
What supplicant my shrine with honour load?

Such thoughts revolving, with her heart on fire,
The Goddess quickly sought the land of storms,
Æolia nam'd, the pregnant dwelling place
Of furious blasts. Here Æolus, their king,
In a vast cavern with his sway controls
The noisy tempests and the struggling winds.
Curb'd with his bonds, and in his prison kept,
They with a mountain's mighty murmur swell,
And round the barriers all indignant roar.
But he, in lofty citadel enthron'd,
A sceptre holding, mollifies their ire,
And their wild temper smoothes. For, this not done,
They rushing swiftly through the vast of air
Might with them bear away the lands and seas
And the high heaven. But Jove, all-potent God,
With such a fear, has hid them in dark caves,
And over them has plac'd a weighty mass
Of up-pil'd hills. He gave them too a king,
Who, with fix'd law, should know, at his command
Or to confine, or let them loose, unrein'd.
To him then Juno us'd these suppliant words:
Rise, Æolus; for he, the Monarch Sire
Of Gods and men, hath so ordain'd, 'tis thine

Ocean to calm or agitate with blasts.
A race, my foe, now sails the Tuscan main,
Troy into Latium bearing, and with all
Their household Deities, o'ercome yet sav'd.
Enrage the winds; sink all their ships, or toss
Widely, and throw their bodies to the surge.
Twice seven Nymphs have I, of lovely form.
Of these the fairest, Deiopeia call'd,
Will I in wedlock's bonds unite to thee
Firmly consign'd; that, for this service done,
Her years with thee all spent, thou mayst be made
Parent of children, beauteous as herself.

Then Æolus replied:—The task is thine
To fix, O Queen, thy wishes; 'tis for me
Only to know, and execute thy will.
All my domain, this sceptre, and high Jove
Are won through thee: Thou giv'st me to recline
At banquets of the Gods, and be the lord
Of storms and tempests.—Having spoken thus,
He with inverted spear the hollow mount
Struck on its side; when through the passage made
Forth rush the winds, and like a marshall'd troop
Sweep o'er the lands in all their whirling strength.
Eurus and Notus and the South-west wind,
Wing'd with his hurricanes, combine their force
From lowest depths to stir up all the sea,
And roll its mightiest billows to the shore.
Mix'd with the crack of cables, a loud shriek
Ensues from all the men. Clouds, ether, day
Are snatch'd at once from view. Upon the deep
A black night broods. Thunder is at the poles,
Whilst lightnings dart quick flashes through the sky,
And all things round are threat'ning instant death.

Æncas' limbs with sudden chilness quake.
He groans, and upwards lifting both his hands
Thus he exclaims:—O thrice and four times blest
Their lot, who under Ilion's lofty walls
Could in the presence of their fathers die!
O thou Tydides, noblest of the Greeks,
Why could I not, on Trojan plains, breathe out
This life beneath thy hand; where Hector's might
Was by the jav'lin of Æacides
In death laid low; where great Sarpedon fell,
Where Simois roll'd so thickly down his flood
Helmets and shields and bodies of the brave?

While thus he cried, a whizzing northern blast
Strikes his sail adverse, lifting waves tow'rd heaven:
Broke are the oars; the vessel's prow is turn'd,
Its side expos'd to a steep watery mount.
These on the wave's top hang; those in a gap
Made through the billows view the ground below:
Upon the sands the raging tide prevails.
Three ships are whirl'd away on latent rocks,
Rocks amid surges, by Italians call'd
Altars, a lengthen'd ridge above the sea.
Eurus three others forces from the deep
To shoals and quicksands (miserable sight),
On shallows thrown, and girt with mounds of sand.
Before his eyes the one wherein had sail'd
Faithful Orontes with his Lycian men,
A massy billow struck from prow to stern.
Shook from its helm the pilot is roll'd down
Prone on his head. But toss'd around three times
By the same waters clasping it, the bark
Was in a rapid whirlpool swallow'd up.
On the vast gulf a few are swimming seen,

Where tablets, arms, and treasures near them float.
Now the stout galleys of Ilioneus,
Abas, and old Alethes, and the ship
Of brave Achates, are in turn o'ercome
By the fell blast. All in their loosen'd joints
Through many a chink the fatal tides admit.

Neptune meantime the sea's great tumult felt,
The storms let loose, and from their holds profound
The rushing of his waters. Nothing pleas'd,
Yet in serenity his head he rais'd,
And cast his ruling eye across the deep.
There he beholds Æneas' fleet dispers'd,
Trojans afflicted by the wave and sky;
Nor hid from him were Juno's wiles and ire.
Eurus and Zephyrus before him call'd
He thus address'd:—Have ye in high descent
A confidence so bold? and will ye now
Without my sanction heaven and earth disturb
By such a billowy mass? Presumptuous winds,
Whom I —— But first this uproar must be quell'd.
With other penalties for like offence
Shall ye henceforth atone. In all haste fly,
And this my mandate to your King convey.
To me and not to him the trident high
And ocean's empire were by lot assign'd.
Eurus, thy home, huge rocky hills are his.
Let vaunting Æolus be sovereign there,
And guard the clos'd up prison of the winds.

He speaks; then, quicker than his words, he calms
The swelling waters; when collected clouds
All put to flight reveal again the Sun.
Cymothoe and Triton, by the force

Of mutual aid, from points of jutting rock
Dislodge the barks. The task is easier made
By Neptune's trident. He through quicksands vast
Opens a way; he tempers all the waves
And o'er their surface with light wheels he skims.
As when at times to wild sedition stirr'd
Moves a dense people, when th' ignoble crowd
Are all inflam'd, while stones and torches now
Are flying round, and every weapon seiz'd
That prompting rage supplies; if then some man
For long-known worth and piety rever'd
Should haply catch their view, silent they are,
And stand about him with attentive ears:
His words of wisdom rule and soothe their minds:
Thus ceas'd all ocean's uproar, when the Sire
Look'd o'er its waters, and while borne along
Through the clear'd ether to his steeds he gave
Loose reins, and in his gliding chariot flew.
The wearied Trojans seek the nearest land;
And, in their course, are turn'd to Libyan shores.

In deep recess a place is there beheld
Meet for a haven, which an island forms
With its projecting sides. There from the sea
All waters roll'd are broken, and the waves
Fall off divided, into winding bays.
On either bank are rocks, and two huge cliffs
Look threat'ning up toward heaven. Beneath their heights
Far on the harmless deep a silence reigns.
The scene is girt with woods, whose quiv'ring leaves
Glimmer; and awful with its gloom of shade
An over-hanging grove embrowns the steep.
On th' other side the pendent cliffs within

A cave there is, enclosing waters sweet
And seats of living stone ; the home of Nymphs.
Here the tired bark nor chain nor cable needs,
Nor anchor with bent tooth to hold it fast.
Hither Æneas enters with seven ships
From his whole fleet preserv'd. Eager to land
Joyful the Trojans tread the ground they sought,
And lay their dripping limbs upon the beach.
From a struck flint Achates first obtain'd
And caught on leaves a spark, round which he plac'd
Dry nutriment; and there, as on a hearth,
Rais'd up a flame. Then, damag'd by the waves,
Such stores as Ceres gives, and, join'd therewith,
Her wonted implements, the crews bring forth
In their sad plight ; nor fail'd the rescued grain
With stones to pound, by fire prepare for use.

A cliff meantime Æneas climbs ; and thence
Casts over all the main a wide survey ;
If Antheus he might spy, haply wind-tost,
Capys, the Phrygian barks, or those which show
Caïcus' ensigns on their lofty sterns.
No vessels are in sight, but on the shore
Three wand'ring stags : whole flocks come on behind ;
And a long herd is feeding through the vales.
He stopp'd ; he seiz'd his bow and winged shafts,
Weapons that lov'd Achates with him brought.
The leaders first he fell'd, whose heads rais'd high
Their branching horns. Then all the ignobler troop
With darts he follow'd, as through leafy groves
They fled dispers'd ; nor stay'd his conquering hand,
Till seven, a number equalling his fleet,
Bulky in size, dropt lifeless on the ground.
Again he seeks the port, that all his friends

Might share the spoil, with wine in loaded casks,
Which bountiful Acestes had supplied,
When on Sicilia's shore they left the chief.
To them Æneas now these gifts divides
With speech well-fram'd their drooping breasts to cheer.
O tried before in ills, in darker ills,
To these, O comrades, heav'n shall put an end.
Ye close have been to the far-sounding cliffs
Where Scylla rages in the depths below.
Ye have explor'd the Cyclop's craggy dens.
Summon ye back the spirit of your minds.
Let downcast fear be gone. Ere long these woes
Shall in remembrance furnish themes for joy.
Through many toils and perilous events
We steer for Latium: there the Fates display
Peaceful abodes. 'Tis there allow'd that Troy
In ruling majesty shall rise again.
Be firm, and keep yourselves for brighter days.

So spake he, fill'd with cares; and in his look
Feign'd hope, conceals deep anguish at his heart.
They, with the feast in view, give stirring heed
To the rich booty gain'd. Quickly they strip
Each carcase of its hide, and, thus made bare,
Some cut it into parts, and fix on spits
The tremb'ling flesh; others along the strand
Arrange the cauldrons, placed o'er subject flames.
The cheering food recalls their wasted strength.
Reclin'd upon the grass they take their fill
Of the fat venison and of generous wine.
Their hunger sated, and the viands mov'd,
With mutual questions ask'd long time they talk
Of their lost comrades, between hope and fear
In doubt suspended, whether to believe

Those friends yet liv'd, or, mortal trials past,
Could hear on earth a calling voice no more.
Pious Æneas most feels secret grief;
Now for Orontes bold, now for the fate
Of Lycus and of Amycus he groans;
Nor less the cruel destiny bewails
Of Gyas and Cloanthus, valiant men.

Such things occurr'd, when Jupiter look'd down
From highest ether on the sail-cross'd seas,
The tracts of earth, the wide extended plains,
And peopling tribes. 'Twas then upon Heav'n's mount
He paus'd, and fix'd his view on Libyan realms.
Him there, in his own thoughtfulness enwrapt,
Venus, her bright eyes all suffus'd with tears,
In mournful speech address'd:—O thou that rul'st
With endless sway the world of Men and Gods,
Who fear thy lightnings! What offence so great
Could my Æneas against thee commit?
What can the wanderers from Troy have done,
To whom, afflicted by so many woes
Because of Latium, earth's whole orb is clos'd?
Surely thy promise told, that hence should rise
In rolling years the future sons of Rome,
That hence from Teucer's blood, call'd up again,
Leaders should come, to spread o'er seas and lands
An universal reign. Then, Father, say
What cause has turn'd thy purpose? 'Twas with this
For Ilion's fall in tragic ruin laid
My mind was solac'd, counterbalancing
Past fates endur'd by better in reserve.
Yet the same lot now harasses a race
Still rack'd by trials. When wilt thou, great King,
Those trials end? Antenor scap'd from Greeks

Could penetrate th' Illyrian bay, and thence
Liburnia's inmost realm; could safely pass
The source, whence with a mountain's murmur loud
Timavus through nine channels issues forth
Impetuous, like a sea, and widely rolls
A roaring deluge on the shores around.
Yet here he built Patavium, and wall'd homes
Of Trojans; for his people brought their name
And fix'd up arms from Troy. Now, in calm peace
Settled he rests. But we thy progeny,
To whom thy nod Heav'n's citadel assigns,
Our vessels lost, (a shameful hideous tale,)
We, through the wily wrath of one, are all
Betray'd, and kept aloof from Latian coasts.
Is it such honour piety obtains?
And dost thou so our scepter'd state replace?

Upon her smiling with the look that clears
Tempest and cloud, the Sire of Gods and Men
His daughter gently kiss'd, and thus began:
Spare, Cytherea, spare thy vain alarm.
Thy people's destinies unmov'd remain;
My will unchang'd. Lavinium thou shalt view,
The promis'd city's walls. Thou shalt exalt
Magnanimous Æneas to the stars.
And now to thee, for healing of thy care,
Secrets through long futurities I show.
Great wars thy son in Italy shall wage,
Shall crush ferocious tribes, and found for men
Their towns, their customs, and their social laws,
Till a third summer shall in Latium see
Him reigning, and three winters shall have pass'd
Over Rutulians by his power subdued.
But young Ascanius now Iulus call'd,

(An alter'd name; for Ilus it had been
While Ilion stood;) he thirty years, fulfill'd
By circling months, his government shall hold,
Then from Lavinium shall it's seat transfer,
And give to Alba's towers a mighty strength.
Here kings from Hector's line three hundred years
Shall henceforth reign, until to Mars himself
Ilia, the Queen and Priestess, shall present
Her fam'd twin sons, brought forth. After that day,
Under a she-wolf's tawny covering nurs'd,
Shall Romulus the nation's rule take up,
Build martial walls, and to his subjects give
The name of Romans, from his own deriv'd.
Their sway I limit not by space or time,
But give them empire which shall have no end.
Juno herself, though earth and sea and heaven
She now is harassing with fierce alarm,
Shall turn to better counsels, and with me
Shall join to patronise the men of Rome,
A toga-wearing race, that awe the world.
'Tis so decreed. As gliding ages pass
A time shall come, when from Assaracus
They who have sprung shall in subjection keep
Phthia, with fam'd Mycenæ, and as lords
Shall tread on Argos with victorious feet.
Cæsar shall have his bright descent from Troy,
Whose rule the seas, whose fame the stars shall bound,
Julius, a name from great Iulus drawn.
Thy cares at rest, him laden with the spoils
Of Eastern lands and welcom'd to the sky
Shalt thou hereafter meet. He too with vows
Shall be invok'd. Rough ages shall grow mild:
For then the din of battles wil[illegible]'d.
Quirinus and his brother Ren[illegible]

With hoary Faith and Vesta shall give laws.
War's direful gates with iron bars made fast
Shall then be clos'd. Seated on savage arms
Confined within shall impious Fury be;
And, while each hand a hundred brazen knots
Chain at his back, his mouth besmear'd with blood
Shall vent (though horribly) its rage in vain.

He spake; then Maia's Son he sends from high,
That Carthage may her coasts and new-built towers
Open with friendliness to Ilion's tribe,
Lest from her confines Dido them should drive,
Fates' will unknown. Hermes through air's expanse
Flies down with oary wing, and soon alights
On Libya's shore; his errand he performs;
And now their fierceness Punic people lose,
As Heav'n decreed; while most of all the Queen
Is kind and gentle to the Trojan race.

But much revolving in his thoughts by night,
At the first blushing of the genial dawn
Æneas sallied forth, bent to explore
What novel scenes he trod, toss'd by the wind,
And as they seem'd uncultur'd wilds, would know
If men or beasts dwelt there, that afterward
His friends, each fact discover'd, might be told.
Within a hollow form'd by convex groves,
Under a rock round which are rustling shades,
His fleet is hid. Then, having at his side
None but Achates, onward he proceeds
And grasps two sharp broad javelins in his hand.
His mother met him midway in the wood:
A virgin's look and dress had she, and bore
A Spartan Virgin's arms, or was more like

Thracian Harpalyce, who tires fleet steeds,
And the swift Hebrus in her flight outstrips.
The wonted bow across her shoulders slung
All gracefully, a Huntress she appear'd
Giving her locks to float upon the wind.
Her knee was bare; her vesture's wavy folds
Were gather'd in a knot, and first she speaks:
Ho! youths, inform me, have your eyes beheld
One of my sisters wandering in these glades
With quiver girt and hide of spotted lynx,
Or chasing with loud shout the foaming boar?

Thus Venus spake; and thus her Son replied:
None of your sisters has by me been heard
Or seen: O how shall I entitle thee,
Virgin? Yet neither does thy look or voice
Bespeak thee mortal: O, a Goddess, sure,
Sister of Phœbus or in blood a Nymph!
Be thou propitious and relieve our toil,
Whoe'er thou art, telling beneath what sky
Or on what country we are thrown at last.
The places and the men alike unknown,
We roam flung hither by the blasts and waves.
From us thy shrines shall many a victim gain.

Then Venus said: Such honour I claim not.
Quivers to bear and bind their ancles high
With purple buskins is the custom now
Of Tyrian virgins. Punic realms thou seest,
Agenor's walls, and colonists from Tyre.
But these are confines where the Libyans dwell,
Intractable in war. Here Dido rules,
Who left the Tyrian city, when she fled
From her own brother. Her whole tale of wrong

'Twere tedious to relate. But I will give
The leading facts. Of all Phœnician men
Her spouse Sichæus was in lands most rich;
And she, the wretched one, had lov'd him much,
To whom in virgin prime a father's hand
Gave her, and join'd by wedlock's hopeful ties.
But on the throne of Tyre Pygmalion then
Her brother sate, a man to wickedness
Beyond all others savagely inclin'd.
An enmity between them having risen,
Blinded by thirst for gold, and caring nought
For what his sister, a fond wife, would feel,
Before the altars sacrilegiously
He with a secret blade Sichæus slew,
Unguarded, unsuspecting. Long conceal'd
The deed remain'd; for he by evil arts
And many a fiction with vain hope beguil'd
The lover's pining thought. But in a dream
The spirit rose of her unburied spouse,
Showing to her, with aspect wondrous pale,
The cruel shrines, the sword that pierc'd his breast,
And all his kinsman's hidden guilt reveal'd:
Then speedy flight, her country left, she prompts.
Her course to aid, old treasur'd heaps he shows
Of gold and silver, hidden in the earth.
Rous'd by the fact, Dido for flight prepared
Her friends. They meet, who felt a vengeful hate
Or sharpen'd fear of him the tyrant king.
Ships, that by chance were now equipp'd, they seize
And load with gold. Greedy Pygmalion's wealth
O'er seas they bear: a woman guides the plot.
Thither they came, where now you view great walls
Of the new Carthage with her rising towers,
And ground they bought call'd Byrsa from the act;

Such as might be with a bull's hide enclos'd.
But who are ye? Say from what coasts arriv'd,
Whither your course? He with a sigh and voice
Drawn from his heart her questions answer'd thus:

Were I, O Goddess, from an early date
To trace our woful way, if thou could'st find
Leisure for list'ning, ere the tale had ceas'd,
Vesper would close the eye of day in heaven.
From ancient Troy are we: haply your ears
Troy's name hath met. Carried o'er divers seas,
Chance storms have brought us to the Libyan shore.
I am Æneas, mov'd by piety,
I bring with me in ships my household gods,
Rescued from foes: my name has reach'd the stars.
From highest Jove I boast descent, and seek
A home in Latium. On the Phrygian main
With twice ten barks I sail'd, in all our track
Led by a Goddess-mother and the Fates.
Scarce seven remain, by waves and Eurus torn.
From Europe and from Asia cast, I roam
A needy stranger o'er the Libyan wilds.
No more could Venus bear, but interpos'd
Words of her own, that stopp'd his plaintive speech.

Not by celestials hated, as I ween,
Thou breathest vital air, and now hast found,
Whoe'er thou art, this Tyrian city's walls.
Only advance thou to the Queen's own courts.
For I announce to thee the wish'd return
Of thy companions, and recover'd fleet,
Borne to safe places by the changing winds,
Unless, by parents taught, I vainly claim
A skill in augury. Mark those twelve swans,

Exulting flock, whom in broad heav'n expos'd
Jove's bird had scatter'd, as he sail'd on high:
They in long order now have reach'd the ground,
Or downward look for spots whereon to light.
As they returning flap their sportive wings
Or trooping wheel through air with tuneful cry,
Not otherwise thy ships and youthful band
A port have gain'd, or, in full sail approach.
Proceed along the road that guides thy steps.

Thus speaking, as her rosy neck she turn'd,
Her brightness caught the view, and from her head
Odours divine the locks ambrosial breath'd;
Low to the feet her flowing vesture fell,
And by her mien the Goddess was reveal'd.
His mother known, he follow'd as she fled,
With speech like this: Wherefore in cruelty
Dost even thou so often mock thy son
With semblances assum'd? Why have I not
The privilege to lock my hand in thine
With interchange of language undisguis'd?
Upbraiding thus, he tow'rd the city moves.
But Venus with dim air their steps enwrapt:
She spread around them a thick veil of mist,
That none might see or touch them, none might work
Delay, or causes of their coming seek.
Soaring for Paphos, she revisits glad
The lov'd abode, with her own temple crown'd,
Where to her name a hundred altars rais'd
Glow with Sabæan frankincense, and still
From garlands fresh a grateful scent exhale.

Meantime they seize the path that d them on,
And now h climb'd a hill, whose tting brow

Looks down upon the city and its towers.
Æneas wondering views the stateliness
Of structures new, where once were humble cots;
Wond'ring beholds the gates, the streets, the stir,
Where Tyrians ardently their efforts ply,
Some to complete their walls or battlements,
And stones uproll, some to select a site
For mansions, and with trenches to enclose;
Others are busy planning halls of state,
Choose magistrates, and sacred senators.
Here ports they dig; there for a theatre
Lay the deep base, large columns hewing out
From rocks to decorate the future scenes.
Such toil have bees, beneath the genial sun
Of early Summer, when o'er flowery fields
They lead the full-grown offspring of their race;
Or when their cells with nectar they distend,
A laid-up store; or when they take the loads
Of such as bring sweet gath'rings to the hive,
But from it drive away with banded force
The slothful crew of drones. Their busy work
Glows, and the fragrant honey smells of thyme.
Happy are ye, whose walls already rise!
Exclaims Æneas, while his lifted eye
Beholds the city-heights. Then wrapt in mist
(Wondrous to tell) through mingled crowds of men,
He safely wins his way, perceiv'd by none.

In centre of the city was a grove
With most luxuriant shade. First in that spot
The Punic people tost by wind and surge
Dug up a sign which Juno gave, the head
Of a war-horse, deem'd to prognosticate
That in all ages theirs should be a land

Fruitful in peace, and greatly fam'd in war.
Sidonian Dido a large temple here
To Juno built, enshrining costly gifts,
An image of the Goddess, with her power.
On brass steps rose the portals; beams were wreath'd
With brass, the doors on brazen hinges creak'd.
First in this scene a new strange sight allay'd
Æneas' fear. He dar'd to hope, and look'd
For more than safety in his harass'd course.
For while he muses on the city's lot
Waiting the Queen's approach, and while with eye
Scanning the spacious temple he admires
Each artist's skill, in rival works compar'd,
He sees portray'd in order Trojan fights
And wars by fame now publish'd through the world;
Atreus' two sons, and Priam, and, to both
An enemy, Achilles, stern of soul.
He stood, and weeping said: What places now
What tracks of earth, Achates, are not full
Of our sad tale? See Priam. Even here
Has merit its reward. Woe wakens tears,
And mortal sufferings touch the heart of man.
Banish thy fear. This fame shall be our guard.

He spake, while shadowy pictures feed his mind,
Then groan'd with floods of sorrow on his face:
For he beheld round Ilion how her hosts
This way in battle chas'd the warrior Greeks,
But that way fled, where with his chariot-wheels
Crested Pelides thunder'd on their rear.
Not far remov'd, weeping he recognis'd
The snow-white tents of Rhesus, which, betray'd
In his first sleep, Tydides' bloody hand
Was making desolate with heaps of slain,

And towards the Grecian camp his fiery steeds
Was leading off, ere they had tasted yet
Pastures of Troy, or, flood of Xanthus drank.
Elsewhere in flight, his armour lost, a youth
Ill-match'd in conflict with Æacides,
Unhappy Troilus is borne away
By his own horses, and, the reins still grasp'd,
Clings with face upwards to his empty car:
His neck and hair are trail'd along the ground;
And a spear's point makes lines upon the dust.
With locks dishevell'd, Trojan dames meanwhile
Bearing a sacred veil, mov'd to the fane
Of adverse Pallas. In a mournful way
Suppliant they smote their breasts. But towards the ground
The Goddess kept her fix'd averted look.
Hector's dead body thrice had Peleus' son
Dragg'd round the Trojan battlements, and now
Was selling it for gold. Æneas then
Sent forth the deepest groan, as he survey'd
The spoils and chariots, and the corse itself
Of his lov'd friend, and Priam stretching out
His unarm'd hands. Mix'd with the Grecian chiefs
Himself he also noticed, and the arms
Of swarthy Memnon, with his Eastern bands.
Her troop of Amazons with crescent shields
Penthesilea leads, frantic in fight.
A golden belt her swelling bosom binds,
And she mid circling thousands seems on fire,
A warrior virgin, to encounter men.

Viewing these wonders, while the Dardan king
Stood in one posture of amazement fix'd,
Dido the Queen, most beauteous in her form,

The temple reach'd with a long youthful train.
As when Diana, upon Cynthus' tops
Or on Eurotas' banks, hath sallied forth
With circling dances, whom on every side
A thousand Oreads follow trooping round,
With quiver on her shoulder, as she moves,
Her head o'er all the deities is rais'd,
While silent gladness thrills Latona's heart—
Such Dido was, such joyful bore herself
Midst her attendants, urging on the works
Of her new kingdom. At the sacred gate
Under the temple's dome, she then her seat
Took on a lofty throne, with guards begirt.
She was dispensing justice with the laws,
And giving to her subjects, equally
By lot or fair division, tasks assign'd;
When with a sudden concourse drawing nigh
Æneas sees Sergestus, Antheus too,
Cloanthus brave, and other men of Troy,
Whom a black whirlwind o'er the sea had cast,
And carried far away to other shores.
Astonishment with joy and fear combined,
Seizing alike Achates and himself,
They long'd to join right hands; but an event
Wrapt with such mystery disturbs their minds.
Veil'd in a cloud, they keep themselves conceal'd,
To mark and learn the fortune of their friends,
What was their errand, where their fleet was left.
For thence all came deputed to implore
Audience, and press mid clamour to the fane.

Admission granted, and with leave to speak,
Ilioneus, their eldest, calmly said:
O Queen, whom Jupiter has foundress made

Of a new city, teaching thee to curb
Proud nations by an equitable rule,
We wretched Trojans over all the seas,
Driven by winds, for thy protection sue.
Prevent the dreadful burning of our ships:
Pity our state, and spare a pious race;
We come not Libyan households to lay waste
By sword, nor bear off plunder to the coasts.
The conquer'd think not of such violence.
There is a place, by Greeks Hesperia nam'd,
An ancient land, fertile and strong for war
Where dwelt Ænotrians; their descendants now
(As fame reports) have call'd it Italy
After their leader. Thither was our course;
When rising suddenly upon the deep
Stormy Orion with the South-wind's rage
Threw us on hidden shoals, and far away
Scatter'd o'er billows and the pathless rocks,
Wild Ocean's sport. A few of us have swum
To these your confines. But of human kind
What class is this? What tribe so barbarous
Sanctions this custom? We are not allow'd
The refuge of the shore. War is stirr'd up
From the land's utmost verge to drive our feet.
If men and mortal power ye set at nought,
Yet mind the Gods that care for right and wrong.
Æneas was our king, than whom was known
No man more just, more pious, none more great
In martial deeds: whom if the Fates preserve,
If vital air he breathe, nor yet is sunk
To gloomy Orcus, not a fear there is
That it shall e'er repent thee to have first
A challenge given by services conferr'd.
We too in Sicily have towns and arms,

Where fam'd Acestes is of Trojan blood.
Permit us then our weather-beaten fleet
To draw on shore, trees in your woods to choose
For planks, and fashion branches into oars.
That, if empower'd the voyage to renew,
(Our friends and prince recover'd,) we may seek
And reach in joyfulness the Latian strand.
But if this prospect, noblest Trojan Sire,
With thee has perish'd in the Libyan deep,
And of Iulus not a hope remains,
May we at least returning to the straits
Of Sicily, whence we were hither driv'n,
Revisit King Acestes and abodes
For us prepared. Ilioneus thus spake,
And other Trojans murmur'd their assent.

Dido, with down-cast look, made brief reply:
Banish all fear, ye Dardans, and release
Your hearts from care. My kingdom's infancy,
An arduous time, compels me to adopt
These measures, and my frontiers widely guard.
Who knows not Ilion and Æneas' race,
The chiefs, their merits and the far-spread flames
Of such a war? We of the Punic tribe
Are not in mind and feeling so obtuse,
Nor from our city yokes the Sun his steeds
So far remov'd, Whether ye wish to sail
For great Hesperia, Saturn's clime, or go
To King Acestes or Trinacria's isle,
I will dismiss you safe with ample aids.
Or would ye settle here conjoin'd with me
In these my realms, the city shall be yours,
Which I am building. Bring to shore your ships;
No difference shall be made between the men

From Troy or Tyre. And would to heaven, himself
Your king Æneas had been hither borne
By the same tempest! Trusty scouts will I
Despatch along the coasts, and bid them search
The farthest bounds of Libya, if perchance
He roams an outcast mid the towns or woods.

Cheer'd by this speech, Æneas and his friend
Had long been eager to break through the cloud.
Achates brave accosts Æneas first:
Son of a Goddess, what is now thy thought?
All things thou seest are safe; thy fleet restor'd
And thy companions; one alone is not.
Him by the billows swallow'd up we saw:
Each other fact confirms thy Mother's word.
Scarce had he spoken thus, when suddenly
The circumambient cloud divides itself
And into open ether clears away.
Æneas stood, in the clear sunshine view'd,
In countenance and shoulders like a god:
For she his parent gave him graceful locks,
And on her son had breath'd youth's purple light,
With joyful honours in his eye display'd.
Such beauty may be seen, by art's nice hand
To ivory lent, or when with yellow gold
Silver or Parian marble is inlaid.

'Twas then, surprising all, his sudden voice
Address'd the Queen: Behold the man ye seek,
Trojan Æneas, snatch'd from Libyan waves.
O thou who art alone with Pity mov'd
For Ilion's untold miseries, and would'st now
In home and city with thyself unite
Us a poor remnant, sav'd from Grecian rage,

Tried by all accidents of flood and field,
And destitute of all things needed most:
To make thee, Dido, a requital due
We have not power, nor any sprung from Troy,
Where'er dispers'd throughout the spacious world.
If any powers celestial have regard
To piety, or if a place there be
Where aught of justice dwells, the Gods alone
And a mind conscious to itself of right
Can yield thee fit rewards. What age so blest
Witness'd thy birth! Of progeny like thee
What parents so illustrious had the boast?
While rivers to the main shall wind their way,
While shadows move around the convex hills,
While heav'n shall feed the stars, thy name, thy praise,
Thy glory still shall live; whatever lands
May call for me.' Uttering these words, he clasp'd
With the right hand Ilioneus, his friend
Sergestus with his left, in turns the rest,
Both Gyas and Cloanthus, brave in arms.

Struck with amazement at his presence first,
Next at the trials borne by such a man,
Thus spake Sidonian Dido: Goddess-born,
What perilous misfortunes thee pursue
And drive with demon force on savage coasts?
Art thou the great Æneas, whom Love's Queen
Bore to the chief Anchises by the flood
Of Phrygian Simois? I remember well
That Teucer came to Sidon, when expell'd
From his own land, new settlements he sought
By Belus' aid. Ancestral Belus then
Was laying Cyprus waste, a wealthy isle
Held in subjection by his conquering power.

From that time forth th' eventful siege of Troy,
Thy name and Grecian kings, were known to me.
The foe himself gave Trojans lofty praise
Pleas'd from their ancient line to trace his own.
But come, heroic men, beneath my roofs.
Me too, afflicted much, like fortune will'd
At length to settle in this Afric clime.
Not ignorant of evils I have learnt
To pity and to succour the distress'd.

Straight with these words Æneas she conducts
Into her palace, and meanwhile ordains
Due honour for the temples of the Gods.
Nor fail'd she to direct, that for his friends
Oxen twice ten be taken to the ships,
A hundred bristly backs of largest swine,
And of fat lambs twice fifty with their ewes.
To these were join'd heart-cheering gifts of wine.
But inner splendid rooms with regal pomp
Are deck'd, and banquets in the halls prepar'd.
Rich purple cloths were there, of skilful work,
Tables with massy silver, and in gold
The feats of sires emboss'd, a series long
Through ages, from the nation's olden time.

By love paternal suffer'd not to rest
Æneas forwards to the fleet in haste
Achates, with these tidings, and to bring
Himself Ascanius to the royal courts.
All his fond thought is on Ascanius fix'd;
Presents besides from Trojan ruins sav'd
'Tis his command to bear, a robe made stiff
With figur'd gold, a veil whereon is seen
Yellow Acanthus, woven all around.

These curious ornaments, which Helen own'd,
(Her mother Leda's gift,) were brought by her
When from Mycenæ she had come to Troy
By lawless marriage lur'd. A sceptre too
Was not forgotten, which Ilione,
Eldest of Priam's daughters, once had borne;
A necklace form'd of pearls, a coronet
Bright with a double row of gems and gold.
These errands to perform with all despatch,
Achates to the fleet pursued his way.

But in her breast new counsels and new wiles
Venus revolves, how changed in face and look
Cupid for sweet Ascanius may appear,
And the Queen's heart with subtle fires inflame,
While on the gifts she pores with mad delight.
The Goddess fears the Tyrians double-tongued;
Their race ambiguous and Saturnia fierce
Haunt her with anxious musings through the night.
Then, with these words to winged Love she speaks:
O Son, my source of strength and mighty power,
'Tis only thou, my Son, who canst defy
Great Jove's Typhœan bolts; I fly to thee
And supplicate thy deity for aid.
Thou know'st how round all shores by ocean-waves
Thy brother lov'd Æneas hath been driven
Through hostile Juno's rage. Thou oft hast made
My grief thine own. Him the Phœnician Queen
Holds and detains with blandishment of speech,
And much I dread to what unknown result
Juno may turn these courtesies; for she
At such a crisis will not idly pause.
Wherefore I would anticipate her craft,
And the Queen's breast beset with such a flame

That by no influence warp'd she may with me
Unchanged attachment for Æneas feel.
How to accomplish this, now learn my scheme.
The royal youth, chief object of my care,
Is now preparing, call'd for by his sire,
To bend his steps for Carthage, bearing gifts
Preserv'd from burning Ilion and the sea.
Him on Idalium or Cythera's top
Within a sacred bower will I conceal,
And lull in sleep profound, that he may not
My project know, and knowing it prevent.
For one night only counterfeit his face
Assume the well-known aspect of the boy,
A boy thyself; and when with rapture warm'd
Dido shall thee upon her bosom take
Midst royal feasting and the joys of wine,
When with embracing she upon thy lip
Fond kisses shall imprint, breathe into her
A stealthy fire and poison to beguile.

Sway'd by his mother, Love puts off his wings
And trips exulting with Iulus' gait.
But dews of balmy sleep pour'd on his limbs,
Venus upon her breast conveys away
Cherish'd Ascanius, till she lays him down
In shelter of Idalia's lofty groves,
Where soft amaracus, with pleasant shade
And flowers that scent the air, enfold him round.
Meanwhile obedient to th' instructions given,
Pleas'd with Achates' guidance, Cupid now
Was bearing to the Tyrians royal gifts.
When he arriv'd, the Queen on golden throne
O'erhung by costly trappings had assum'd
The central seat. The sire Æneas now

And now assembled Trojans were reclin'd
On purple couches. Water for their hands
Attendants with smooth napkins bring the guests,
And bread to each in baskets they dispense.
Of fifty handmaids 'tis the task within
The feast in all its order to prepare,
While incense to the household gods is burnt.
A hundred others and as many youths
Of equal age on loaded tables place
The plenteous viands, and the cups arrange.
The Tyrians also crowd the gladden'd courts
And fill invited their embroider'd seats.
Æneas' presents they with wonder view,
Admire the deity who personates
Iulus with feign'd words and glowing eyes,
The robe, and veil with figur'd leaves and flowers.
But most of all the hapless Tyrian Queen,
Devoted victim of the rising pest,
With ardent mind that cannot have its fill,
Burns in her gazing more and more ; alike
Mov'd by the boy and by the gifts he brought.
When he had hung upon the neck embrac'd
Of king Æneas falsely deem'd his sire,
Whose strongest love he wak'd, his art assails
Dido herself. On him her eyes, on him
Her soul entire she fix'd : she fondled him
Oft on her breast, unconscious what a God
Besieg'd her there with plots against her peace.
Forgetting not the while his Mother's charge
He stealthily begins from the Queen's thought
Sichæus to efface, that soon instead
A living object may possess her heart,
To passion's former influence waxing cold.

At the first pause of banqueting, when now
Tables were mov'd, large goblets they produce,
And crown the wine. With din the roofs rebound,
Loud voices rolling through the spacious halls.
From golden ceilings lighted lamps depend,
And torches with their blaze o'ercome the night.
The Queen demanded then and fill'd with wine
A bowl, made ponderous by its gems and gold,
Which Belus used, and all of Belus' race.
When silence was impos'd, she thus began:
O Jupiter; for all to thee ascribe
The laws of hospitality, make this
A day of gladness to the Tyrian tribes
And men from Troy, a day remember'd long
By our descendants. May the God of joy
Bacchus, and Juno's grace, be present here;
And ye, kind Tyrians, solemnize this feast.
She, with these words, upon the table pour'd
An offering to the Gods. This having done,
First with her lip she gently touch'd the bowl,
Then rallying gave to Bitias. Briskly he
The foaming goblet quaff'd, and drenched himself
With the full gold. Then other nobles drank:
Long-hair'd Iopas wakes his golden lyre
To themes which mighty Atlas once had taught;
Of the Moon's change he sings, the Sun's eclipse,
Whence men and beasts arose, whence rain and fires,
Arcturus, and the stormy Hyades,
With the two northern Wains; why wintry Suns
Are dipp'd so speedily in Ocean's flood,
Or what delay retards the summer nights.
The Tyrian men redouble their applause,
And all the Trojans in the praise concur.
The wretched Queen meantime with varied talk

Prolong'd the night, and deeply drank of love.
Much about Priam she inquir'd, and much
Concerning Hector; now what armour wore
Aurora's Son; what coursers Diomed
To battle drove; how look'd Achilles' bulk.
Nay come, my guest, she cried, describe to us
From their first rise the stratagems of Greeks,
Adventures of thy followers, and thine own.
For the seventh summer brings thee hither now
A wanderer cast o'er every land and wave.

ÆNEID II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas relates how the city of Troy, after a ten years' siege, was taken by the stratagem of the wooden horse. The sacking of the town at midnight, and all the attendant horrors, are the subject of a description, which has perhaps never been equalled. The hero himself, after making valiant efforts in defence of his country, is admonished by his Parent Venus, that the doom of Troy is sealed. She shows him a vision of the adverse Deities assisting in its destruction, and then urges him to fly with his family and household Gods, and seek his home in another country. He takes his Father Anchises on his shoulders, and sets out with his Son Iulus and Wife Creusa, after appointing a place of rendezvous for his servants. On the way he loses Creusa, and returns to seek for her, but is informed by an apparition of her ghost, that she is separated from him by the will of Heaven, and that he must seek a new kingdom and bride in Italy. He then rejoins his father, and finds a great confluence of Trojans of both sexes, who had fled from the burning city, and were prepared to follow him and his fortunes.

ÆNEID II.

Silent were all, in deep attention fix'd,
When from high couch the sire Æneas spake:
At thy command, O Queen, woes I renew
Unspeakable, showing Troy's power and realm
By Greeks o'erthrown, most mournful scenes, which I
View'd, and wherein so large a part I bore.
Such things what Myrmidon, what fighting man
Of stern Ulysses, without tears could tell?
And now the Night her humid course thro' heav'n
Runs fast, and setting stars to sleep persuade.
Yet, if thou so art bent, briefly to learn
Our fates, and Ilion's fall, although my heart
Recoils, with shudd'ring, from remember'd griefs,
I will begin. Broken by war, repuls'd
Through rolling years by fate, Achaia's chiefs
Build, by Minerva's aid divine, a Horse
Like to a mountain, and with planks of fir
The ribs they line, pretending it to be
A votive offering for their safe return.
Such rumour spreads. In its dark sides by lot
They secretly enclose a troop select,
And the vast caverns of its womb are fill'd
With soldiers arm'd. In sight is Tenedos,
A far-fam'd island, in resources rich
While Priam's kingdom stood. 'Tis only now

A station and a bay, for ships unsafe.
Hither convey'd along the desert shore
They hide themselves. We dreaming they were gone,
Bound for Mycenæ with a fav'ring wind,
All Troy from its long mourning is let loose.
The gates are open'd wide; we sally forth
The Doric camp to visit, joy'd to see
Places now clear'd and the forsaken shore.
Here the Dolopians, fierce Achilles there
Encamp'd in tents. Here armies wont to fight,
There moor'd were vessels. Some astounded view
The deadly gift for Virgin Pallas wrought,
Each wondering at the Horse in bulk so vast.
Thymœtes first exhorts that it be drawn
Within the walls, and in the citadel
A lodgment find, perchance by treason mov'd,
Or Ilion's destinies, that will'd it so.
Capys, and they whom better judgment sway'd,
Would sink in Ocean what suspected Greeks
Insidiously presented, or consume
With flames applied; or else, the frame bor'd through,
Explore the secrets of its dark recess.
Conflicting fancies split the fickle crowd.
'Twas now with numerous friends in front of all
From summits of the tower came rushing down
Laocoon, all on fire; and cried from far:
O wretched countrymen, where can be found
Madness like this? Do ye believe the foes
Are gone? Think ye that ought by Argives given
Can lack deceit? and is it thus ye know
Ulysses? Either Grecian troops are hid
Within this wood, or 'gainst the city rais'd,
It is an engine, whose o'erhanging power
May ruin on our walls and houses bring.

Some treachery it conceals; ye Dardan men,
Trust not the Horse: whate'er it be, the Greeks
Even with presents in their hands I fear.
This said, against its side, where it swell'd out,
A well-compacted arch, with all his might
He hurl'd a massy spear, that quivering stood,
While from the shock thus given the Monster's womb
With hollow caverns echoed back a groan.
And, if perverseness blind and heav'n's decree
Had not oppos'd, then must he have prevail'd,
In urging to lay bare with sharpen'd steel
This Argive hiding-place; then still, O Troy,
Would'st thou have stood, with Priam's lofty towers.

Meantime, behold, with acclamations loud
Came Dardan shepherds dragging to the king
A youth, whose hands behind his back were bound.
At their approach he of his own accord
To them a stranger had resign'd himself,
For this same plot of opening Troy to Greece;
Prepared for each result, he was resolv'd
To work his purpose, or meet certain death.
From all sides round him rush the Trojan youths
Eager to see and emulous to mock
The captive man. Now learn the wiles of Greeks,
And from one crime let all the race be judg'd.
For when mid gazing crowds perplext he stood,
Unarm'd, and view'd the Phrygian troops around,
Ah! whither now, he cried, on land or sea
Can I resort? or now what further ills
Remain for wretched me? to whom the Greeks
No shelter give, while Dardan foes themselves
Demand my blood, to satisfy their wrath.
Mov'd by his groans our soften'd minds have lost

Each hostile thought: we counsel him to tell
Whence he was sprung, what tidings he convey'd,
And why a prisoner he should claim our trust.
Fear laid aside, he thus at length proceeds:
Truth will I speak, O king, nor hide from thee,
Whate'er my doom, that I was born a Greek.
This first I own; for while with cruelty
Fortune hath Sinon miserable made,
She ne'er can make him a deceiver base.
Haply in rumours, Palamedes' name,
Belus' descendant, may have reach'd your ears,
And his celebrity. Him innocent
With treason falsely charged, on evidence
Suborn'd, the Argive men to death consign'd,
Because he rais'd his voice against the war.
Yet they lament him now, of life bereft.
To him a comrade and by blood allied
My needy Father sent me to bear arms
Upon these shores in early days of youth.
While in the kingdom safe he stood, and whilst
The kingdom flourish'd by his wisdom's aid,
I too some honour and a name could boast.
But when Ulysses (things well known I speak)
With art malignant hurl'd him to the shades,
I dragg'd on life afflicted and obscure,
Mourning at heart my guiltless friend's decease.
Nor could I silence keep, fool that I was,
But vow'd, when chance might favour me, revenge,
If ever I victorious should return
To native Argos. My rash speech provok'd
His bitter enmity. Thenceforth I date
My misery's cause. Ulysses from that time
Incessantly with accusations new
Began to wake my fears. Thenceforth he spread

Among the vulgar, dark ambiguous words;
And knowing his own guilt, the means contriv'd
To ruin me, nor rested, till at last
Calchas was made an agent of his hate.
But wherefore do I give this vain detail,
Unwish'd by you? or wherefore waste your time?
If all Achaians in one class ye rank,
Pause not to shed my blood. This Ithacus
Greatly desires; and the Atridæ this
Would gladly purchase by no mean reward.

Then more inquisitive, we burn to know
The secrets of his case, in ignorance
Of villainy so great and Argive craft.
He pants, and in his falsehood thus goes on:
Troy's siege withdrawn, the Grecians often plann'd
Their homeward flight, much wishing to retire
In weariness from the protracted war.
Would they had done so! But as often still
A rough South-wind and storms upon the deep
Baffled their purpose; specially, when now
This Horse its maple fabric had uprais'd
And loudly through the heavens a tempest roar'd.
In our alarm Euripylus we sent
The oracle of Phœbus to consult,
When from the shrines this dismal answer came:
With a slain virgin's blood ye once, O Greeks,
Appeas'd the winds, when Ilion's coast ye sought;
Again with blood must your return be gain'd,
And ye an Argive life must immolate.
When this response the multitude had heard,
Their minds were stunn'd and chill'd with trembling fear,
To know whose death Apollo would demand.

Then Ithacus with a great tumult rais'd,
Was seen before them eagerly to bring
Calchas the Seer, intreated to explain
These orders of the Gods. Many to me
The plotter's cruel malice now foretold,
And look'd in silence to the dread event.
For ten days mute, he from his clos'd recess
Refuses by his words to name the man
Selected as the destin'd sacrifice.
Forc'd by Ulysses' loud and urgent calls,
At length by concert solemnly his voice
Bursts forth, and to the altar me devotes.
All murmur'd their assent, and what they fear'd
Each for himself, they little reck'd to see
Turn'd on a single victim's wretched head.
And now arriv'd the rueful day; for me
The sacred rites, the salted cakes, were all
Prepar'd, with fillets to surround my brows.
Breaking my bonds I own that I escap'd
From death, and in a marshy lake obscure
Through the whole night I lurk'd among the weeds,
Till they should sail, if such event might be.
Nor longer can I hope, that I e'er more
May see mine ancient land, my children dear,
My long'd-for sire; on whom, a piteous fate!
Vengeance for my escape may chance be wreak'd,
And this my fault be punish'd by their death.
But I conjure thee by the Powers above,
By Gods that sanction truth, by such remains
Of faith inviolate, as yet may dwell
With mortal man, pity so great distress,
Pity a soul by such injustice bruis'd.

Life readily we grant him, at these tears,

In our compassion. First the king himself
Priam commands his fetters to be loos'd
And his tight bonds, adding these friendly words:
Whoe'er thou art, from this time forth forget
The countrymen now left; ours thou shalt be.
Make to my questions then a frank reply;
What means this giant structure of a Horse?
Who was the maker? In its end and aim,
Is it religion's work, or war's machine?
He spake. The man, well-vers'd in every maze
Of Argive fraud, lifts up towards heav'n his hands,
No longer manacled, and thus exclaims:
To you, ye everlasting orbs of fire,
To your inviolable sanctity,
To you, ye altars, and death's instruments
Which I escap'd; ye fillets of the Gods
Which I a victim wore, to you I make
This my appeal, that I am free to break
Each Grecian law that once was sacred held,
Free to abhor these men, and bring to light
Their dark designs; free am I to renounce
Future allegiance to my country's rule.
Only by thy own promises, O Troy,
Do thou abide; and by my words preserv'd,
Preserve thy pledge, if I the truth disclose,
And with my service make thee large amends.
All hope for Greece to wage successfully
The war begun, and all her confidence
Still rested only on Minerva's aid.
But from the day when Tydeus' impious Son
With Ithacus, shrewd framer of all crimes,
Resolv'd from her own fanes to bear away
Her fatal statue the Palladium call'd,
When, having slain the guards of her high tower,

They seiz'd her sacred effigy, and dar'd
To touch profanely with their bloody hands
The virgin fillets of the Deity,
From that day forth, the hopes of Greece began
With ebbing current gradually to sink.
Their power was broken, and against them turn'd
The mind of their celestial patroness.
Nor dubious were the prodigies, whereby
Tritonia gave them signals of her wrath.
Scarce had they plac'd her statue in the camp,
When from her eye-balls, as they fiercely glar'd,
Bright flames of fire burst forth; a briny sweat
Flow'd o'er her limbs; and three times she herself
(Fact most miraculous!) leap'd from the ground,
Arm'd as she was with shield and quivering spear.
Calchas forthwith declares it as heaven's will
That their return by sea they must attempt,
That Argive swords shall Ilion ne'er destroy,
Unless at Argos omens they repeat,
And carry back the Goddess whom they brought
In their curv'd vessels through the watery ways.
And now with timely wind since they have sought
Native Mycenæ, arms and favouring Gods
Will they provide, and, ocean's course retrac'd,
They will be here in unexpected hour.
So Calchas construes signs divinely given.
This image for the deity incens'd
In lieu of the Palladium they have rais'd,
Warn'd thus to expiate their direful crime.
And Calchas will'd this engine form'd of wood
Heavenward to tower with vast dimensions high,
That through the walls it might not be receiv'd,
Nor placed within your walls, the people guard
Under their old religion's sheltering power:

For he averr'd that should your hands have harm'd
This offering made to Pallas, ruin dread
On Priam's realm and Phrygia would await;
(Which omens 'gainst himself may heaven first turn;)
But if by your assistance it should mount
Within your battlements, then he foretold,
That Asia with a mighty war self-mov'd
Would march to Pelops' city, and these fates
Upon our own posterity descend.

To such a tale, most skilfully devis'd
By perjur'd Sinon, our belief was given:
Twas thus that we, whom neither Diomede
Nor great Achilles, Larissean chief,
Nor yet a thousand ships, nor ten years' siege
Had overcome, we our own fall embraced,
Melted by tears, by specious wiles ensnar'd.

Another portent now, more awful far
Arrests all eyes, and our unthinking breasts
With wild confusion fills. Chosen by lot
Laocoon, priest of Neptune, stood beside
The solemn altars, immolating there
A stately ox, when lo! from Tenedos,
(I shudder while I speak), with orbs immense
Two serpents mov'd along the tranquil deep,
Cleaving the surge, and with an equal pace
They side by side push onward to the shore.
Amid the waters their erected breasts
And crests of blood-red hue o'ertop the wave,
With other parts the sea behind they sweep,
And wind their spacious backs in rolling spires;
Lash'd by their strokes the foaming brine resounds.
When now the land they reach'd, from burning eyes

Suffus'd with blood they darted gleams of fire,
And lick'd with forked tongues their hissing mouths.
Pale at the sight on every side we fly.
They with fix'd aim Laocoon assail;
Both serpents first the little bodies grasp
Of his two sons, and closely round them coil'd,
Mangle with cruel fangs their wretched limbs.
Next coming to their aid, and bearing darts,
The priest himself they seize, and bind him fast
In their large folds. Twice round the waist and twice
Around the throat clasp'd with their scaly backs,
They tower above him with high necks and head:
His fillets stain'd with gore and poison black,
At once he strives with hands to break their knots,
At once he raises dismal shrieks to heaven.
Such bellowing issues from the wounded bull
That from an altar flies, when with his neck
He has escap'd the hatchet's erring blow
Meantime both dragons gliding off escape
To the high temple, and the shrines they reach
Of stern Tritonis, where they shelter find
Beneath her feet divine and buckler's orb.

Then creeps new fear through quaking hearts of all.
Justly, they cry, Laocoon has paid
The price of guilt, who injur'd with his steel
The sacred wood, and threw against its side
A spear profane. This image to conduct
Within our city, and the power supreme
Propitiate, the general voice commands.
A break, an opening, in our walls is made,
Each busy hand engag'd; these put smooth wheels,
For rolling aid, under the statue's feet;
Those fasten cords of hemp about its neck.

Pregnant with arms, the fatal engine mounts
Our battlements. Around it sacred hymns
A train of boys and youthful virgins chant,
Touching the rope with eager joy the while.
An entrance it has made, and now has gain'd
With threatening front the centre of the town.

O my lov'd country, Ilion, home of Gods!
And, O ye Dardan bulwarks, fam'd in war!
Upon the very threshold of the gates,
Four times it stopp'd, four times its womb sent forth
The sound of arms; yet all devoid of thought,
With madness blind, we push it on, and plant
The baleful monster in our sacred tower.
Then, too, Cassandra's voice prophetic tells
Our coming fate; though by Apollo's will
She never won from Trojan ears belief.
Upon the day decreed to be our last
Unhappy we through all the city deck
With festive boughs the temples of the Gods.

The heavens meantime roll'd on: with haste the night
From ocean comes; in her extended shade
Wrapping both earth and sky and wiles of Greeks.
Trojans were hush'd, about their walls dispers'd;
With fast embrace sleep binds their weary limbs.
And now from Tenedos the Grecian troops
In fleet equipp'd sail'd for the well-known shore,
Befriended by a moonlight silent hour
And quietness, soon as the royal ship
A signal fire had rais'd. Then by the help
Of adverse Gods defended, Sinon's hand
Unbarr'd the wooden prison, and by stealth
Let loose the Greeks enclos'd. A passage made,

The Horse restores them to the open air.
From forth the hollow wood rejoicing chiefs
Dislodge themselves. Tisander, Sthenelus,
And dire Ulysses by a rope slide down,
With Neoptolemus, Achilles' son,
Thoas and Athamas; Machaon too,
Had led the way with Menelaus join'd,
And with Epeus, who himself contriv'd
The fraudful engine. They assault the town
Buried in wine and sleep. The sentinels
Are slain; the gates thrown open to receive
Comrades; and all the conscious bands unite.

The time it was, when slumber visits first
The languid eyes of men, and o'er them creeps
With sweetest welcome by the gift of heaven;
When lo! in dreams presented to my view
Hector, with look most mournful, seem'd to rise
Shedding large floods of tears, in such a state
As formerly, when dragg'd by chariot wheels
He was disfigur'd by the dust and gore,
And through his swollen feet the thongs had pass'd.
Ah, me! in what a plight! how greatly now
Chang'd from that Hector, who had once return'd
Clad in Achilles' spoils, or Phrygian fires
Had flung in triumph at the fleet of Greece!
Squalid he was in beard, as in his locks,
Clotted with blood; and many a wound he bore
Which round his native walls he had receiv'd.
I first, methought, in tears the chief address'd
And these sad accents breath'd: O Light of Troy,
Thou firmest hope of Trojans! from what lands
Has Hector, our expectancy, arriv'd!
How does thy sight our wearied minds relieve

After such piteous slaughter of thy friends,
Such varied miseries heap'd on Ilion's race!
Thy brow serene what cause unworthily
Hath so deform'd? What mean the wounds I see?
He lost not time in answering questions vain,
But a deep groan in heaviness he drew:
O Goddess-born, he cried, haste thy escape,
Fly from these flames: the foes our walls possess.
Troy from its lofty height is falling down:
For Priam and our country has been done
The task of duty. If our bulwark'd home
Could have been sav'd by hand of mortal man,
This would have sav'd it, even this my hand.
Her sacred things, her household Gods to thee
Does Troy commit. Companions of thy fates
Let these be made. With these go forth to seek
A city, which, when seas are travell'd o'er,
Thou shalt at last raise high. He spake and brought
From inner shrines the potent Vesta's form,
Her fillets and the fire that ever burns.

Woe in all shapes meantime the town distracts;
And though my father's dwelling was retir'd,
Enclos'd with trees, louder and louder yet
The sounds are heard, and battle's horrid din
Thickens. I start from sleep; with swift ascent
I climb the highest roof; and listening stand.
'Tis thus, when flames by furious winds are driven
On fields of corn; or when with rapid flood
A mountain torrent rolling down lays waste
The cultur'd lands and labours of the ox,
Lays waste the joyful crops, and tears away
With headlong crash the woods; upon the top
Of lofty rock a shepherd with amaze

Has caught the roar, unknowing whence it comes.
Then, Hector's words confirm'd, the Grecian frauds
Were all disclos'd. Now conquer'd by the fire
The spacious mansion of Deïphobus
Becomes a ruin; now Ucalegon's
Is blazing near at hand. Sigæan straits
Are far and wide illumin'd by the flames.
The shouts of men, the trumpet's clangors rise.
Arms in mad haste I snatch; nor when in arms
Had I sufficient reason for their use.
Yet my soul burns to muster troops for fight,
And seize the citadel with brave compeers;
My mind by rage and fury hurried on,
A glorious fate it seem'd in arms to die.
But Pantheus then, escap'd from Argive swords,
A priest of Phœbus and Minerva's tower,
Pantheus, the Son of Otreus, in his hand
Was bearing holy things, his conquer'd Gods,
And with a little grandchild at his side,
Came towards my threshold with a frantic speed.
Pantheus, I cried, how fares it with our all?
What hope remains, what fortress shall we seize?
Scarce had I spoke, when sighing he replies:
Dardania's last inevitable day
Has now arriv'd. We Trojans are no more.
Ilion and glories high of Teucer's race
Can only rank among the things that were.
Jove in fierce ire to Argos all transfers,
And Grecians lord it in our burning town.
Planted amid our streets, the towering Horse
Arm'd men pours forth, while with victorious pride
Sinon insulting scatters flames around.
Some rush by thousands thro' wide-folding gates,
More than from great Mycenæ ever came:

Others with darts block up the narrow lanes
To meet us there. Drawn swords with glittering points
Are brandish'd and prepar'd for shedding blood.
Scarce at the portals do the foremost guards
Attempt with blind encounter to resist.
By Pantheus' words and impulse from the Gods
Forth am I carried into flames and arms,
Where the grim Fury, where tumultuous din
And shrieks that rend the skies my steps invite.
Ripheus and Iphitus advanced in years
Join me. With them, by moonlight gleams led on,
Dymas and Hypanis cleave to my side,
And young Chorœbus Mygdon's son drew nigh.
It chanc'd that in those days he came to Troy,
When with mad passion for Cassandra fired,
As Priam's son-in-law to him he brought
And to the Phrygians, an assisting force.
Ill-fated youth! who still had heeded not
The spouse inspir'd and her monitions given.
When these I saw assembled and prepar'd
For daring combat, I address'd them thus:
Heroic men, magnanimous in vain,
If 'tis your fix'd resolve to follow me
In efforts desperate, ye see our lot,
Our present state. The deities by whom
This empire stood have all abandon'd now
Their shrines and altars; to a burning town
Ye succour bring: then let us die, and rush
To thickest fight. The vanquish'd can but find
Safety, when hopes of safety they renounce.
Then were their youthful minds to fury rous'd,
Most like to ravening wolves, in a dense fog,
When the fell rage of hunger from their dens

Has driven them forth, to danger blind, and whelps
Behind them left are panting with parch'd jaws
For their return. Through darts, through foes we march,
And bent on certain death we hold our course
Through the mid city, while the sable Night
Hovers around us with her hollow shade.

Who can describe the havoc of that night?
Who tell its deeds of death? Who can by tears
Equal in sorrow its calamities?
Our ancient city, which for many a year
Dominion held, is sinking to the ground
Where'er we turn, are lifeless bodies strewn
In numbers great about the public ways,
Domestic hearths, and mid the solemn courts
Devoted by religion to the Gods.
Nor is it only Trojan blood that flows:
The vanquished too at times with courage burn,
And conquering Grecians fall. On every side
Are cruel wailings heard, on every side
Is fear, with countless images of death.

First, while a band of Greeks around him mov'd,
Androgeos comes before us, thought by him
To be his countrymen, and unawares
Begins to hail us with these friendly words:
Haste on, brave men. For why has tardiness
Kept you away so late? See, others ply
Their busy efforts to destroy and sack
This burning city. From our station'd fleet
Come ye but now? He spake, but quickly shrank;
For meeting nought of welcome in reply,
He found himself in midst of foes advanc'd,
And all amaz'd his voice and step repress'd.

As one in heedless walk who on a snake
Amid rough brambles unperceiv'd has trod,
And from it started in a fearful haste,
While gathering rage with azure neck it swells;
Androgeos thus, at sight of us alarm'd,
Attempted to withdraw; we forward rush,
Then densely with our weapons hem around
Foes panic-struck. Unknowing where they stood,
With havoc on all sides we lay them low,
And fortune this our first exertion crowns.
Chorœbus was on fire at such success.
Comrades, he cried, since early fortune so
Points out the way of safety, be it ours
To follow where propitiously she leads.
Shields let us change, and badges of the Greeks
Fit on ourselves. Who questions in a foe,
Whether he wins by prowess or by guile?
Those we assail shall give the arms we wield.
Thus having said, Androgeos' crested helm
And shield's rich ornament himself assumes:
This Ripheus does, and Dymas does the same;
The youths, who them rejoic'd to imitate,
Are all accoutred with the recent spoils—
The Gods against us, mix'd with Greeks we march:
Oft through dark night in battle we engage,
And many a foe send down to Pluto's realm.
Some to the ships and to the trusty shores
Turn their swift flight. Some with base cowardice
Scale once again the monster Horse, to find
A well-known covert in its secret womb.
Alas! no mortal man may dare confide
In aught he does, when Deities oppose.

Lo! from Minerva's fane and from her shrines

Cassandra, Priam's virgin daughter, now
Was seen dragg'd onward with dishevell'd hair,
Raising in vain her glowing eyes to heaven,
Her eyes, for cords held fast her tender hands.
That sight Chorœbus with infuriate mind
Bore not, but threw himself resolv'd on death
Amidst the crowding troop. We all combined
Follow, and in the closest conflict join.
Here first are we o'erwhelm'd by darts of friends
From the high temple's turrets. Hence ensues
Slaughter most piteous, from th' appearance caus'd
Of arms we bore, with Argive crests disguis'd.
The Danai, in anguish and in wrath
At rescue of the virgin, with joint force
Attack us from all sides ; Atreus' two sons,
Fierce Ajax, and the whole Dolopian band :
As when at times in bursting hurricane
The adverse Winds contend, the West and South
And Eurus, that in Eastern steeds exults ;
Woods roar, and Nereus with his trident moves
In foaming rage from lowest depth the seas.
Those too, whom midst the dusky shades of night
By stratagem we routed, and had driven
Through all the city, now before us come.
They were the first to recognise our shields,
Our counterfeited armour, and to mark
Voices that ill accorded with their own.
At once by numbers we are overpower'd :
Chorœbus first is slaughter'd by the hand
Of Peneleus, near to the altar's side
Of Pallas, warrior-goddess. Ripheus too,
Than whom among all Trojans none was found
More just or upright, is laid low in death :
So will'd the Gods. Dymas and Hypanis

Perish by cruel darts of their own friends.
Nor, Pantheus, did thy signal piety
Nor fillet of the Goddess borne by thee
Prevent thy sinking in that fatal hour.
Ashes of Troy, my dying country's flames,
Witness, that in your fall, I never shunn'd
Or darts or deadly weapons of the Greeks,
And had the destinies my death ordain'd,
Attest that I deserv'd it by this hand.
Thence am I forc'd away, when at my side
Were Iphitus, unwieldy now through age,
And Pelias, disabled from a wound
Giv'n by Ulysses. We were call'd forthwith
To Priam's palace by distressful cries.

Here we indeed behold a dreadful fight,
As if this only were the seat of war,
And elsewhere through the city perish'd none ;
Mars so untam'd was raging here, where Greeks
Besieg'd the gates, and to the roofs rush'd up
Under a tortoise-fence by bucklers form'd.
Their scaling ladders to the walls were fix'd,
The very door-posts they by steps ascend.
Oppos'd to darts, protecting shields they raise
With their left hands, while with their right they grasp
The battlements. The Trojans on their part
Tear down the turrets and each mansion's roof.
Such means they use in their extremity,
With such prepare their last defence in death ;
While gilded rafters from above they roll,
The stately decorations of their sires ;
Some with drawn swords beset the doors below
To guard them with a force compact and firm.
Our ardour is renew'd, the King's abode

With succour to supply, relieve our friends,
And to the vanquish'd give inspiring strength.

There was a secret passage made between
Priam's two palaces, for pervious use,
As need requir'd. It had a postern gate
Not op'd by all. While Ilion's kingdom stood,
Through this without a guard or retinue
Hapless Andromache was often wont
The royal pair to visit, and her boy
Astyanax to his fond Grandsire lead.
By this the loftiest battlement I mount,
Whence sorely press'd their unavailing darts
The Trojans threw. A turret standing there
Hung o'er a precipice, and toward the stars
Rais'd its high summit, whence in prospect far
All Troy was not unfrequently survey'd,
Achaia's navy, and the Doric camp.
This we assault with weapons all around,
And first the topmost story, where the joints
Were weakest and most easily gave way;
At length we tear it from its broadest base,
And roll it down. The pile with sudden crash
And thundering desolation far and wide
Falls on the Grecian troops. But others soon
Come in their place. Nor cease meantime to fly
Stones, and the missile darts of every kind.
Near the first gate within the vestibule
Pyrrhus exults in armour bright, that shot
A brazen gleam. As when a bloated snake
To light comes forth, which fed on noxious herbs
The frozen winter had in earth conceal'd;
His old skin laid aside, now sleek again,
Freshen'd in youth with breast erect he rolls

His slippery back, and rear'd before the sun
A three-fork'd tongue is brandish'd in his mouth.
'Twas then march'd up the stout-limb'd Periphas
With bold Automedon, who once had been
Achilles' charioteer, and now became
An armour-bearer to Achilles' son.
'Twas then the youth of Scyros all at once
Close to the domes advanc'd, and on the roofs
Toss'd brands of fire. Pyrrhus himself in front,
Snatching a battle-axe, each stubborn gate
Beats through, and from their hinges pulls by force
Door-posts of brass. The bars are hewn away;
Through the firm boards a cavity is made,
A wide vast breach. The palace is within
Expos'd to view, and each long gallery seen:
Expos'd to view are Priam's inner rooms,
With ancient chambers of a line of kings:
The threshold is block'd up with armed men.

The interior dome meantime is fill'd with groans
And with the mingled uproar of distress.
From side to side apartments ring throughout
With female shrieks! a lamentation loud
Ascends the sky. The trembling matrons roam
Through spacious halls, where often to the doors
With fast embrace and kissing lips they cling.
Pyrrhus with all his father's violence
Is pressing on. Nor bolts nor guards themselves
Can him withstand. To many a battering ram
The gate gives way, and from their hinges torn
The posts fall down; an ingress made by force,
The Greeks admitted slay the first they meet,
And crowd the places all around with troops.
Not with such rage a river pours o'er lands

A swollen flood, and herds with stalls bears down
Through all the plains, when it has burst away
From broken banks, and with a foamy whirl
O'ercome opposing mounds. These eyes beheld
Pyrrhus with slaughter rage, and at the gates
The two Atridæ. Hecuba I saw,
Wives of her sons a hundred, and at shrines
Priam the king, defiling with his blood
The fires which he himself had sacred made.
The fifty bridal chambers, which had rais'd
Hopes of a long posterity, their posts,
Proud with barbaric gold and spoils, fall down.
Greeks plant their footsteps, where the flames relent.

Priam's own fate perchance you fain would learn.
When he beheld the captur'd city's fall,
The palace gates destroy'd, and enemies
Within his dwelling's innermost recess,
Upon his shoulders tremulous from age
Arms long disus'd the hoary Monarch plac'd:
Girt with a useless sword he issued forth
Mid thickest onset of the foes, to die.
In centre of the court an altar stood
Under the naked canopy of heaven:
Beside it growing, an old laurel tree
O'er that large altar hung, and household gods
Encircled with its venerable shade.
Queen Hecuba and all her daughters here
Vainly around the shrines protection sought,
And while the images divine they clasp'd,
Crowded together like a flock of doves,
That from the blackening tempest speed their flight.
But when she saw in youthful armour clad
Priam himself, her wretched spouse, she cries:

Oh! whither dost thou rush? What dreadful aim
Prompts this equipment of thy limbs for fight?
'Tis not such aid or such defence as thine
The time demands. Though my own Hector now
Were standing near us, it would nought avail.
Hither approach, as to a last resort.
This altar may give shelter to us all,
Or thou shalt die with us. This having said,
To her own side she brought him, and had plac'd
Her aged husband on the sacred seat:
But lo! Polites, one of Priam's sons,
Who from the sword of Pyrrhus had escap'd,
Mid darts, mid foes, through the long porches flies
And traverses the desolated halls,
Bleeding from wounds; Pyrrhus on fire pursues,
His spear upraising for a deadly blow,
And now, e'en now has grasp'd him with his hand:
When he at length before his parents came,
Full in their view he dropt upon the ground
And pour'd out life with copious streams of gore.
Priam that sight endur'd not, nor, although
With death environ'd, spared his voice and ire:
Thus he exclaims: May Gods who mark such things,
(If there be aught of justice in the heavens,)
For such audacious wickedness and crime
Give ample recompense and due reward
To thee, who now hast made me witness thus
My own son's death, and these paternal eyes
Polluted by the sight of filial blood.
Yet he, Achilles, falsely call'd thy sire,
Show'd not to Priam, though an enemy,
Barbarity like this, but paid regard
To laws of nations and a suppliant's claim;
Restor'd for burial Hector's lifeless corse

And safely to my kingdom sent me back.
He spake, and threw a feeble forceless dart,
By the hoarse brass at once repell'd, which hung
Vainly upon the buckler's highest boss.
Pyrrhus to him replied: Thou then shalt bear
These tidings to my father of his son,
The young degenerate Neoptolemus,
Nor fail to tell him of my cruel deeds.
Now die. He said, and drew the trembling king
Close to the very altar, where his steps
Found slippery footing in his son's own blood:
With the left hand the old man's hair he grasp'd,
And a bright sword unsheathing with the right
Up to the hilt he plung'd it in his side.
Such close had Priam's fortunes; such the doom
For him at last reserv'd, who had beheld
Troy and her bulwarks sinking in the flames;
Asia's proud Sovereign once, whose rule embrac'd
Such regions wide, so many subject lands;
Now a large trunk upon the shore he lies;
With head dissever'd from his shoulders now
He there is left, a corpse without a name.

Then dismal horror first encompass'd me.
Aghast I stood. Before my mind arose
My father's image dear, when thus I saw
The king of equal age breathe out his soul
By cruel wounds. Then too before my thought
Creusa rose in her deserted state,
My plunder'd home, and ills that might befal
Little Iulus, my defenceless boy.
I turn to see what troops yet round me stood.
All had deserted me in wild despair:
They flung their fainting bodies to the ground,

Or gave them to the flames. And thus at length
I now remain'd alone, when I espy
Helen in Vesta's temple, keeping watch,
Silently lurking in a secret spot.
The clear flames light supply, as on I rove,
And throw my eyes on every object round.
She near the altars had conceal'd herself,
An odious sight, the common Pest of Troy,
And her own country's bane, filled with a dread
Of Trojans, who for Ilion's overthrow
Must be her deadly foes, and from the Greeks
Expecting vengeance, with the treasur'd wrath
Of her deserted lord. A flame of rage
Kindled within me, burning to requite
The falling kingdom, and upon her head
Due punishment inflict. Shall she forsooth
Sparta, or native Argos see again
In safety, and with triumph as a Queen
Her husband's home revisit, there to meet
Parents and children, having in her train
Attendant dames and men of Phrygian race?
Shall Priam fall by steel, and Troy by fire,
And she escape? It must not be; for, though
In visiting with justice female crime,
No memorable name or victory
Be won or sought, yet to have crush'd in death
The guilty cause of miseries by one blow
Of retribution, will some praise obtain;
'Twill soothe the fiery anger of my soul
And satisfy the Manes of my friends.

'Twas thus I spake, with mind to fury rous'd.
When my kind Parent came before my view,
In fuller clearness than at former times;

And with pure radiance which illumin'd night
Display'd the Goddess, such as she appears
In wonted grandeur to celestial eyes.
By the right hand she held me fast restrain'd,
And these words added from her rosy lips:
What urgent provocation, O my Son,
Has stirr'd thee up to such ungovern'd wrath?
Or whither now is fled thy care for me?
Wilt thou not first inquire where thou hast left
Anchises thy own father worn with age;
Whether thy spouse Creusa yet survives,
And young Ascanius, whom on every side
The Grecian troops move round? They must ere this,
Unless protected by my guardian power,
In flames have perish'd, or by hostile swords?
Not Spartan Helen, hateful in thine eyes,
Nor Paris blam'd so often, but the Gods,
Relentless Gods, this powerful realm o'erthrow,
And lay in dust the battlements of Troy.
Behold; for I will every cloud disperse
Which interpos'd now dims thy mortal sight,
And darkening wraps thee in its humid veil.
Fear not a Parent's monitory voice,
Nor hesitate to follow her commands.
Here, where thou seest these massy fragments lie,
Piles torn from piles of structur'd stone, and smoke
Rising in wavy columns mix'd with dust,
Neptune the walls and their foundation shakes,
Forc'd by his mighty Trident to give way,
And the whole city from its base o'erturns.
Here Juno girt for war most fiercely guards
In front the Scæan gates, and from the ships
Calls up in furious haste the social bands.
Look back, and now behold yon loftiest tower

Seiz'd by Tritonian Pallas, in a cloud
Shining terrific with her Gorgon shield.
Great Jove himself gives victory to Greeks ;
Himself incites the Gods 'gainst Ilion's arms.
Hasten thy flight, my Son, and close thy toils.
In every peril I will near thee stand,
And in thy father's mansion place thee safe.—
She spake, and hid herself in Night's thick shades.
Now direful forms appear, and the great Gods
Adverse to Troy in all their dread array.
Then Ilion seem'd at once to sink in flames,
And Neptune's bulwarks to be swept away.
'Tis thus an Ash, that on some headland height
Long time hath stood, the rustic men exert
Their vying strength to level with the earth ;
Hewn round by steel and strokes of many an axe ;
Meantime it threatens frequently a fall,
And made to tremble, nods with waving boughs
And top convuls'd, till gradually by wounds
Vanquish'd it groans its last, and from the hills
Dislodg'd, a ruin long and wide drags down.

I then descend, and by the Goddess led
Through enemies and flames I clear my way :
The darts give place, and all the flames retire.
But now when reaching the paternal seats,
Our ancient home, my father first I sought,
And when I fain would him have carried first
To the high mountains, firmly he refus'd
To be survivor of his country's fall
In wandering banishment, and thus he cried :
Do ye whose veins are full of youthful blood,
Whose limbs are unimpair'd and nerv'd with strength,
Do ye attempt your flight. As for myself,

Had the Gods will'd that I should life prolong,
They would have sav'd this mansion for my use.
Enough it is, more than enough, that I
Have witness'd one catastrophe of Troy,
And this our city's capture have outliv'd.
Then leave me thus, and thus, with last farewell
My body leave in dying posture laid.
This my own hand shall death for me obtain,
Or, in their pity, foes will give it me,
When looking for my spoils. A length of years
Have I been lingering out, hated by heaven,
Useless on earth, since He, the King supreme
Of deities and men, a fiery bolt
Hurl'd on the winds, and me with lightning smote.
Such purpose he declar'd, and such retain'd
Inflexibly. His household friends were all
To him oppos'd, and with a flood of tears
Creusa, young Ascanius, and myself
Intreated that he would not blast at once
Our welfare and his own, by hastening thus
The stroke of threaten'd fate. He still is found
Unmov'd and settled in the same resolve.

Once more I fly to arms, in grief extreme
Wishing for death. For what resource besides,
What other lot awaited now my choice?
Didst thou expect, my sire, that I could hence
Take my departure, leaving thee behind?
Could lips paternal such a crime suggest?
If 'tis heaven's will, that of this city vast
Nought should remain; if 'tis thy fix'd intent
And pleasure, both thyself and thine to make
A part of Ilion's wreck, to such a fate
The way is open'd. Quickly in this spot

Reeking from Priam's blood will Pyrrhus be,
Who slays a son before the father's face,
And next that father at his hallow'd shrines.
Was it for this, O Mother lov'd, that me
Thy hand conducted through the darts and fires,
That foes should enter our own home's recess,
And I my boy Ascanius should behold
Slaughter'd, and weltering in each other's gore?
Arms, my attendants, bring me arms, I cry;
This their last day the vanquish'd summons forth.
Back to the Grecians take me. Yet once more
Let me the battles witness and renew:
We will not all to-day die unaveng'd.

I grasp'd the sword again, and my left hand
Thrusting within it fitted on my shield:
But lo! my feet embracing, my fond wife
Clung to me on the threshold, and our child
Little Iulus to his sire held up.
If bent on death, she said, thou marchest out,
Take us to share with thee the worst result.
But if, from trial, aught of hope is placed
In arms assum'd, this mansion first defend.
To whom art thou abandoning thy son,
Thy father, and the wife once call'd thine own?
Loudly she thus appeal'd, and with her cries
Fill'd the whole palace, when a wonderful
And sudden prodigy our sight attracts:
For, while his mournful parents in their hands
Fondled Iulus, lo! upon the top
Of his young head the fluttering tuft is seen
To pour forth streams of light, and with soft touch
The lambent flame glides harmless o'er his hair,
And round his temples feeds. Quaking for fear

We try in haste to brush the blazing locks,
And fountain waters we apply, to quench
The sacred fires. But with uplifted eyes
My sire Anchises in great gladness rais'd
His hands, together with his voice, to heaven:
All-potent Jove, if thou art mov'd by prayers,
Deign to regard us now; we ask no more;
And if our piety thine aid deserves,
Then give it us, O King, and ratify
These omens. Scarce had th' old man spoken thus
When with a sudden peal upon the left
Thunder was heard, and falling from the skies
A star, that drew along a fiery train,
Darted with light profuse amid the shades.
Over the mansion's lofty roof 'tis seen
To glide, and lose itself in Ida's woods,
Full in our view, and marking out a way;
Then with long track a path indented shines,
While the wide space around with sulphur smokes.
My father forc'd to yield, uplifts himself,
The Gods addressing with a heav'nward look,
And pays his homage to the holy star:
Now, now is no delay; I am prepar'd
To follow where ye lead. My country's Gods,
Save ye my family, my grandchild save.
Yours is this omen. Troy is in your care.
Now I indeed resign myself, O son,
Nor pause to be companion of thy course.

He spake, when louder through the city-walls
Fierce flames are roaring, and more near to us
The spreading conflagration rolls its heat.
Then come, dear father, on my neck be plac'd.
Thou on my shoulder, I shall feel no toil.

Whate'er our lot, one risk shall both incur,
One mode of safety find. While close to me
Moves young Iulus, not far off my wife
Can watch our steps. Heed well, ye serving train,
The words I speak. The city when ye leave,
A mound there is that shows the ancient fane
Of Ceres, now forsook ; and growing nigh
Is an old cypress, which through lengthen'd years
Our sires had kept with veneration deep.
At this one seat we all from different paths
Will meet. Thou, parent, in thy hand receive
Our sacred things and country's household Gods :
For me, retreating from so great a war
And recent blood, to touch them were a crime,
'Till I have lav'd me in the living stream.

This said, with vest and lion's tawny hide
My subject neck and shoulders broad I spread
And to the burden stoop. To my right hand
My son the young Iulus link'd himself
To follow with unequal step his sire :
Behind us comes my spouse. Through darksome paths
We haste ; and I, whom late no showering darts,
No hostile Greeks in thick array could move,
Now start at every wind, at every sound,
Trembling for him I bore, and him I led.
The gates I now approach'd, and the whole way
Thought I had safely pass'd, when the loud tread
Of coming feet rang sudden in our ears.
My father looking through the gloom exclaims :
Fly, O my son, fly quickly ; they are nigh ;
I see the fiery shields and gleaming brass.
In my alarm, here some unfriendly power
Mysteriously took reason from my mind

Confus'd. For while I roaming trace by-paths,
And well-known tracks forsake, alas! I lost
My wife Creusa. Whether snatch'd away
By cruel fate she stopp'd, or miss'd the road,
Or in fatigue sat down, I could not tell,
Nor ever did our eyes behold her more.
Yet knew I not, nor ascertain'd the loss,
Until we reach'd the mound and hallow'd seat
Of ancient Ceres. Then, and not before,
In all who met we found that she alone
Was wanting; grievous disappointment seiz'd
Associates, husband, son. In my despair
Whom of the Gods and men accus'd I not?
Or what more fatal saw in Troy o'erthrown?
To my own friends Ascanius I commend,
My sire Anchises, with the Dardan Gods,
And lodge them safely in a winding vale.
Girt with bright arms I seek the town again,
Fix'd to renew all hazards, through all streets
Returning, and again my life expose.
First to the walls I go, and portals dark
Which I had pass'd, my footsteps I retrace
Mark'd through the night. I cast mine eyes around.
Horror, and very silence chill my soul
At every look. Then homeward was my course,
If by chance thither, if her foot by chance
Had thither turn'd. The Greeks had now rush'd in
And all the house possess'd. To loftiest roofs
Wind rolls destructive fire. Flames mount above,
In a hot tempest raging to the skies.
To Priam's regal mansions I advance,
The citadel revisiting. And now
In cloisters lone, in Juno's sacred fane,
Phœnix and dire Ulysses, chosen guards

The spoil were keeping. Here on every side
Treasures of Ilion snatch'd from burning shrines,
Tables of Gods, goblets of solid gold,
And plunder'd vests are heap'd; here trembling dames
And boys in order long are standing round.
Daring to raise my voice amid the gloom
I fill'd the scene with clamour, in my woe
Creusa called; again, again her name
In vain I utter'd with redoubled cry,
While I the streets with ceaseless raving search,
Hapless Creusa met mine eyes herself,
A spectral image, more august than life,
And thus began my cares to take away:
Why lov'st thou, dearest spouse, so to indulge
A frantic sorrow? These things happen not
Without the deities. 'Tis not decreed
Creusa should be partner of thy course,
The great Olympian Monarch this forbids.
In exile long by thee the vast expanse
Of ocean must be plough'd. Hesperian shores
Thy foot shall tread, where Lydian Tiber flows
With gentle tide through richest lands, and where
Heroes their dwelling make. There prosp'rous days,
A crown, and royal wife, thy coming wait—
Cease for thy lov'd Creusa to bewail.
The seat of Myrmidons, Dolopians proud
I shall not see. A Dardan princess born,
Daughter of heav'nly Venus made by thee,
I shall not go, to Grecian dames a slave.
But me the Mother of the Gods detains
Upon these coasts: and now, farewell; preserve
A firm affection for our common son.
These words she utter'd: then my weeping self,
Eager to tell a thousand things, she left

And into thin air fled. Thrice there I tried
Mine arms around her neck to fling, and thrice
The phantom vainly grasp'd, my hold escap'd,
Most like the winged wind, or fleeting sleep.

The night thus spent I join my friends again,
Where I in wonder find a confluence large,
Of comrades new, matrons, and men, and youths,
A piteous throng, collected all to share
Our banishment. From all sides they conven'd
With mind and wealth prepar'd to follow me
Where'er I will'd to bear them o'er the deep.
And now on Ida's top the Morning Star
Led on the Day. Greeks held the block'd-up gates;
No hope of help remain'd—I yield to fate:
I take my Sire, and to the mountain haste.

ÆNEID III.

THE ARGUMENT.

ÆNEAS proceeds in his narrative. The Trojans, after building their fleet, sail to the coast of Thrace, but are diverted from fixing their settlement there by an apparition of Polydorus, Son of Priam, who had been murdered by a Prince of the country. Thence they steer for Delos, where they are warned by Apollo to seek the original land of their ancestors. This they suppose to be Crete, from which Teucer had anciently come; and accordingly they sail for that island, and establish themselves in it for some time, until a plague breaks out, and Æneas is admonished in a dream, that the place of his destination is Italy, the land from which Dardanus formerly emigrated. Thereupon they recommence their voyage, and are driven by a storm to the Strophad islands, where they encounter the Harpies; after which they land on the coast of Epirus, and visit Helenus, Son of Priam, who had succeeded to a portion of the kingdom of Pyrrhus, and married Andromache, Widow of Hector. He gives them advice and supplies for the fleet. They then sail along the eastern coast of Italy, and land on the Sicilian shore in the neighbourhood of Mount Ætna, and the region of the Cyclops. Here they find one of the companions of Ulysses, who had been left behind, and who warns them of their danger in that place. The Giant Polyphemus pursues them into the sea, but they escape, and, avoiding the straits between Scylla and Charybdis, coast along the south of the island to Drepanum, where they land, and where Æneas loses his Father. This was the place they were sailing from when the tempest cast them upon the shores of Carthage.

ÆNEID III.

When Asia's power, and Priam's subject tribes,
For none offence of theirs, it was heav'n's will
To overthrow, when tow'ring Ilium fell
And all Neptunian Troy in ruin smok'd,
We were impell'd by auguries divine
To seek in exile settlements remote
And tracts unpeopled. We equip a fleet
Close to Antandros, underneath the hills
Of Phrygian Ida, and collect our force,
Unknowing whither destinies may lead,
Or where allow to fix our resting place.
Scarce the first summer had begun to dawn,
When, as my sire Anchises gave command,
Obedient to the Fates, we hoist our sails.
With sorrow and with tears I leave behind
My native shores, and well-known ports, the plains
Where Troy once stood. Into the deep I launch
A banish'd man, together with my son,
With my associates, with my household Gods
And the great Deities, my country's guard.

A land there is, extending wide and far,
Where Thracians till the plains, a martial race
O'er whom, of yore the fierce Lycurgus reign'd,
With Gods allied to ours; from ancient times,

Refuge and hospitality it gave
To men of Troy, when fortune was our friend.
Hither I sail, and on the winding coast
Build my first walls, but enter on the work
With adverse fates; and after my own name
I call the citizens, Æneades.

To my own mother Venus, and to Gods
Invok'd as patrons of my enterprise,
I offer'd sacred rites; and on the shore
Was sacrificing to the King supreme
Of heav'n's inhabitants, a shining bull.
A mound by chance was nigh, upon whose top
Young cornel twigs shot forth, and bristling thick
With spear-like branches, there a myrtle grew.
Advancing near it, from the ground I strove
To pull the verdant wood; that I might spread
Over the shrines a leafy shade of boughs,
When I behold, most wondrous to relate,
A dreadful prodigy! For the first shrub
Pluck'd from the soil, with broken roots distils
Black drops of blood, and stains the earth with gore.
My limbs a chilling horror shakes, my blood
Freezes, congeal'd with fear, yet I repeat
My efforts from another to tear off
A limber shoot, and thoroughly explore
The latent causes; from that other's rind
The same black gore descends. Much wrapt in thought
With reverence I implore the rustic Nymphs
And father Mars, presiding God of Thrace,
To second in due form the vision sent,
And give the omen a propitious turn.
But when a third time I assail the boughs
With greater force, and 'gainst th' opposing mould

Upon my knees I struggled, (shall I speak
Or shall I silence keep?) a piteous groan
Came from the bottom of that rising ground
And, in reply, this voice my hearing reach'd:
Wherefore, Æneas, dost thou lacerate
A wretched one? Spare me, when now inhum'd:
Cease to pollute with guilt thy pious hands.
Troy brought me forth no stranger to thyself:
Nor is it from this trunk that blood distils.
Oh: fly this cruel region, fly with speed
This avaricious coast: for know that I
Am Polydore. An iron crop of darts
Cover'd me here, pierc'd through; and o'er my frame
Shot up, like javelins, in a pointed growth.
'Twas then, indeed, my spirit was depress'd
With doubt and fear. Stunn'd as I was, my voice
Clung to my throat, my hair was all erect.
Sad Priam erst with a great weight of gold
Had sent this Polydore to Thracia's King,
For nurture and for training, secretly,
When now distrustful of Dardania's arms
He saw the city with close siege block'd up.
When Fortune left the sinking power of Troy,
That king, espousing Agamemnon's cause
And his victorious host, breaks through all bonds
Most sacred deem'd, and murdering Polydore
Secures by violence the stores he brought.
To what of evil, cursed thirst of gold,
Dost thou not often drive our mortal minds?
When fear had ceas'd to shake me, I report
These portents from the Gods to men select,
Chiefs of the people, most of all, my Sire;
And I demand what measure they propose.
All are agreed to leave that impious land,

Quit hospitality's polluted seat,
And give our fleet the winds. We therefore first
Bestow on Polydore new funeral rites,
Upraising for his tomb a mound of earth.
An altar to his Manes we erect,
Mournfully hung with leaden-colour'd wreaths
And cypress black; while Trojan dames stood round,
As they were custom'd, with dishevell'd hair;
We next upon it pour the foaming bowls
Of tepid milk, and goblets that contain'd
A victim's sacred blood. Thus we consign
His spirit to the sepulchre's repose,
And with loud voice pronounce the last farewell.

Then, soon as ocean claim'd our confidence,
While no rude blast disturbs the peaceful seas,
And a South-wind with gently whisper'd call
Invites us to the deep, crowding the shore
Our crews the vessels launch. We from the port
Are borne away: the lands and towns recede.

In the mid sea, most charming to the view,
By Doris mother of the Nereids lov'd,
And by Ægean Neptune, is an isle
Which, loose and floating once round shores and coasts,
The pious God, who wields the bow, bound fast
To Mycone and lofty Gyaros,
Giving it, fix'd and habitable made,
To mock the winds. Hither convey'd, we find
In weariness a safe and tranquil port.
The city there of Phœbus, as we land,
Our veneration gains. King Anius,
(At once Apollo's priest and king of men,)
His brows with fillets and with laurel crown'd,

Comes forth, and as his friend in former days
Anchises recollects. Our hands we join
In amity and enter his abode.
Structure of ancient stone, I reverenc'd
The temple of the deity, and pray'd:
Grant us, Thymbræan God, after our toils,
Walls of defence; grant us a settled home,
A race to thrive, a city to endure.
Preserve the bulwarks of another Troy,
Remnants from Greeks and dire Achilles sav'd.
Whom shall we follow? whither to proceed
Dost thou command? and where to fix our seat?
Afford us, Father, a prophetic sign,
And let thine inspiration reach our minds.

Scarce had I spoken so, when suddenly
A trembling was perceiv'd in all things near,
The solemn courts, the laurel of the God,
And the whole mountain round began to quake,
Till, while its holiest part was open laid,
The Place Oracular sent forth a groan.
In lowliest awe we fall upon the ground,
When thus a voice responding met our ears:
Ye hardy sons of Dardanus, the land
Which from the stock of your progenitors
First brought you forth, the same on your return
Shall in its fruitful lap receive you back.
Search out your ancient mother. There the sons
Of your Æneas every coast shall rule,
And all their offspring in a long descent.
Thus Phœbus spake. Emotions of great joy
With mingled tumult rose; for all desire
To know what city by the God is meant,
Whither he calls a wandering crew, and where

He wills their course to end. Then cries my Sire,
(Revolving records giv'n by men of yore) :
Ye chieftains, hear, and learn what hope is yours.
Crete in mid ocean lies, great Jove's own Isle.
There is a mount named Ida ; and there too
The cradle of our race. The Cretans boast
A hundred cities large, with fertile realms.
Thence, if traditions I recall aright,
Teucer, our fam'd forefather, first arriv'd
On the Rhætean coasts, and chose the seat
Of his new kingdom. Not erected then
Was Ilion with its towers. In humble vales
The people dwelt. Hence, the soil's patroness,
Came mother Cybele ; hence rose her band
Of Corybantes, with their cymbals loud,
And her Idæan grove. Hence was maintain'd
That faithful silence in her sacred rites :
Hence her imperial car yok'd lions drew.
Come, then, and follow where the Gods direct :
Let us appease the winds, and seek forthwith
The Gnossian realms ; nor are they distant far.
If Jove befriend us, a third morn will see
Our fleet at mooring on the Cretan shore.

This said, on altars, honouring the Gods,
Each wonted sacrifice he offer'd up ;
A bull to Neptune, and a bull to Thee
Graceful Apollo, to the wintry Storm
A sable ewe, and one with snow-white fleece
To the bland Zephyrs. A report is spread
That late expell'd from his ancestral throne
Idomeneus had fled, leaving Crete's shore
Stript of defence ; and that, forsaken now,
Mansions were open to receive us there

Without opposers, or impediment.
We quit Ortygian harbours, and we bound
Swift o'er the waves. By Naxos, close we sail,
Where Bacchanals hold revels on the hills,
By green Donysa, by Olearos,
And Paros, white like snow, we glide along,
Amid the scatter'd Cyclades, and where
Thickly with isles the narrow seas are gemm'd.

Varied and vying, seamen's cries are heard,
Cheering each other, and the crews exclaim:
Steer we for Crete and for our ancestors?
Rising behind, a breeze propels us on,
And we are carried to the old abodes
Of the Curetes. Then with eagerness
The wish'd-for city I begin to build,
Pergamea calling it, and I exhort
Our colonists, who in the name rejoiced,
To love their hearths, and raise defensive towers.
Our ships were now drawn up, and safely ranged
On the dry beach. Our youths their sacrifice
For new-gain'd soil and marriage rites perform'd.
I was dispensing laws, and fixing homes;
When, from th' infected clime, a sudden plague,
Wasting and lamentable, seiz'd our limbs,
The trees, the crops; and deathful was the year.
Sweet life was given up, or human frames
In sickness were dragg'd on. The dog-star too
Burnt up the barren fields; the herbs were parch'd,
And grain unwholesome, sustenance denied.
My sire advis'd to measure back the sea,
Consult the Delian oracle again,
And, praying for Apollo's grace, inquire
When he will bring our wanderings to an end,

Whence in our troubles we may gain relief,
And whither he will bid us shape our course.

'Twas night, and sleep reign'd o'er the living world.
The sacred Images of Powers divine
And Tutelary Gods which I with me
Had brought from Ilion, and the city's flames,
Rose to my view, as wakeful I reclin'd.
They were conspicuous by a glare of light
Where the full moon had darted her clear beams
Through interposing windows: then, these words
To me addressing, they dispell'd my cares:
That which Apollo would announce to you,
If now to Delos borne, he here reveals,
And lo! unask'd, he sends us to your doors.
Thee, and thy arms we follow'd, after Troy
Was laid in ashes. Under thee in ships,
We cross'd the swelling main. We will exalt
The line of thy descendants to the stars,
And crown thy city with imperial sway.
Build for a mighty people mighty walls,
And shrink not from a long and toilsome course,
Our place of habitation must be chang'd.
Delian Apollo mark'd not out for you
These shores, nor bade you to reside in Crete.
There is a realm, by Greeks Hesperia nam'd,
An ancient land, fruitful, and great in arms,
Where dwelt Ænotrians; their descendants now
(So fame reports) have call'd it Italy,
After their leader. These are settlements
We deem our own. Hence Dardanus arose,
Hence came the prince, from whom our nation sprang,
Father Iasius. Then, in haste, arise
And these monitions, which all doubt preclude,

Report with gladness to your aged sire—
Seek Corythus and the Ausonian strand.
Jove has denied you the Dictæan soil.

Visions like these and voices of the Gods
Struck me with wonder. For it was not sleep:
But I, before me brought, seem'd to behold
Their very looks, their brows with fillets bound,
Their forms and faces, in a full close view;
Then a cold sweat flow'd over all my frame:
When starting from my couch, I lift tow'rd heav'n
Mine up-turn'd hands, together with my voice,
And hallow'd off'rings on the hearths I pour.
This rite perform'd, I joyfully relate
The facts, in order, to Anchises' ear.
The double founders, and ambiguous stock,
He recognis'd, and own'd himself deceiv'd
By the new names equivocal, annex'd
To countries old: then thus he speaks: O Son
Long tried by Trojan fates, Cassandra's voice
Alone predicted such events to me.
I now remember she announc'd this lot
Due to our race. Hesperia oft she nam'd,
Italian kingdoms oft. But who could dream
That men of Troy would tread Hesperian plains?
Or whom had then Cassandra's prophecies
The power to move? To Phœbus let us yield
And his best counsel follow as our guide.
We all exulting with his words comply,
This seat of residence we also quit,
But leave a few behind. We spread our sails
To skim in hollow barks the spacious main.

The deep we reach; and, land no longer seen,

When, all around, was nought but wave and sky,
A black cloud o'er me hover'd, bringing on
Tempest and night; the waters frown'd in gloom;
Winds lash the sea; vast billows soon arose
And we o'er ocean's gulf are widely toss'd.
The day was wrapt in storms; and humid night
Took away heav'n; thick flash the bursting clouds,
Driv'n from our course, we wander o'er the main
Blindly; for in the sky no difference now
Is mark'd 'twixt day and night, and 'tis confess'd
By Palinurus' self that he forgets
Amid the waters how to steer his way.
Thus, for those three uncertain days, whose suns
The darkness veil'd, and through as many nights
That had no star, we roam the trackless deep.
On the fourth day, at length, land first begins
To show itself; the mountains from afar
Open before us, and roll up their smoke.
Our sails drop down; we rise upon the oars;
Our stirring mariners, without delay,
Scatter the foam, and sweep the azure tide.

Shores of the Strophades receive me first
When rescu'd from the waves; the Strophades,
Isles of the great Ionian main, so call'd
By a Greek name; where dire Celæno dwells
And other Harpies, since the time, when they,
Expell'd from Phineus' palace, left, through fear,
Their former feasting board. More fell than these
More hideous monster, plague, or scourge of heav'n,
Has never issued from the Stygian caves.
Faces, like those of virgins, they possess,
Yet fowls they are, whose bodies still emit
Ordure most loathsome. They have hooked claws,

And ever pale with famine are their cheeks.

The ports we entered here; when lo! we see,
On all the plains, cattle, in joyous herds,
And, wand'ring o'er the meadows, flocks of goats,
Without a keeper. We upon them rush
With swords, invoking Gods and Jove himself
To share the prey. Along the winding shore
We raise our seat, and taste the rich repast:
When, by a dreadful movement from the hill,
The Harpies suddenly assail us there,
And shake their pinions with loud rustling din.
Our feast prepar'd, they snatch, and all they seize,
Their touch impure defiles, while forth they send
A rank and filthy smell, with hideous scream.
In deep recess, beneath a cavern'd rock
Enclos'd around by trees and gloomy shade
We spread again our tables, and once more
Fire on the altars heap. The noisy troop
Leaving again their secret hiding-place,
Come from another quarter of the heavens,
And with curv'd talons hov'ring round the prey
Taint, by their mouths, the viands: orders then
I give my comrades, to take up their arms,
And battle wage with the accursed brood.
Obedient to my voice, they range their swords
Conceal'd among the grass, and back from view
Keep their bright shields; wherefore, when darting down,
These pests rais'd up their cry along the shores,
Misenus, from a lofty watch-tower, gave
Shrill notice, with his hollow trump of brass.
My friends assail them, trying to destroy
In novel fight, the ocean birds obscene.
But no impression on their plumes is made,

Nor, in their bodies, is a wound receiv'd.
And soaring in the sky, with rapid flight
Their prey behind them, half-consum'd they leave,
With filthy traces, where their steps had been.
Yet one alone, Celæno, took her seat
On a high jutting crag, whence, from her breast,
Ill-boding Prophetess, this speech she pour'd:
War too, to compensate for oxen slain,
War on ourselves, besides the havoc made
Upon our cattle, would ye muster now,
Sons of Laomedon? Would ye expel
Innocent Harpies from their native realm?
Then lend to me your ears, and heedfully
Deposit these my sayings in your minds.
What Phœbus learnt from Jove, all-potent sire,
What Phœbus has himself reveal'd to me,
Chief of the Furies, I to you disclose.
Ye sail for Italy, ye shall arrive
In Italy, with aid of winds invok'd,
And 'tis allow'd that ye shall gain her ports.
Yet not with walls shall ye encompass round
Your destin'd city, till, in punishment
Of bloody wrongs inflicted upon us,
Dire Famine shall compel you, with your teeth
To gnaw your tables, and as food consume.
This said, on pennons borne aloft, she flew
Back to the wood. Then my associates felt
A cold and sudden fear congeal their blood:
Their spirits sank. And now no more with arms
But vows and supplications, they desire
Peace to obtain, whether it must be sought
From goddesses, or cruel noisome birds.

His hands forth stretching from the beach, my sire

Anchises, the great deities invokes
With orders that we pay them honours due.
Ye Gods, ward off these threats; avert, ye Gods,
Such a calamity—be placable,
And save the pious. Then he gives command
That from the shore each rope be torn away,
The cables loos'd, and forthwith disengag'd.

South-winds distend our sails; o'er ocean's foam,
Where breeze and pilot both invite our course,
We bound along. Amid the billows now
We can behold Zacynthos crown'd with woods,
Dulichium, Samè, and the rocky steep
Of Neritos. The cliffs of Ithaca,
Laertian realms, we shun; and curse the soil
That fierce Ulysses bred. Leucate's mount
With cloudy summits, and Apollo's fane
By seamen fear'd, soon opens to our view.
Hither, fatigued, we steer; and we approach
The little city. From each prow is cast
Its anchor; on the shore our vessels rest.
Possessing thus, at length, a wish'd-for strand,
We sacrifice, when purified, to Jove,
And kindle votive off'rings on the shrines.
The cape of Actium, then, we signalize
By Trojan games perform'd. Our naked crews,
With slipp'ry oil besmear'd, briskly stir up
The wrestling matches of their native clime.
We joy to have escap'd each Grecian town,
And won our way amid surrounding foes.
The Sun, meantime, the great revolving year
Completes; and icy winter with north blasts
Enchafes the waters. At the temple's front,
Upon its door-post, I fix up a shield

Of hollow brass, which mighty Abas own'd,
And with this verse I notify the deed:
These arms Æneas took from victor Greeks.
The seamen, then, I bid to leave the ports
And sit upon the benches with their oars.
The sea with ardour emulous they lash
And sweep the tide. Quickly we lose the view
Of the Phæacian towers though high in air.
Close to Epirus in our course we pass;
And having enter'd the Chaonian port
We thence proceed, till our ascending feet
The lofty city of Buthrotum reach.

A rumour here of facts that task'd belief
Invades our ears, that over Grecian towns,
Possessing now the Sceptre and the Spouse
Of Pyrrhus, great Achilles' progeny,
The Son of Priam, Helenus bore sway;
And that Andromache a second time
Receiv'd a husband from her country's line.
Amaz'd I was. My bosom felt a glow
Of strange desire, the hero to address
And learn the signal changes in his lot.
I leave the fleet and shore; and from the port
Go forward. As it chanc'd, Andromache
Before the city, in a grove where flow'd
A new fictitious Simois, was then
Off'ring an annual banquet to the dead
With mournful presents; and his Manes there
She was invoking at her Hector's tomb.
An empty tomb it was of verdant turf,
Which with two altars she had sacred made,
Incentives to her grief. As I advanc'd,
And round me she beheld in wonder lost

The Trojan arms, by prodigy so great
Struck with alarm, she fainted at the sight.
Life's heat forsook her limbs ; she downward sinks
And, after a long interval, at last
Scarce utters faltering speech : O Goddess-born
Art thou a real form ? Dost thou to me
A real messenger present thyself ?
Art thou a living one ? Or, if from thee
The genial light has fled, oh ! tell me where
My Hector is ! She spake, and pouring forth
A flood of tears, fill'd all the place with shrieks.
To her transported thus, I scarce could make
A brief reply ; and troubled as I was
My mouth I op'd in these few broken words :
I am indeed alive, and drag out life
Through all extremes. Then, banish every doubt,
For nothing but reality thou seest.
Ah ! what events have follow'd thee, since doom'd
To lose so great a spouse. What fortune blest
True to thy worth, has found thee out again ?
Hector's Andromache, art thou the wife
Of Pyrrhus ? On the ground she turn'd her look
And answer'd with a low dejected voice :

Oh ! beyond others, happy in her fate
Was Priam's Virgin daughter, forc'd to die
At a foe's tomb, beneath the Dardan walls ;
Who suffer'd not the casting of a lot,
Nor ever, as a captive, touch'd the bed
Of some victorious lord. When Ilion fell,
We, borne away o'er many a sea, endur'd
In thraldom, and amid maternal throes,
The proud dominion of Pelides' heir,
Fierce, haughty youth. He afterwards sought out

A Spartan marriage; and he carried off
The fair Hermione, from Leda sprung:
Then me a slave transferr'd, to be possest
By Helenus, himself a slave. But fir'd
With love most ardent for a spouse betroth'd
Snatched from his arms, Orestes goaded on
By Furies prompting crimes, makes an attack
Upon the unguarded rival, whom he slays
At his own country's altar. By the death
Of Neoptolemus, part of his realm
Fell, as a heritage, to Helenus,
Who calls these plains Chaonian, the whole tract
Chaonia, from Trojan Chaon nam'd.
Here, on the mountain summit he has built
Another Pergamus, and Dardan fort.
But say what winds, what fates have led you on;
What Deity has brought you to these coasts
Unknowing they were ours? What is become
Of young Ascanius; does he yet survive
And breathe the vital air? To you preserv'd
When Troy was left, does the boy feel concern
For his lost mother? Is he emulous
Of ancient worth and manly fortitude,
From bright example in thyself, his sire,
And in his uncle Hector, shining forth?

She spake and wept the while, heaving in vain
Long sobs; when Helenus Priamides
The chief himself advances from the walls
With a large retinue. His friends he knows
And to his palace joyfully conducts,
Mixing with all he utters copious tears.
I move abroad, and view the little Troy
An image of our great one, with its towers:

A scanty stream call'd Xanthus, I perceive,
And clasp the threshold of a Scæan gate.
No less meantime the city's friendliness
Our crews enjoy. In spacious galleries
They by the Monarch were receiv'd and hail'd;
Amid his halls, on viands serv'd in gold
They banqueted, and quaff'd full draughts of wine
While each held up a goblet in his hand.

One day had pass'd, and now a second day,
When breezes court our sails, and from the south
Th' expanded canvas fill. The prophet King
I thus address, and question: Trojan-born
Interpreter of Gods, thou know'st the will
Of Clarian Phœbus, with the signs he gives
By tripods, and his laurels. It is thine
To read the stars, in voices of the birds
Prognostics find, and omens in the flight
Of their swift wings. Then help us by thy skill.
Thus far Religion with auspicious words
Has guided all our voyaging; each God
By heavenly dictates prompting us to steer
For Italy, and search for distant homes.
Celæno, Harpy Queen, alone foretells
A portent strange, and fearful to relate:
She upon us denounces dismal wrath
And famine foul. Instruct me therefore now
What perils first to shun, and by what means
I may such arduous labours overcome.

With blood of bullocks duly sacrific'd
First Helenus propitiates the Gods,
And fav'ring aid implores. The fillets next
Unbinding from his consecrated head,

With his own hands, O Phœbus, to thy courts
He leads me on, while anxious awe profound
At thy expected presence fills my mind.
The Priest then utters, with his lips divine,
These words oracular: O Goddess-born,
That under sanction high, for mighty ends
You sail the deep, is my undoubting faith;
The king of Gods so marshals his decrees,
He so arranges the revolving fates,
And in this order turns the course of things.
That you may pass more safely over seas
Yet unexplor'd, and in th' Ausonian port
Settle at last, I will to you disclose
Some out of many truths. For, things there are
Which to make known the Destinies forbid,
Or which Saturnian Juno has not will'd
That Helenus should with his tongue divulge.
Be, first of all, appriz'd that Italy,
Deem'd in your ignorance already near,
Whose harbours you propose to enter now,
As close at hand, is far from you remov'd,
By lengthen'd travels intricate, and lands
Of great extent. After your bending oars
You shall have plied on the Trinacrian wave,
And when the surface of th' Ausonian main
Your fleet has cross'd, th' infernal lakes you then
Must visit, and Ææan Circe's isle,
Before you can erect a city's walls
And 'stablish in a settlement secure.
When by a river's secret flood, where you
Are lost in thought, beneath o'ershading oaks
You shall behold, upon the bank reclin'd,
A bulky sow, with young ones just brought forth
In number thirty, her own colour white,

And all the offspring white around her dugs.
There shall the station of your city be,
And there shall all your labours have an end.
Nor dread the tables you are doom'd to eat:
The fates shall find a way for your escape;
Apollo when invok'd shall bring you aid.
But the near confines of th' Italian shore
Lav'd by our bordering sea, these tracts avoid.
Here in the towers dwell noxious Greeks alone.
Narycian Locrians here have plac'd their walls;
Cretan Idomeneus Salentum's plains
With soldiery has mann'd. Petilia here
Uplifts her little head, strengthen'd with towers
By Philoctetes, Melibæan chief.
When too your vessels carried o'er the floods
Shall now be moor'd, and you, on altars rais'd
Along the beach, are paying votive rites,
Wrapt in a purple vestment veil your head,
Lest, mid the sacred fires you kindle up
In honour of the Gods, some hostile face
Meeting your sight, the omens may disturb.
This form, in sacrifice, by your compeers,
This by yourself, must ever be observ'd.
To this religious mandate, let the line
Of your descendants piously adhere.
But, when departing to Sicilia's coast
The wind shall waft you, and Pelorus' straits
Appear in view less narrow, turn ye then
To lands upon the left, and take through waves
On the left hand a circuit wide and long.
Both sea and shore upon the right avoid.
'Tis said that erst with violence convuls'd
And mighty desolation, (such a change
As time through lengthen'd ages can effect,)

These lands asunder burst. When both the coasts
Were one in continuity, the sea
Impetuous rush'd between, and by its waves
Tore the Sicilian side from Italy;
And now with narrow intervening frith
Laves fields and cities on the parted shores.
Scylla the right side guards; upon the left
Implacable Charybdis, with her gulph
Into a vast abrupt with eddies deep,
Thrice swallows up the billows as they rise,
Then spouts them out again alternately
High in the air, lashing the stars with spray;
But Scylla lurking in recesses dark
A cave confines, where stretching forth her jaws
She sucks in hapless vessels on the rocks.
Her upper part is human; to the waist
A virgin's beauteous bosom she presents,
A huge sea-monster in her lower parts,
With a Wolf's womb to tails of Dolphins join'd.
'Twere better by a distant winding track
To pass Pachynus the Sicilian cape,
With much delay, than once in her vast den
To view mis-shapen Scylla and the cliffs
That still are bellowing with her sea-green dogs.
If Helenus besides hath any skill,
If any credit, as a prophet, claims,
And if with truth Apollo stores his mind,
One warning I will give you, Goddess-born:
This one above all others I would press
Upon your thought again, and yet again:
Fail not with many a prayer to worship first
Great Juno's power divine, to Juno's ear
In willing strains your chanted vows address,
And overcome the potent Queen of heaven

With suppliant gifts. Then, only then will you,
From Sicily departing, be convey'd
Safe and victorious to Hesperian realms.
When thither you are borne, and shall have come
To Cumæ's city, to the sacred lakes
And waters of Avernus, which resound
Far through the woods, the raving Prophetess
You will behold, who under a low rock
Reveals what Fates decree, and who commits
To leaves of trees her characters and words.
Whatever verses on such leaves she writes,
Are by the Virgin rang'd harmoniously
And set apart; are left within the cave
By her unmov'd; their places they retain,
Nor from the order she assigns, recede.
But when, the hinges turn'd, a wind's small breath
Has blown upon them, and the opening door
Hath serv'd to discompose the tender leaves,
She never cares thenceforth to catch again
The verses fluttering in that hollow rock,
And give them local union as before.
Without response her votaries depart,
And hate the Sibyl's grot. Yet let not there
The cost of some delay be grudg'd by you,
Though friends may chide, though your own purposes
Call you with urgency to plough the deep,
And you can fill with courteous winds your sail,
Still seek the Prophetess. With prayers entreat
That she would speak the oracles herself,
And open graciously her willing lips
In accents vocal. She will show to you
Italia's nations and your coming wars,
How you may shun each hardship or sustain;
And, duly reverenc'd, she will crown your course

With wish'd success. So far my licens'd tongue
May guide you and instruct. Go on, to raise
Great Ilion by your prowess to the stars.

So spake the Seer with friendly voice, and then
Issues command for carrying to the fleet
Presents of massy gold, and of carv'd work
In ivory. Within my ship he stows
Cauldrons, besides, of Dodonæan brass,
With silver of large weight. Therewith is sent
A mail, thick set with rings, and triply lin'd
With golden tissue, a bright helmet's cone
And waving crest, armour which had been us'd
By Neoptolemus; my sire had gifts
Distinct from these. Horses are added too,
Pilots are added, rowers are supplied,
And all our crews equipp'd with needful arms.
Meanwhile Anchises ordered that the fleet
Have sails prepared to catch the fav'ring wind.
Th' interpreter of Phœbus him accosts
With rev'rence high: Anchises, worthy deem'd
By Love's own Queen of her illustrious bed,
Chieftain, the care of Deities, twice snatch'd
From Ilion's ruins, lo! th' Ausonian strand
Before you lies. To gain it, speed your way,
Yet must you o'er the billows pass this shore.
A part of Italy far hence remov'd
Apollo opes for you. Go then, he said,
Blest in the pious duties of your son.
Why should I urge you more, or by discourse
Retard the rising breezes of the South?

Griev'd when the final time of parting came,
Andromache, no less, a Phrygian cloak

Brings for Ascanius, and rich vests enwrought
With figur'd gold; nor does she fall below
Her dignity in honouring my Son,
Whom as she loads with labours of the loom,
Her lips address him thus: Accept, O youth,
These works of my own hands, which for thyself
May be memorials to attest the love,
That long for thee will glow within the heart
Of Hector's wife, Andromache. From her
These the last presents of thy friends accept,
O Thou, to me, sole image upon earth
Of my Astyanax. Such eyes, such hands,
Such looks he show'd; and were he living now,
Would equal thee in age, and youthful bloom.

With flowing tears, and words like these, I then
Bade them farewell. Long may ye live in joy
Whose fortune is already form'd and fix'd.
We, to and fro, from fate to fate are call'd.
Your resting-place is gain'd. Ye need not plough
A length of seas, nor have ye to pursue
Ausonia's land still flying from approach.
An image here of Xanthus ye behold
And a new Troy, by your own hands uprais'd;
Heav'n grant it be with auspices more blest,
And less obnoxious to assailing Greeks!
If entering Tyber and th' adjacent fields
On Tyber's banks, I there should ever view
Walls to my race allotted, we who boast
One founder Dardanus, and share one fate,
Will in Epirus, and Hesperia, join
The kindred cities and the neighbouring tribes
By a firm league, that henceforth either Troy
In friendliest amity may be as one.

May our descendants make this end their care!

Beside the near Ceraunian hills we sail,
Whence lies the shortest way, across the waves,
For Latium's coast. The sun meanwhile descends,
And all the mountain tops are wrapt in shade.
Ourselves we throw on the land's wish'd-for lap,
Down by the waters, having first assign'd
Our oars by lot. Then the dry beach along,
On every side we stretch our limbs at ease,
Till balmy sleep each weary frame bedews.
Led by the Hours, not yet her midway round
The Night had reach'd, when from his couch alert
Springs Palinurus, to mark every wind
And list'ning catch the murmurs of the air:
Each star he notes that glides through silent heaven,
Arcturus and the rainy Hyades
And the twin Northern Bears; and round he casts
His look upon Orion arm'd with gold.
When he perceives that all the sky serene
A settled aspect wears, forth from the stern
He quickly sounds a signal clear and shrill.
Our camp we move on shore. Again we spread
The wings of sails, to waft us o'er the deep.
'Twas now when morning blush'd, and stars had fled,
The far-off hills obscure, and lowly plains
Of Italy we spy. 'Tis Italy,
Achates first cries out; 'Tis Italy,
Our joyous crews with loud acclaim repeat.
Then did my sire Anchises deck with wreaths
A large capacious bowl, and fill with wine,
Invoking from his lofty stern the Gods.
Rulers of earth and seas, ye Deities
That curb the tempests, with propitious breath

Give us a timely wind and easy course.

Briskly rise up the gales desir'd, when soon
The haven opening nearer to our view,
Minerva's temple on the cape appears.
Our seamen furl the sails, and to the shore
Each vessel's prow they turn. On th' eastern side
Into an arch the port is curv'd, and where
Projecting cliffs foam with the briny spray,
Itself lies hidden. Turret-like, two rocks
Stretch out their arms, as with a double wall,
Making the temple from the shore recede.
Here, a first omen on the grassy turf,
Four steeds of snowy whiteness I observ'd,
Grazing the plains at large. My sire calls out,
Thou bringest War, O stranger land. For steeds
Are in War's train. These horses threaten war.
Yet the same quadrupeds, by usage long,
Have to the car submitted, and, when yok'd,
Bear peaceful reins. There is, then, hope of peace.
The sacred majesty we supplicate
Of Pallas awful in her clashing arms,
Who first receiv'd us, when elate with joy.
Before her altars o'er our heads we draw
A Phrygian veil, and guided by the rules
Which Helenus of greatest moment deem'd,
To Argive Juno solemnly we pay
In sacrifice the honours he enjoin'd.

Such votive rites perform'd, without delay
We turn the ends of every sail-yard round,
Leave Grecian dwellings, and suspected coasts.
Tarentum's bay hence visible becomes,
Sacred to Hercules, if fame speaks truth.

On th' other side we mark on high the fane
Of the Lacinian Goddess, Caulon's towers,
And Scylacæum, still for shipwrecks fear'd.
At distance from the wave is next discern'd
Trinacrian Ætna, and we hear from far
Ocean's vast groan, with sound of smitten rocks
And rolling murmurs broken on the shore.
The shoals leap up in billows, and their sands
Mix with the tide. Anchises then exclaims:
This is the fam'd Charybdis. Helenus
Forewarn'd us of these cliffs and horrid crags.
Move hence, my friends, rise all upon our oars!
His mandate they obey, and to the left
First Palinurus wheel'd the creaking prow.
Our troops of seamen all turn round alike
Their vessels to the left, with oar and sail.
Now mount we on an arched gulf to heaven,
Now sink again down to the shades below,
The watery heap from under us withdrawn.
Thrice the rocks bellow'd in their hollow caves,
Thrice we beheld the dashing of the foam,
And stars above with dewy moisture dimm'd.
Meanwhile the breeze together with the Sun
Leaves us opprest by toil, and we draw near,
In a blind movement, the Cyclopian coasts.

The port itself is ample, undisturb'd
By ingress of the winds. But Ætna there
With horrid desolation thunders nigh:
Now through a sable cloud of pitchy smoke
Throws up, in whirlwinds, embers fiery red,
And volumes dense of flame that lick the stars;
Now vomits in the air with doleful moan
The mountain's torn-up entrails, shatter'd rocks

In boiling masses pour'd. 'Tis fame's report
That down beneath this cumbrous pile is press'd
The body of Enceladus, half burnt
By darted lightnings, and that over him
Huge Ætna plac'd, is ever pouring forth
From furnaces that burst, the breath of flames;
While often as he turns his weary side,
Trinacria's Isle throughout with a loud groan
Trembles, enveloping the heavens with smoke.
Shelter'd by forests through that night we lie
Assail'd by prodigies; nor can we learn
The cause of hideous sounds that strike our ears.
For in the firmament and starry pole
No shining fires were seen, nor glimpse of light;
Deep night the moon in cloudy darkness held.

The next Day, now, was rising in the East
And Morn from heav'n the humid shades had mov'd,
When suddenly, forth from the woods, worn down
With extreme leanness, comes a human form
Unknown, and strange, in lamentable plight,
And suppliant to the shore holds out his hands.
Our gaze we turn on him, a spectacle
Of most revolting filth, his beard o'ergrown,
His garments tagg'd with thorns. In all things else
A Greek he was, and formerly to Troy
Sent as a soldier in his country's cause.
Soon as he knew our Dardan dress and arms
At distance view'd, awhile with terror seiz'd
He paus'd, and his advancing step withheld.
Then in an instant to the shore he rush'd
Headlong with tears and prayers. You by the stars
And by the powers above, you by this light
And breath of heav'n, I earnestly conjure,

Take me, ye Trojan men, and carry hence
To any climes ye please. I ask no more.
'Tis true I sail'd in Græcia's fleet, 'tis true
I join'd in war against the walls of Troy ;
If this, a crime and wrong, so heinous be,
Scatter me, torn in pieces, o'er the waves
And in vast ocean plunge me. If I die,
Let me thus die content by hands of men.
He spake, and falling suppliant to the ground
Clung to our knees. We urge him to explain
What man he was, or from what blood deriv'd,
And whence the lot of hardship he sustain'd.
After brief pause my sire Anchises took
The stranger by the hand, encouraging
His heart with friendly pledge ; when he at length,
Fear having laid aside, thus answering spake :

My native land is Ithaca, and thence
Wretched Ulysses brought me in his train.
The name I bear is Achemenides.
My father, Adamastus, being poor,
(Would that my life had still continued such,)
I came to Troy. Here my associates,
While from th' abodes of cruelty they fled
In trembling haste, regardless of my fate
Left me within the Cyclop's cavern vast.
Darksome yet large is his interior cell,
Defil'd with gore, of savage feasts the scene.
Himself, in height prodigious, to the sky
Raising his head, (may deities from earth
Drive such a pest,) no one of mortal mould
Can venture to address, or look upon.
He feeds on entrails and the purple blood
Of wretches he has slain. I saw him grasp

Two of my friends with his gigantic hand,
(As midway in the cave upon his back
Outstretch'd he was,) and dash them on the stones,
Till the smear'd pavement floated with their gore.
I saw his teeth grind their warm quiv'ring limbs.
I saw black currents from their flesh distill'd.
But vengeance came. Ulysses would not bear
These deeds; nor did the Prince of Ithaca
Forget himself at such an urgent time;
For in wine buried and o'ercharg'd with food,
Soon as the monster his bent neck reclin'd,
And, casting his huge length across the den,
Disgorg'd in sleep raw portions of his meal
Mingled with gore and wine, then we our prayers
To the great Gods addressing, (when by lot
Our sev'ral parts were fix'd,) from every side
Upon him rush, collecting all our force,
And with our weapons we bore out his eye
That singly in his low'ring brow lay deep
And broad, like Grecian shield or solar disk.
'Twas thus at length we joyfully aveng'd
The Manes of our friends. But fly! oh fly!
Tear, luckless men, your cables from the shore.
For such as Polyphemus, and as vast,
Who pens in hollow cave his fleecy flocks,
And drains their teats, a hundred Cyclops more
Dreadful to view, these sea-girt regions make
Their common haunt, and roam the lofty hills.
A third time now the moon is filling up
Her horns with light, since in these forest holds
And desert glens, where wild beasts have their homes,
I drag on life, and climbing rocks, espy
The giant Brethren, from whose feet and voice
I quake at every sound. My sorry fare,

Berries and stony cornels, I collect
From brake and tree, or am sustain'd by herbs
With pluck'd-up roots. While turning everywhere
My glances round, first to the coast I mark'd
This fleet approach, to which I had resolv'd,
Regardless whence it came, to yield myself.
It is enough to 'scape that direful band.
Death I prefer, by any mode, from you.

Scarce had he spoken thus, when we behold
Himself the shepherd Polyphemus move
His bulk enormous o'er the mountain height
Among his flocks, and seek the well-known beach,
A monster, horrible, misshapen, vast,
Depriv'd of sight. A pine-trunk guides his hand
And makes his step secure. The fleecy train
Are walking at his side, his sole delight,
The solace of his woe; and from his neck
There hangs a pipe. When he at length had reach'd
The waters of the sea, and felt the waves,
From his quench'd orb he wash'd the fluid gore
And with a groan he fiercely gnash'd his teeth.
Then into ocean's middle depth he stalk'd:
Yet the surge fail'd to wet his giant sides.
We are alarm'd and eager thence to speed
Our destin'd flight; the suppliant first receiv'd
Who well of us deserv'd. We silently
Our cables cut, and forward bend ourselves
To sweep the waters with our struggling oars.
He caught the sound, and wheel'd about his steps.
But when he found no means, with his right hand
To work us harm, unable in pursuit
To match th' Ionian tides, a yell he rais'd
So loud and mighty, that, with all its waves

The wide sea trembled. Panic terror shook
Hesperia's inner lands, and Ætna sent
From winding caverns a responsive roar.
Quick rous'd from wood and mountain, to the port
Rush the Cyclopian race, and line the shores.
We see th' Ætnean brothers vainly stand
Upon us louring with a savage eye
And lifting up their foreheads to the heavens,
A dire assemblage, like aërial oaks
Or cypresses that with cone-bearing tops
Aloft have grown, the wood of Jupiter
Or Cinthia's grove. Keen terror us impels
To shift our cables wheresoe'er we can,
Or give our canvas to the fav'ring breeze,
Precipitate. But, on the other hand,
Admonish'd by commands of Helenus
Both Scylla and Charybdis to avoid,
(For each, with little difference, was a way
Of deadly peril,) we determin'd back
To turn our sail. And lo, the northern-wind
Had risen from Pelorus' narrow seat.
I skim along beyond Pantagia's mouth
Girded with living rock, Megarian bays
And Thapsus lying low. Such shores to us
Were shown by Achemenides, who now
Retrac'd the self-same road which lately he
Had travell'd with Ulysses, hapless chief.

Stretching in front of the Sicilian bay
There lies an island opposite the waves
Of rough Plemmyrium: which by men of yore
Was call'd Ortygia. Thither, fame reports,
Alpheus from the land of Elis urg'd
His secret course beneath the briny floods.

He under waters of Trinacria now
Is mingled, Arethusa, with thy waves.
Commanded, we adore the deities
That guard the spot; and thence I go beyond
Stagnant Helorus and his fertile soil.
Hence we glide near the cliffs and jutting rocks
Of high Pachynus: Camarina next
Appears at distance, order'd by the fates
Ne'er to be mov'd; next the Geloan plains
And mighty Gela, from the river's name
Which took her own. Then lofty Agragas
Displays his tow'ring battlements from far,
The generator once of noble steeds.
A breeze upsprang, when thee I left behind,
Palmy Selinus: and I coasted by
The shoals of Lilybæum, dangerous
With latent rocks. Me, afterwards, the port
And mournful shore of Drepanum receives.
Here by so many tempests of the sea
Tost on my way, alas! I lose my Sire,
The solace of my cares and all my woe,
Anchises: Best of Fathers, here dost thou,
Alas! forsake me weary; thou in vain
Deliver'd from such dread calamities.
Nor did the prophet Helenus, though he
Predicted many woful miseries,
Nor dire Celæno, this distress foretel.
This was my latest labour, this the goal
Of my long voyage: when this port I pass'd
The God my course directed to your shores.

Æneas thus, while all attentive heard,
His own adventures and the fates divine
At large recounted. Then he ceas'd to speak,
And, his narration clos'd, to rest withdrew.

ÆNEID IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Dido's growing passion for Æneas is described. She is encouraged by her sister Anna, who advises her to strengthen the kingdom by a union with the Trojans. Juno, with a view to prevent the settlement in Italy, proposes to Venus to effect a marriage between Æneas and Dido, and a junction of the two nations. Venus feigns acquiescence; and Juno contrives, in a hunting party, to bring the Lovers together in a cave. The news of Dido's attachment spreads over Libya, and excites the indignation of the Moor Iarbas, whom she had rejected as a suitor. Jupiter sends Mercury to Æneas, with injunction to leave Carthage and seek his Italian kingdom. His preparations of departure are discovered by Dido, who bitterly reproaches him for his intended desertion, but cannot shake his resolution to obey the will of Jupiter. In despair at this, she determines to put an end to her life; and under pretence of performing magic rites, to cure her love, she commands Anna to erect a funeral pile. Meanwhile Æneas, admonished in a second vision to hasten his voyage, sets sail from Carthage. Dido, seeing the fleet in motion, bursts into a phrenzy of rage, and at length, after pronouncing a curse upon the whole race of Troy, ascends the pile, and plunges the sword into her bosom. With the account of her sufferings, and the grief of Anna, the book concludes.

ÆNEID IV.

Meanwhile the Queen had nurs'd a grievous wound
Deep in her breast, consum'd by secret fire.
The Chieftain's worth much haunts her mind, and much
His nation's glory. In her thought are fix'd
His looks, his words. Care leaves her no repose.

The Sun, next morn, had earth illum'd, and chas'd
Night's humid shade, when love-sick Dido thus
Her sister's listening sympathy awoke:
Anna, what dreams my wilder'd soul affright?
What guest has newly come within our walls?
In mien how noble, and how brave in arms!
Surely, (nor vain my faith,) he springs from Gods!
Fear marks degenerate minds. Ah! toss'd by fate
What course of wars gone through did he describe!
Were not my purpose moveless ne'er again
In wedlock's bonds to join, since my first Love
Wreck'd by his death my self-deluding hope,
Were I not weary of the nuptial torch,
Haply to this one frailty I might yield.
Sister, (for I will own it,) since my spouse
Hapless Sichæus fell, and with his blood,
Shed by a brother, stain'd our household Gods,
This man alone has warp'd my wav'ring mind.
I trace the symptoms of my former flame.

Yet may the deep earth yawn and me devour,
And Jove with thunder hurl me to the shades,
Pale shades of Erebus and Night profound,
Sooner, O Modesty, than I should break
Or violate thy laws! He who himself
First link'd to me, has borne away my heart,
Still may he keep it with him in the tomb.
She spake, when rising tears her bosom fill'd.

Anna replied: O, by thy sister lov'd
More than the light, shalt thou alone in grief
Pine through thy youth unsooth'd by children dear
And joys that Venus gives? Dost thou believe
Cold ashes and the dead such things regard?
Or though before in Tyre no suitors mov'd
Thy troubled spirit, though in Lybia none:
Iarbas is repuls'd, and other chiefs
Nurs'd by this clime fertile in martial feats,
Wilt thou a love that pleases thee resist?
Dost thou forget upon what shore is fix'd
Thy settlement, and how encompass'd round?
Here are Getulians never tam'd in war,
Numidians fierce, inhospitable sands;
There, widely raging, are Barcæan tribes,
And tracts by parching drought a desert made.
Why should I speak of rising wars in Tyre
And thy own brother's threat? Kind Gods, I ween,
And Juno's self, have hither brought by winds
The Dardan fleet. Sister, how great shalt thou
Behold this city! What a kingdom rear'd
From such alliance! With Troy's aiding arms
By what exploits will Punic glory rise!
First, by due rites appeasing powers divine,
Indulge in hospitality; and still

Devise new reasons for thy guest's delay,
His shatter'd barks, Orion charg'd with rain,
Storms on the ocean, or inclement skies.

These words in Dido fann'd the flame of love
Kindled before, and gave her doubting mind
Hope's buoyancy, that quell'd the sense of shame.
To temples first they go, and for heav'n's peace
At altars pray, off'ring choice sacrifice
To law-prescribing Ceres, and no less
To Bacchus and Apollo, most of all
To Juno, guardian of connubial ties.
The beauteous Queen, from goblet in her hand
Pours wine betwixt a milk-white heifer's horns.
She walks at large before the loaded shrines,
And sculptur'd Gods; all day her gifts renews,
And leans o'er every victim's open'd breast,
Eager their panting entrails to consult.
Alas, vain augurs credulously blind!
Can vows or fanes a raging lover cure?
Meanwhile her marrow the soft flame consumes;
A silent wound is rankling in her breast.
The wretched Dido burns, and frantic roves
O'er all the city, like a wounded doe
Which heedless, follow'd far, mid Cretan groves
A shepherd swain hath pierc'd with winged shaft
Unknowingly. In flight she traverses
Dictæan vales and woods. Fast in her side
The deadly steel remains. The Queen now leads
Æneas forth, to view Sidonian wealth
And her new city's grandeur. She begins
To speak, then stops, with half unutter'd words.
For the same feasts, at day's decline, she calls.
In longing madness asks again to hear

Trojan disasters. On the speaker's lip
Again she hangs. When parting he retir'd,
While the dim moon in turn her light withholds,
And while the setting stars to sleep invite,
In the deserted hall she mourns alone,
And on the Chief's forsaken couch reclines.
Him absent, as if there, still hears and views;
Or struck with parent's likeness in the son
Ascanius clasps, and holds him to her breast,
Thus to beguile unutterable love.
The towers begun, rise not. The youths forget
Practice in arms. None are preparing ports,
Bulwarks, and means of safe defence in war.
Neglected lie such works, the mighty threat
Of battlements and engines heav'nward rais'd.

Her when the wife of Jove saw thus enthrall'd,
By phrenzy that o'ercomes regard to fame,
Juno these words to Cytherea spake:
You and your Son vast trophies bear away,
Transcendent praise, a deathless name. Two Gods
Have power by guile one woman to subdue.
It 'scapes me not that ye suspect and fear
Our Carthage rising high. But whither tends
Contest so great? To what propos'd result?
Why rather seek we not by marriage league
A lasting peace? Your whole desire is gain'd.
Love's fire is raging in all Dido's veins.
This people, then, in common let us rule
With equal favour shown. Let us allow
The Queen to serve a Phrygian lord, and give
Her Tyrians as a dowry to your hand.

Aware she spake with veil'd design to turn

The sway from Italy to Libyan shores,
Venus replied: Who madly would reject
Such terms, preferring to contend with you,
If only fortune with your scheme concurs?
But fate's decree I know not, or if Jove
Has will'd that Trojans and the men of Tyre
Under one rule by compact should be join'd,
And in one city dwell. You are his spouse.
You by entreaty his intent can learn,
And I will follow as you lead the way.

Then royal Juno said: That task be mine;
But lend your ear, and I will briefly show
Means to accomplish what the time suggests.
Soon as to-morrow's dawn the world unveils
Æneas and the hapless Queen will go
In woods to hunt. When wave the scaring plumes
And nets around the forest glades extend,
Mingled with hail, a black'ning storm will I
Pour down, and all the heav'n with thunder shake.
Scatter'd on every side the retinue
Darkness like Night shall wrap. The Trojan prince
To the same cave with Dido will resort.
I shall be there; and if your mind approves,
Will make her his in sacred union firm
Sanction'd by Hymen. Venus to her plan
Accedes, though smiling at the fraud disclos'd!

The rising morn meantime has ocean left.
Beneath her beams forth issue through the gates
The chosen youths with toils and hunting spears,
Massylian horsemen and quick-scented hounds.
While Dido lingers, Punic lords wait nigh
Her chamber's door. With gold and crimson deck'd,

Prances her steed, and champs the foaming curb.
She with attendance large, at length appears,
In richly-broidered Tyrian mantle clad.
Her quiver is of gold. A golden knot
Her locks confines. A buckle clasps with gold
Her purple vest. Thither with Phrygian troop
Comes joy'd Iulus. His associate train
Æneas leads himself, in beauty far
Surpassing all; as when Apollo quits
His Lycian winter-seat, or Xanthus' bank,
Delos revisiting his native isle,
While there with dance renew'd, the Dryopes
Cretans and painted Agathyrsi join
In acclamations loud around his shrines,
He on the top of Cynthus walks, his brow
Bound with a vernal wreath, his flowing hair
With art adjusted and entwin'd with gold.
The pendent darts upon his shoulder sound.
With no less majesty Æneas mov'd:
Such comeliness was glowing in his face.

The hills are reach'd, and pathless haunts of beasts,
When lo! from craggy cliffs, here wild goats run
Adown the steep; there scud the nimble deer
O'er level plains, and in a dusty troop,
Which thickens as they fly, the mountains quit.
But on a fiery courser through the vales
Exults the young Ascanius, and in speed
Now these, now those outstrips. He longs to see
Among the feeble flocks a foaming boar
Or tawny lion from the heights descend.

But soon the muttering sky is all disturb'd.
Tempestuous rain commix'd with hail ensues.

On all sides Tyrians and the Dardan youths,
With Venus' grandson, through the fields in fear
Seek various shelter. Torrents rush from hills.
Troy's Chief and Dido in one cave have met.
Then first both Earth, and Juno who presides
O'er wedlock, gave a sign. With lightnings then,
Ether, as conscious of th' espousals, gleam'd;
On mountain tops a shriek from Nymphs was heard.
Of woes and death that day became the cause,
For now Decorum fails to move the Queen,
Nor thinks she longer of clandestine love;
'Tis marriage call'd, a name to screen her guilt.

Straightway, through Libyan cities, Fame went forth;
Fame, the most fleet of evils, gaining still
Growth from activity, by motion strength;
First small from fear, she presently on high
Uplifts herself. Now on the ground she walks
Now hides her head in clouds. Her, parent Earth
By wrath of Gods provok'd brought forth ('tis said)
To giant Cœus and Enceladus,
Their youngest sister. Swift in feet and wings,
A monster vast and horrible is she.
As many plumes as on her body grow,
(Wondrous to tell!) so many wakeful eyes
Are found beneath, so many babbling mouths,
So many tongues, so many ears erect.
Through darkness and mid air by night she flies
Buzzing, nor yields her eyes to balmy sleep.
By day she watches on house-top or tower,
Frightening great cities; of things wrong and false
Not less tenacious than of truth announc'd,
Gladden'd alike by fiction and by fact.
The people round with varied talk she fills,

That sprung from Trojan blood a chief had come
Æneas nam'd, whom Dido deigns to wed;
That now they revell'd through the winter long,
Reckless of kingdoms, to base passion slaves.
Such things she spreads malign through mouths of men.

To King Iarbas straight her course she bends,
Telling whate'er may aggravate his rage.
He, son of Garamantis, ravish'd Nymph,
With Ammon for a sire, in his wide realm
Had built to Jove a hundred mighty fanes,
A hundred altars, consecrating there
Fires with a guard eternal kept alive,
Ground with the blood of slaughter'd beasts made fat,
And gates with many-colour'd wreaths adorn'd.
Incens'd and madden'd with the bitter news
Before the shrines, mid images of Gods,
He thus, with lifted hands, to Jove appeal'd:
Heaven's potent King, to whom our Moorish tribes,
On painted couches feasting, offer up
Libations choice, dost thou behold these things?
Or wake thy thunderbolts a needless fear?
Tremble we blindly at the lightning's flash,
And idle murmurs rolling in the clouds?
A female wanderer to our shores, who built
A little city upon purchas'd land
With terms impos'd, hath spurn'd our proffer'd match,
Taking Æneas to her throne and bed.
This second Paris now beneath his chin
Fast'ning a Lydian bonnet, while his locks
Breathe odours, comes with train effeminate,
And the seiz'd prize enjoys, while we who bring
Gifts to thy fanes, an empty name support.

Such prayer, at altars grasp'd, heard mighty Jove
With eyes on Carthage turn'd, where he beheld
The lovers who their former fame forgot.
Then Mercury from him this charge receives:
Hasten, my Son, call Zephyrs, glide on wings
To Ilion's Chief, lingering in Tyrian towers,
Heedless of realms for him by fate design'd,
My words through air convey. Let him be told
That by his beauteous Mother such a Son
Was promis'd not, but one, who rescued twice
From Grecian spears, o'er Italy should rule
The nation big with Empires, fierce in war;
A prince, whose line from lofty Teucer sprung
Laws to the whole subjected world should give.
If such high prospects fire him not to toil
For his own glory, does the parent's heart
Envy Ascanius citadels of Rome?
What planning, what expecting, does he stay
Among a hostile race, nor keep in view
Ausonia's future tribes, Lavinian fields?
Bid him set sail. Our sole command is this.

Thus spake the heavenly Sire: his son prepares
The mandate to obey. First on his feet
He binds the golden sandals, which on high
Bear him with pinions over seas and earth,
Swift as the whirlwind. Next his wand he lifts.
Therewith from Orcus pallid ghosts he calls,
Or sends them downwards to the gloomy realms;
Therewith gives sleep, or takes away, and opes
The eyes which death had seal'd. Aided by this,
Winds he controls, and glides through turbid clouds.
Now in his flight he sees the tow'ring sides
And top of Atlas, who the sky upholds;

Atlas, whose piny head is ever wrapp'd
In darksome mist, by shower and storm attack'd;
Snow veils his shoulders. From his chin rush down
Floods, and his grisly beard is stiff with ice.
Here first Cyllenius, pois'd on even wings,
Alighted; hence with his whole body's weight
Down to the deep, headlong he flung himself,
Like to a bird, which low around the shores,
The fishy rocks around, flies near the surge.
Thus from his grandsire, land and sky between,
The son of Maia over sandy plains
Of Libya skimm'd, and cleft through gales his way.

When Afric huts he reach'd with winged feet,
He saw Æneas founding battlements
And structures new. His thigh a sword adorn'd
With jasper studded, and a robe that glow'd
With Tyrian purple from his shoulder hung—
Rich Dido's gift and work inwove with gold.
Straight the God begins: As a wife's fond slave
Dost thou her city raise and decorate,
Nor think of kingdoms, thy own great concern?
The King supreme himself, who earth and heaven
Rules with his nod, hath sent me down to thee,
From bright Olympus, bidding me on winds
Swiftly to bear this message: What intent,
What hope hast thou in wasting thus thine hours
On Libyan ground? If with thy destinies
Thou wilt not labour for thy own renown,
Regard Ascanius; for to him, thy son,
Imperial Rome and Italy are due.
Scarce had he spoke, when far from mortal sight
Cyllenius fled, and vanish'd into air.

The chief confounded by the vision stood
With voiceless tongue, and hairs, through fear, erect.
Amaz'd at such monition from the Gods,
He burns to fly, and quit th' enchanting land.
Yet how to act, knows not. With what words now
Dares he attempt to soothe the raving Queen?
What prelude to his speech can he adopt?
This way and that he turns his rapid thought
On many a scheme, and still revolves them all.
At length, while wav'ring, this he deems the best.
Mnestheus, Sergestus, and Cloanthus brave
Call'd to his side, he bids them silently
Equip the fleet, the crews on shore collect
And furnish them with stores, hiding from all
The cause of such a change; appriz'd meantime
That, while yet ignorant, the generous Queen
Dreams not such love as theirs could be dissolv'd,
He would explore th' approaches to her soul,
Watch for the softest season of address,
And measures take befitting his affairs.
With joyful speed his orders they obey.

But Dido (for can lovers be deceiv'd?)
First saw the fraud, and she who fear'd before
When all was safe, his future movements guess'd.
Her in alarm, unpitying rumour tells
Of the fleet mann'd, and ready soon to sail.
Frantic, inflam'd, she through the city roams,
Like priestess of the Wine-god, when his name,
Heard at triennial orgies, goads her breast,
And Mount Cithæron with a clamorous call
Resounds by night. She with these words at length
Æneas first accosts: Was it thy hope,
Perfidious man, that thou from me could'st hide

A crime so black, and leave my shores by stealth? 350
Can neither mutual love, nor plighted faith,
Nor Dido's death, a cruel sure result,
Detain thee here? Nay, art thou ev'n in haste
Vessels to rig beneath a wintry sign,
And brave North-winds, to travel o'er the deep?
Oh, barbarous! If foreign lands unknown
Thou didst not seek, and ancient Troy remain'd,
Should Troy itself be sought through stormy waves?
And dost thou fly from me? By thy right hand,
By these my tears, since for my wretched self 360
Is nothing else reserv'd,—by wedlock's tie,
Our union just begun, if I in aught
To thee was ever sweet, pity, I pray,
My falling house; and, for entreaty yet
If room there be, thy purpose lay aside.
For thy sake, Libya's clans, Numidian lords
Hate me, and my own Tyrians are displeas'd.
Through thee is honour lost, and what alone
Could raise me to the stars, my former fame.
To whom am I, a dying woman, left 370
By thee my Guest, such only to be call'd
Instead of Husband now? Why do I wait
Until Pygmalion lays these walls in dust,
Or I am captive by Iarbas led?
Had I but offspring, ere thou fliest, enjoy'd;
And if, thyself resembling, in my halls
A young Æneas play'd, not wholly then
Should I appear deserted and forlorn.

She spake. By Jove's known will o'eraw'd, he kept
His eyes unmov'd; and struggling to control 380
Anguish of heart, in these few words replied:
That you, O Queen, can numerous deeds recount

By which you nobly have deserv'd of me
I never will disown. While of myself
Mindful I am, and life doth move these limbs,
My memory oft shall on Elisa dwell.
Briefly my case, yet truly will I state.
I never meditated secret flight.
Banish this thought. To you I never us'd
The name of marriage, nor such contract meant.
If me the fates allow'd to share my life
By my own guidance, and my cares compose
As Will might prompt, Troy should I first regard
And her dear relics. Priam's palace still
Should now be seen. The walls of Pergamus
I, for the vanquish'd, would from ruin raise.
But now to Italy, Grynæan shrines
And Lycian oracles both bid me steer ;
This is our love, our country this. If you,
Phœnician born, a Punic town delights,
Why should Troy's race be envied Latian homes,
Or not be free to seek a foreign realm ?
Oft as Night veils with dewy shade the earth,
And stars arise, my Father's troubled ghost
Frights me in dreams. I feel his warning voice,
And my injustice to a Son belov'd
Claim'd by the Fates to rule Hesperian lands.
Ev'n now, heav'n's messenger, from Jove supreme,
(I call them both to witness,) through fleet air,
His mandate brought me. I myself beheld
The God, in brightness clear, ent'ring your walls,
And these ears caught his voice. No longer then
Yourself and me with vain complaints disturb.
'Tis not by choice for Italy I sail.

Averted while he spake, her eyes around

She roll'd: then him from head to foot survey'd
With silent look, ere thus her rage burst forth:
No Goddess bore thee, traitor as thou art,
Nor is thy line from Dardanus deriv'd.
But thee rough flinty Caucasus produc'd,
And tigresses Hyrcanian gave thee suck.
For why should I dissemble? What things worse
Can yet befal me? Did he, when I wept,
Once groan, once bend his look, or overcome
By pity for a lover, melt in tears?
What shall I first complain of? Now, my wrongs
Nor guardian Juno, nor great Jove beholds
With eyes impartial. Trust is nowhere safe.
Him on my shore thrown helpless I receiv'd,
And even madly gave him half my throne.
His friends I snatch'd from death, his fleet restor'd.
Ah! Furies fire my brain. Now Lycian shrines,
Now warnings from Apollo, call him hence.
Now, from their king, th' ambassador of Gods
Flies with a horrid message through the air.
Such cares, forsooth, the peaceful sky disturb.
But I will not detain thee, nor refute;
Seek kingdoms o'er the waves. Haste, with the winds,
For Italy; yet if just heav'n has power,
Thou amid pointed rocks shalt find, I trust,
Thy due reward, oft calling Dido's name.
I, in dark flames, though absent, will pursue;
And when, from this chill'd frame, death parts my soul,
In every place my Ghost shall haunt thee still.
Vengeance, base wretch, will thee o'ertake. The tale
Shall reach mine ears among the shades below.

Her speech broke off, she sickens at the light
And hurries from the view, while he is left

Aghast, perplex'd, preparing much to say.
Maids to her marble chamber lead the Queen
And lay upon a couch her sinking limbs.
Stagger'd by mighty love, the Chief meanwhile,
Though heaving many a groan, he longs to soothe
And calm her agony by healing words,
Yet heav'n's behest fulfils, and to his fleet
Returns. Then ardently from all the shore
Trojans draw down the ships, and on the waves
Soon float their pitchy keels. Eager for flight,
Unfashion'd timber brought from woods they use,
And leafy oars. Rushing they might be seen
From every street, as when, to store their cells
Mindful of winter, swarming Ants despoil
A heap of corn. With booty o'er the field,
In narrow track, a dusky troop they move,
These with stout shoulders roll the cumbrous grain,
Those range the forces and chastise delay;
Whilst with a busy stir the whole path glows.

At such a sight, how, Dido, didst thou feel?
How groan to view from lofty tower the beach
Fill'd far and wide with bustling crowds, and hear
From all the sea clamour and mingled noise?
To what extremes, fell Love, are human hearts
Not driv'n by thee? Still yielding to thy sway,
Again dissolv'd in tears, she is impell'd
Again to try what prayer can do; lest aught
Untried, may causeless make her coming death.

Anna, dost thou on all the shore behold
That hurried movement? They are now conven'd
From every side: their canvas courts the wind.
Their sterns with garlands the glad seamen crown.

Had I been able to foresee this blow,
I could have borne it; yet, for hapless me,
Promptly, O sister, one kind act perform.
To you alone the faithless man was wont,
With favour shown, to trust his secret thoughts.
The soft approaches to his heart were known
By none but you. Go, and on my behalf
The proud foe supplicate. I made no vow
With Greeks at Aulis to exterminate
The Phrygian race, nor sent a fleet to Troy.
I ne'er disturb'd the ashes of his sire.
Why to my voice turns he relentless ears?
And whither hastes he thus? Let him but grant
A wretched lover this her last request,
For a safe flight, and fav'ring gales to wait.
I plead no more for wedlock, (since that name
He has betray'd,) nor wish I to remove
Fair Italy and Empire from his hope.
Mere time I crave, a little pause of rest
From my distraction, till by fate subdued
I learn to mourn. This final boon conferr'd,
(Pity your sister,) he shall then receive
The wish'd release, completed in my death.

This, the Queen's prayer, in messages renew'd,
Her weeping sister to Æneas bears.
But him intractable, no words, no plaints
Can move. The destinies oppose, the Gods
Have stopp'd his yielding ears. As when, with blasts
This way and that conspiring, the North-winds
Strive to hurl down a sturdy ancient oak,
The trunk is shaken, from loud roaring boughs
Leaves thickly strew the ground. The tree itself
Fast clings to rocks, and high as in the air

A tow'ring top it lifts, so far the root
Descends tow'rds Earth's profound. Thus on all sides
With ceaseless cries the hero is assail'd.
Pangs tear his mighty soul; yet is it still
Moveless, and vainly o'er his cheek roll tears.

By fates alarm'd, then Dido longs for death,
And loaths the vaulted heaven. Still more impell'd
Her purpose to effect and leave the light,
When gifts she laid on incense-burning shrines,
(Horrid to tell!) the liquid off'rings there
She saw turn black, and pour'd-out wine become
Putrescent blood. This portent mark'd by none,
From her own sister she had kept conceal'd.
There was too in her courts a marble fane
Which, to her first lord consecrate, was held
In special reverence, deck'd with fleeces white
And festal wreaths. Hence rang a voice that seem'd
Her husband's call, when dark night shrouded earth,
Or lonely owl on house-top oft complain'd
And lengthen'd out in baleful note her scream.
Not less, predictions given by holy seers
With awful import terrify the Queen.
Cruel Æneas, as she raves in dreams,
Torments her still. Or she is ever left
In solitude, ever appears to go
A tedious journey, guideless, and to seek
Her Tyrian people on deserted shores.
So troops of furies frantic Pentheus sees
Two Suns, and double Thebes; or, on the stage,
'Tis thus Orestes, Agamemnon's son,
Flies in distraction from his mother's ghost
With fire-brands arm'd, and serpents black, while Fiends

Vengeful are sitting at the temple-gate.
When Furies thus had enter'd Dido's breast,
And in despair she was resolved to die,
The time and mode she plans within herself.
Accosting then her sister, with a face
That hides her thought, hope's look serene she wears.
Sister, exult with me, for I have learnt
How to my arms this man may be restor'd,
Or I from love releas'd. Where sets the sun,
Near ocean's limit, lies the distant land
Of Æthiopians. On his shoulder there
Great Atlas turns the star-bespangled sphere.
Thence, of Massylian race, before me brought
I saw a priestess who the temple kept
Of the Hesperides. She honeyed food,
With drowsy poppies mix'd, the dragon gave
While guarding on their tree the sacred boughs.
She undertakes by spells to loose from love
Whatever soul she wills; but racking cares
On others bring, to stop the course of floods,
Turn back the stars, and raise up ghosts by night.
The ground beneath her feet may be perceiv'd
To groan, and ash-trees from the hills descend.
Sister, I call the Gods and thy dear self
To witness that unwillingly I try
The magic arts. Erect thou secretly
In th' inner court, under heav'n's cope, a pile,
And lay thereon the Trojan's arms which he
Impiously left within my chamber fix'd;
All his habiliments, the nuptial bed
On which I was undone. That we destroy
All relics of this execrable man,
The priestess has enjoin'd. This said, she ceas'd;
An instant paleness overcasts her face.

Yet, under pretext of new solemn rites,
Anna suspects not that she aims at death,
Nor dreams of such a desperate purpose form'd.
She dreads nought worse than when Sichæus died;
And what the Queen commanded, she prepares.

Rais'd in th' interior court and open air,
Cleft oak and torch-wood form'd the massy pile.
This Dido then with boughs funereal crowns,
Encompassing the ground with wreaths of flowers.
The sequel kept in mind, she on the bed
Lays the Chief's effigy, his dress and sword.
At altars nigh, her tresses wildly loose,
With voice of thunder, on three hundred Gods
The priestess calls, on Chaos, Erebus,
Diana's triple form, and Hecate
Three shap'd. Water she sprinkles round, like that
From lake Avernus. She had sought ripe herbs
Full of black poison's juice, by moonlight cut
With brazen sickle; she had further sought
The knot of love, which, from the forehead torn
Of new-born colt, the mother had not seiz'd.
With salted cake and pious hands, the Queen
Herself the altars near, bare in one foot,
With robe ungirt, about to die, appeals
To Gods and Stars, now witnessing her fate.
To each just Power, mindful of human wrongs
And lovers join'd in hapless yoke, she prays.

'Twas night; and weary mortals through the earth
Soft sleep enjoy'd. Woods and wild seas were hush'd.
In their mid course the gliding stars revolv'd.
Flocks in each field were still. The painted birds
That far and wide the liquid lakes frequent,

Or bosky dells, all in the mantle wrapt
Of Night and Silence, with repose allay'd
Their cares, and every heart its toil forgot.
But not the wretched Dido. She to rest
Is never lull'd; never in eyes or mind
Receives Night's boon. Love's pangs redoubled rise,
And a new tide of mighty rage she feels.

Her heart she questions thus: What shall I do?
Myself in turn derided, shall I try
My former suitors? Shall I suppliant court
Numidian lords, whom I so oft before
Disdain'd to wed? or shall I seek yon fleet,
And Trojans in their worst commands obey?
Because forsooth I am rewarded well,
And find them grateful for the aid I gave.
Were it my wish, would they permission grant,
And in their proud ships take my hated self?
Ah! ruin'd woman! knowst thou not as yet
Perjur'd Laomedon's deceitful race?
What then? Shall I in flight attend alone
Th' exulting crew? or shall they, for attack,
By me and all my Tyrians be pursued?
Shall I command them, scarce from Sidon dragg'd,
Again to sail, and brave the winds at sea?
Nay die, as thou deserv'st; end with the sword
Thy woes. You, sister, by my tears o'ercome,
You with such woes first loaded me, and plac'd,
While frantic, at the mercy of my foe.
Might I not guiltless, like the brute, have liv'd,
Free from all nuptial ties, and shunn'd these plagues?
To dead Sichæus faith has not been kept.
By such complaints her sadden'd heart she rent.

Now fix'd to sail, with all arrangements made,
On his high deck Æneas slumbering lay.
While thus he slept, to him a Form divine
Again with monitory words appears,
Resembling Mercury in voice and hue,
In yellow locks, and grace of youthful limbs.
At this conjuncture, canst thou, Goddess-born,
Indulge in sleep, nor see, infatuate man,
What perils thence encompass thee around?
Dost thou not hear inviting Zephyrs' breathe?
Resolv'd to die, the Queen plots mischief dire,
While tides of passion fluctuate in her soul.
Wilt thou not fly, while flight is in thy power?
Soon in a stir with oars will Ocean be,
Soon shalt thou view fierce torches blaze, and flames
O'er all the shore, if here to-morrow's dawn
Finds thee still lingering. Haste, break off delays.
Woman is ever fickle, prone to change.
This said, he mingled with the sable night.

Struck by the sudden vision, from his bed
The chief springs up, and to his comrades calls:
Awake, my friends; sit quickly to your oars.
In haste the sails unfurl. Sent from on high
A God has urg'd, and now the second time,
To cut our cables, and to speed our flight.
Whoe'er thou art, blest power, we follow thee,
And thy command again with joy obey.
Oh! lend us present aid, light up in heaven
Propitious stars. Thus speaking, from the sheath
His sword he snatch'd, and with the gleaming steel
The halsers cut. Like ardour seizes all.
With stirring rush they all have left the shore,
Their vessels hide the wave. With all their might

They toss the foam, and sweep the azure main.

Quickly the Queen from watch-tower had beheld
The whitening dawn, and saw with balanc'd sails
The fleet move forth, while shores and empty ports
Seamen had left; when, smiting her fair breast
Thrice or four times, she tore her golden locks.
Oh, Jupiter! she cries, shall he then go?
And shall a stranger thus have mock'd my realm?
Will none seize arms? Will they not him pursue
From the whole city? From the docks will none
My vessels tear? Hasten, bring fire, spread sails
And ply the oars. What language do I use!
Where am I now? What madness turns my brain?
Thee, hapless Dido, now do impious fates
Touch to the quick. This would have seemly been
When sceptres were thy gift. Behold at last
The right-hand pledge he gave. Is this the man
Who carries with him, as report proclaims,
His country's Gods? who on his shoulder bore
A parent worn with age? Had I not power
His mangled frame in pieces to have torn,
Scatter'd on waves? Had I not power with sword,
His friends, nay even Ascanius, to destroy,
Slain for a banquet at paternal boards?
Such contest would be doubtful in result.
It might be so. What fear'd I, bent on death?
Torches I would have hurl'd into their camp.
Their hatches fill'd with flame, made child and sire
With all the race extinct; then on the pile
Have flung myself. Sun, who with searching beams
All works of earth survey'st, thou Juno too,
Conscious interpreter of these my wrongs,
Thou, Hecate, in crossing paths by night,

Invok'd through cities with a howling voice;
Furies that minister revenge, and ye,
Dying Elisa's Gods, list to my words.
Turn to these ills the justice which they claim,
And my petition grant. If it must be,
If Jove hath so decreed, that safe to land
This traitor should arrive, and reach a port,
Here let his course he fix'd. Harass'd in war
By daring tribes, may he a banish'd man,
Torn from Iulus, and his lov'd embrace,
Succour implore in vain, and may he view
His people perish by unworthy deaths.
Nor, yielding to the terms of adverse peace,
Let him enjoy his realm or life, but fall
Before his day, unburied on the sand.
This prayer I breathe with my last ebbing blood.
Then practise, O ye Tyrians, endless hate
Against his progeny and race unborn.
Such welcome off'rings to my shade present.
No love, no league let the two nations know;
Let some avenger from my bones arise,
Who Trojan colonists with fire and sword
Now and hereafter may assault, whene'er
Strength is obtain'd. I pray that shore to shore,
That sea to sea be hostile, arms to arms.
May they and their descendants still contend.

This said, on every side her thought she turn'd,
Eager with speed to quit the hated light.
Then a brief speech to Barce she addressed:
Nurse of Sichæus; for in ancient Tyre
Her own lay wrapt in clay. Hither, dear Nurse,
My sister Anna lead. Tell her, in haste,
(Her body sprinkling with the limpid spring,)

Sheep and atonements fit to bring with her ;
So let her come. Be thy own temples bound
With pious fillet. Sacrifice begun
To Stygian Pluto, in due form prepar'd,
I purpose to complete, and end my woes.
I cast on flames the Dardan's bust. These words
A quickness gave to Barce's aged zeal.

Trembling, and wilder'd with her dread intent,
Now Dido rolls her blood-red eyeballs round ;
Her quiv'ring cheeks with spots are mark'd, whilst pale,
At death's approach, she to the courts within
Rushes, and furious mounts the lofty pyre.
Then forth she draws the Dardan sword, a gift
For use like this unsought. There, when she view'd
The Trojan vestments and the well-known bed,
Pausing awhile with tears and thoughts recall'd,
She fell upon the couch, with these last words :
Ye relics dear, while fate and Gods allow'd,
Take this, my spirit ; me from care release.
My life has run the course which fortune gave,
And now my ghost shall under earth descend
In greatness. A fam'd city I have built,
Seen my own walls, my husband have aveng'd,
And punish'd my own brother, his dire foe ;
Happy, too happy, if but on my coast
Vessels from Ilion never had arriv'd.
Thus having spoken, she upon the couch
Her lips impress'd ; and shall we die (exclaim'd)
Without revenge ? Yes, let us die, thus, thus ;
'Tis our delight to visit shades below.
Now, may yon cruel Trojan, with his eye
From ocean catch the blaze we make ; may he
Carry with him the signals of our death !

Mid speech like this, attendants mark'd her fall
On the sword's point, the weapon red with gore
Sprinkling her hands. High through the palace halls
An outcry rises. Rumour with a shock
The city fills. With lamentations, groans,
And female shrieks each mansion rings. The heavens
Echo the clamour loud, not otherwise
Than if all Carthage or old Tyre should sink
Beneath invading foes, while raging flames
Are roll'd through dwellings of the Gods and men.

Alarm'd and breathless, Anna at the sound
Tearing with nails her face, her breast with blows,
Rushes through all, the dying calls by name:
Sister, was this your scheme, was I deceiv'd
With fraud? This did the pile for me provide?
The fires and altars, this? Deserted as I am,
What shall I make my first complaint? Did you
Despise in death a sister at your side?
To the same portion me you should have call'd.
One grief, one hour, might by the friendly steel
Have both releas'd. Did my own voice invoke
Our country's deities, while my own hands
Rais'd up this pile, that I should cruelly
Absent myself from thee, laid on it thus?
Me and yourself, O sister! Tyrian sires,
This people, your own city, all at once
You have destroyed. Water bring me in haste
To wash these wounds; and let my mouth inhale
Breath that may linger still upon these lips.

This said, the high steps mounting, she embrac'd
And in her bosom fondled with a sigh
Her dying sister. With her robe she wip'd

The darksome blood. Dido, her heavy eyes
Striving to lift, again sinks down. Fix'd deep,
The wound scarce heard, still oozes in her breast.
Herself upraising, on her elbow thrice
Resting she lean'd, and thrice fell back again
Upon the couch. Then with a wand'ring look
Heav'n's light she sought, and having found it, groan'd.

Now potent Juno, pitying lengthened pain
And death protracted, from above despatch'd
Iris, to sever from united limbs
The struggling soul. Since not by fate's decree
Nor death deserv'd she fell, but in despair,
Before her day, by sudden rage inflam'd,
Not yet had Proserpine torn from her brow
The golden lock, nor her as yet condemn'd
To Stygian Orcus. Dewy Iris then,
Who from the Sun's confronting orb collects
A thousand various colours, through the sky
Flies down with saffron pinion, and alights
On the Queen's head. I, by his mandate, take
This lock to Pluto sacred, and release
Thy spirit from this frame. Thus had she spoke,
Then with her right hand cuts the lock. All heat
Was gone, and Life had vanish'd into air.

END OF VOL. I.

Printed by Stevens and Co., Bell Yard, Temple Bar.

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